

SMASH

10¢



FEBRUARY
No. 81

COMICS

STILL 52 PAGES

Midnight
doesn't kid with
**WILLIE THE
KID!**





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

DO YOU WANT SPENDING MONEY?

Sell these popular Patriotic and Religious Mottoes

SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

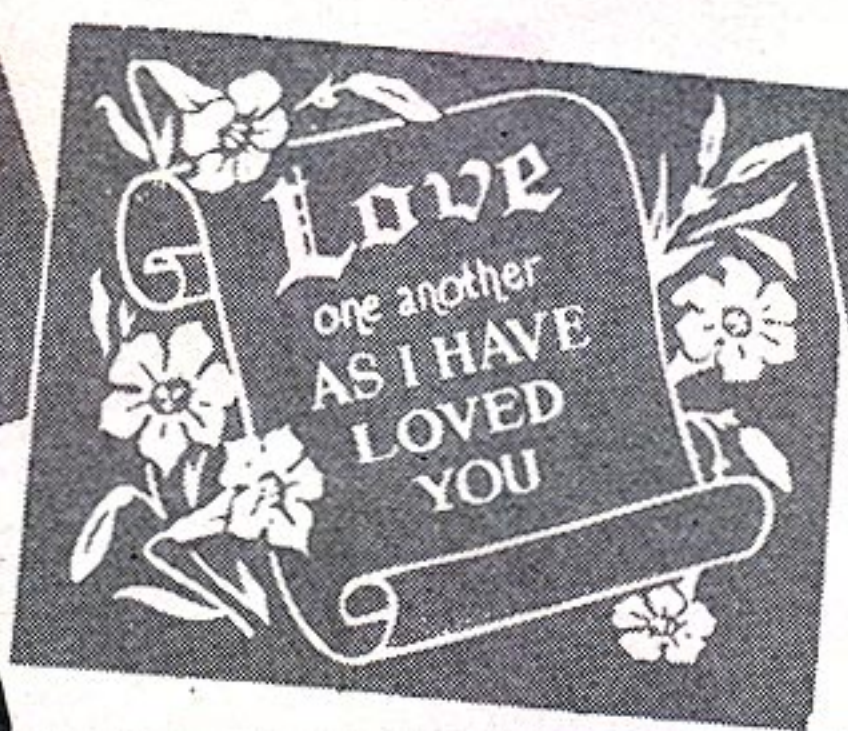
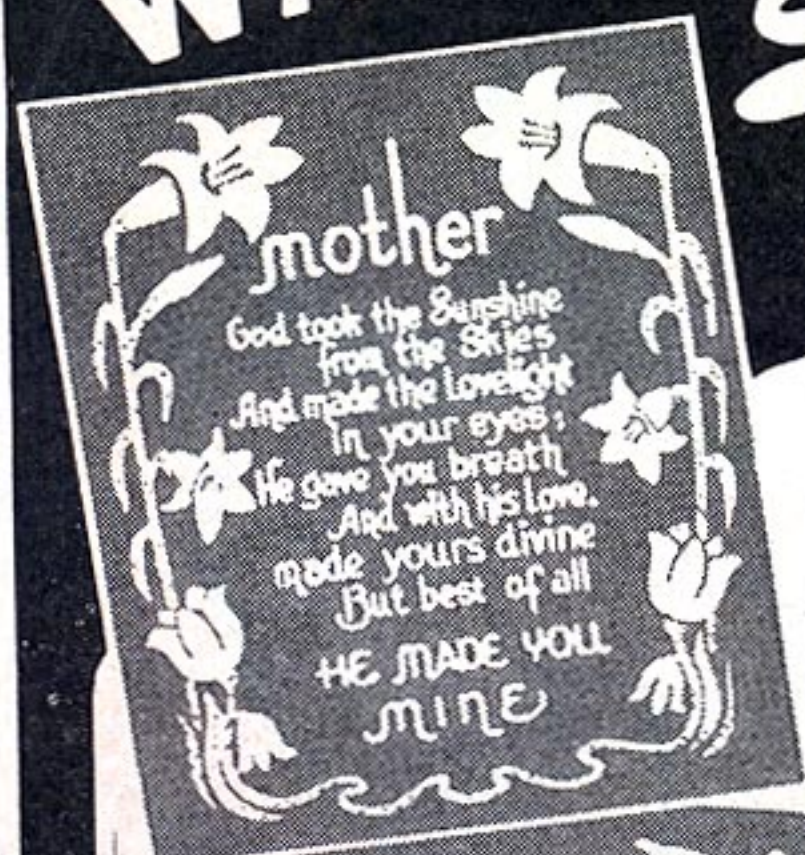
Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottoes which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottoes you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.50

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.00

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.00

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottoes you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



**WRITE
FOR COMPLETE
DETAILS
TO** ➔

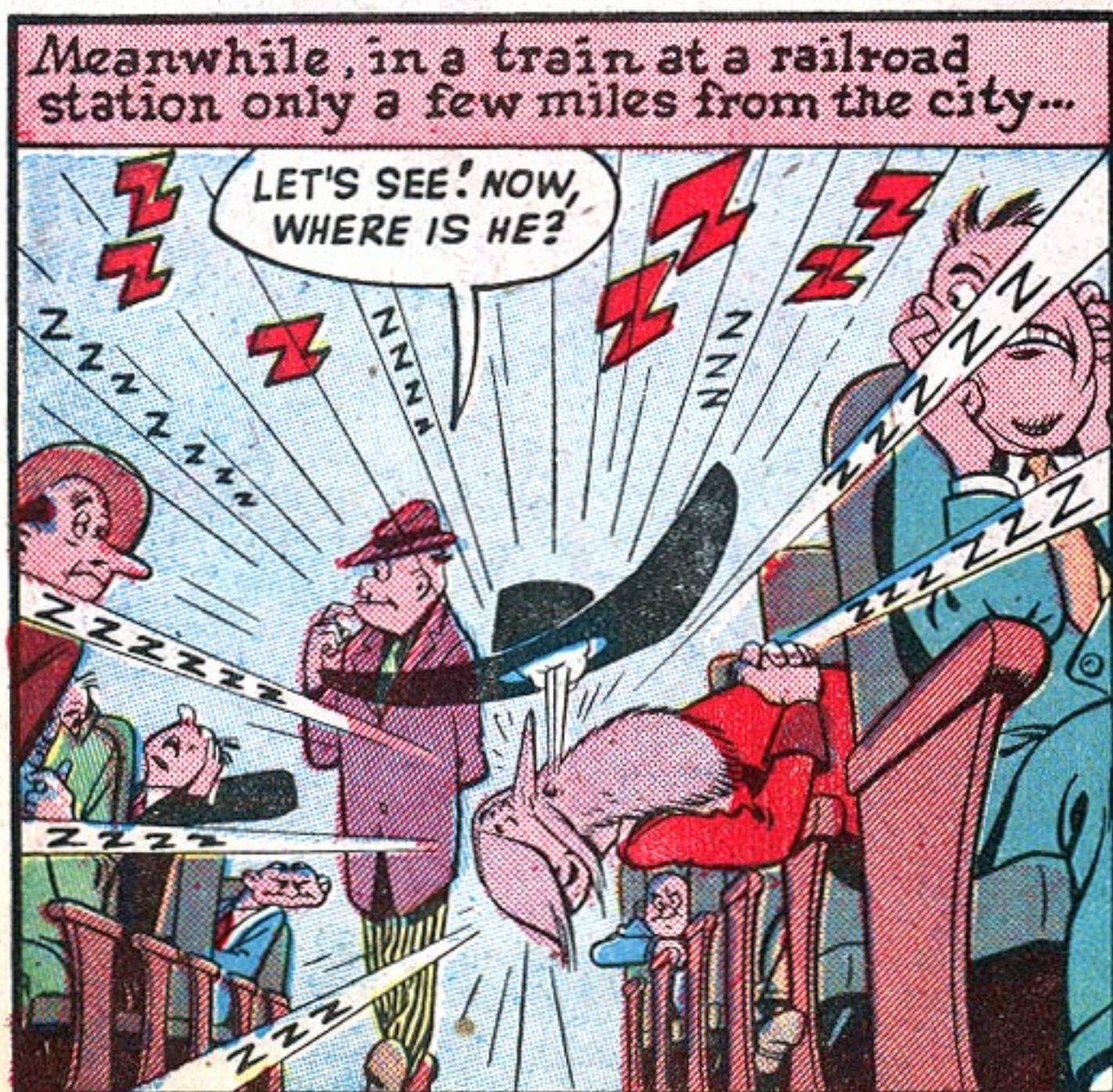
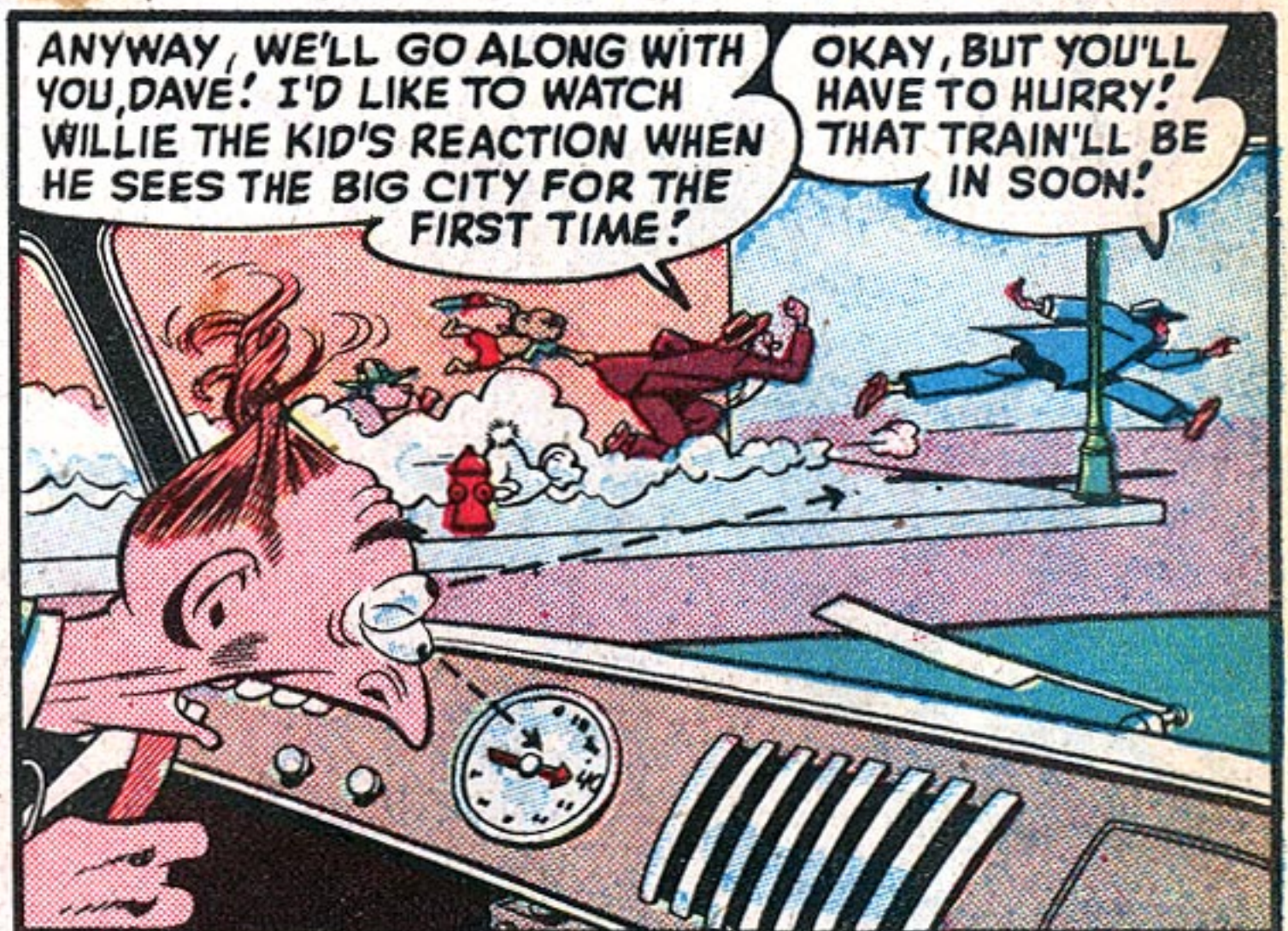
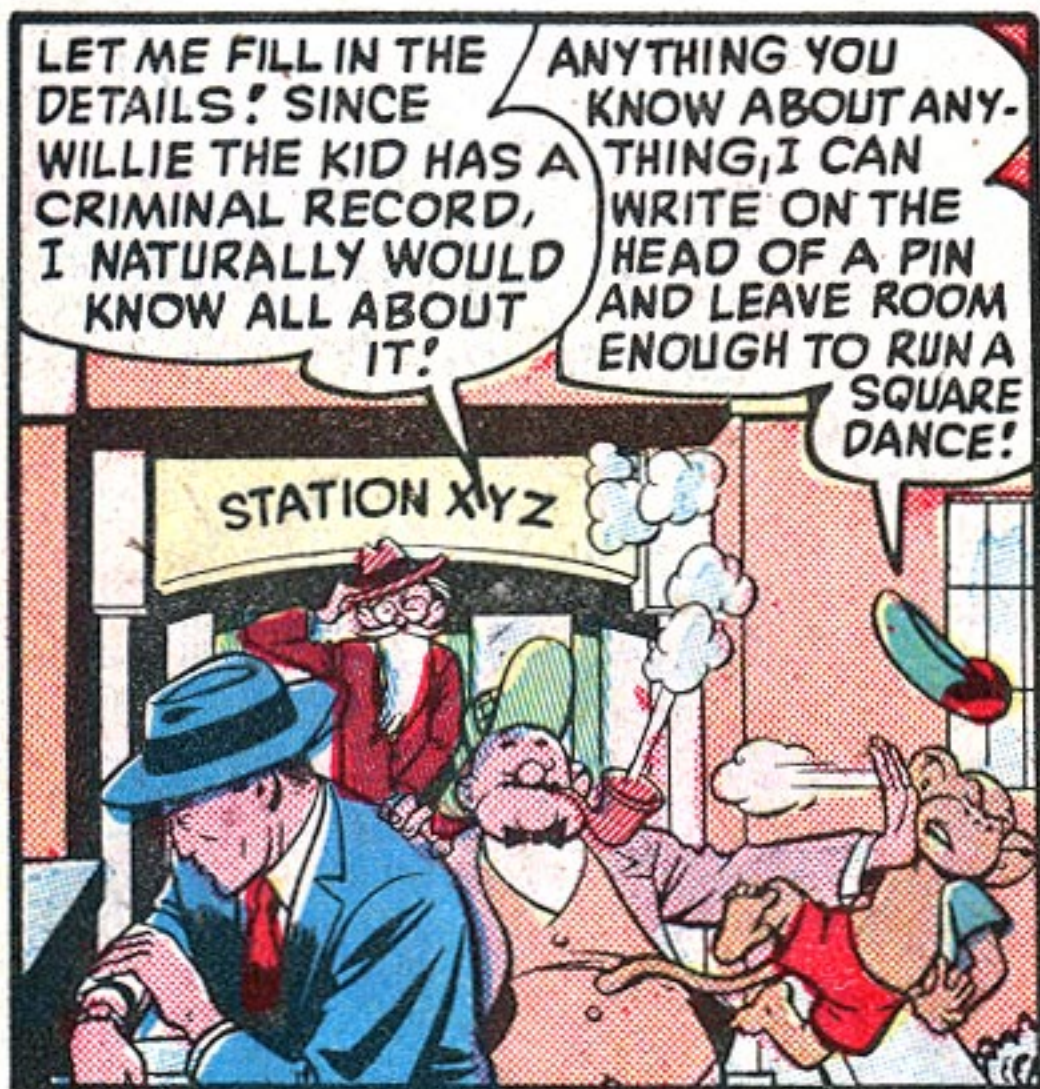
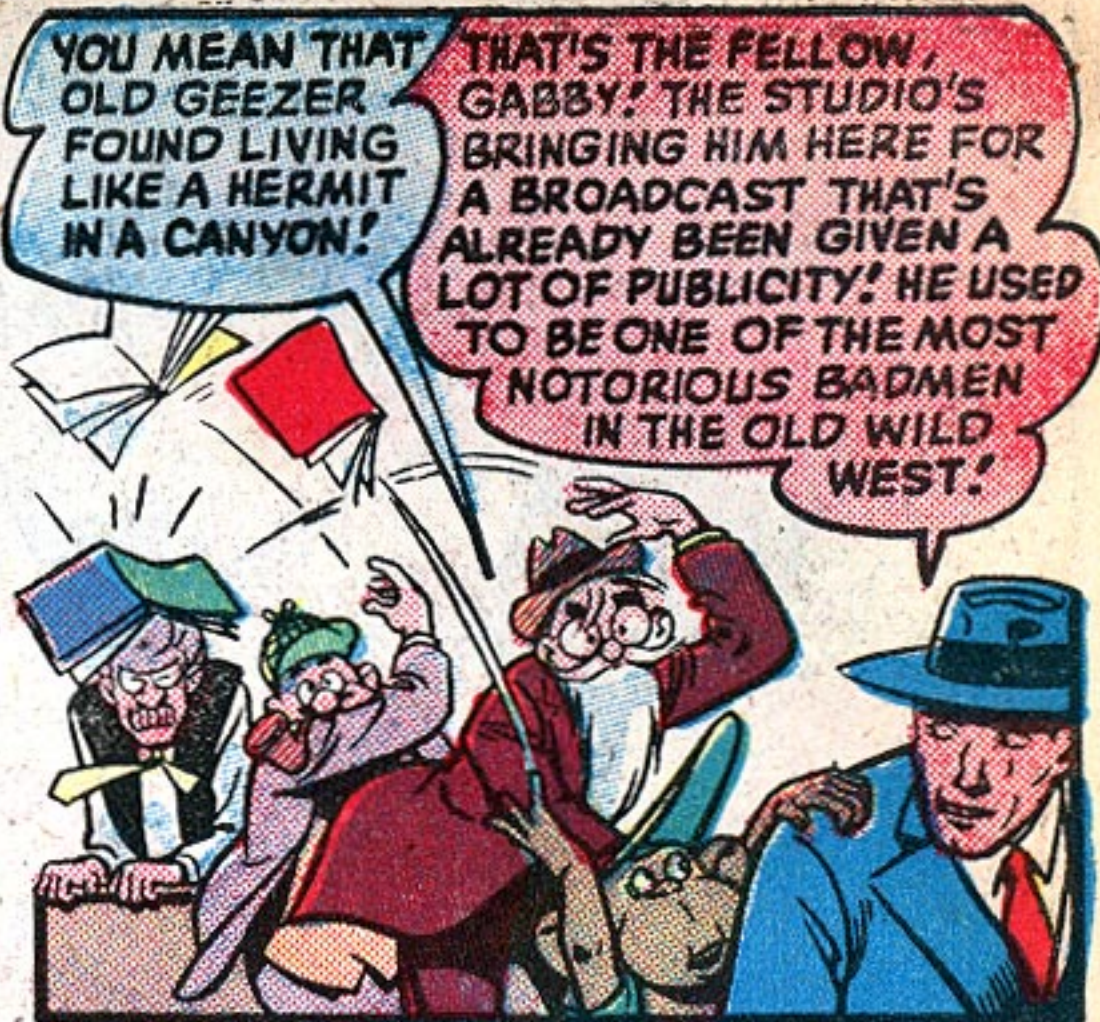
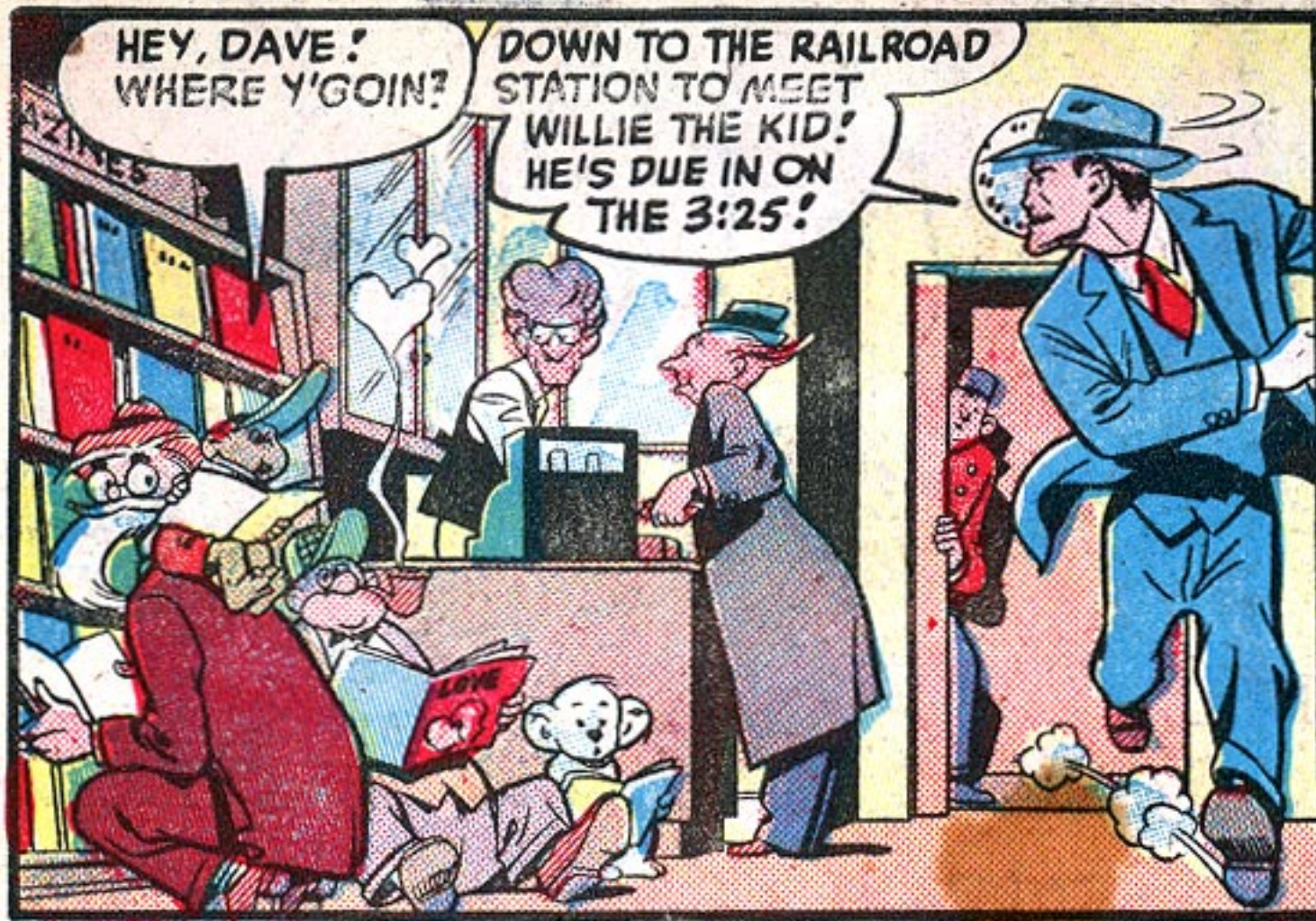
STEPHENS CREDIT SALES

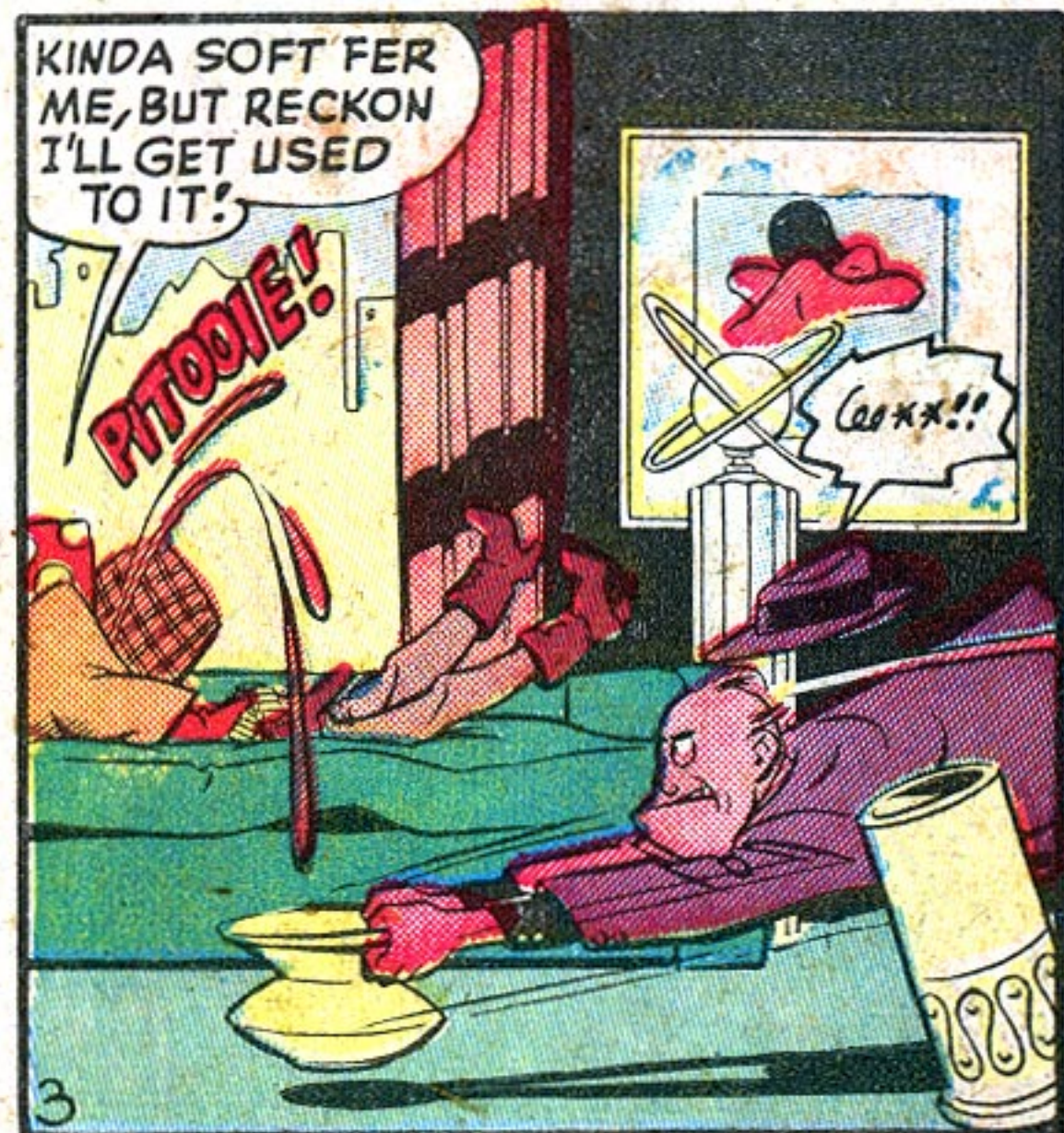
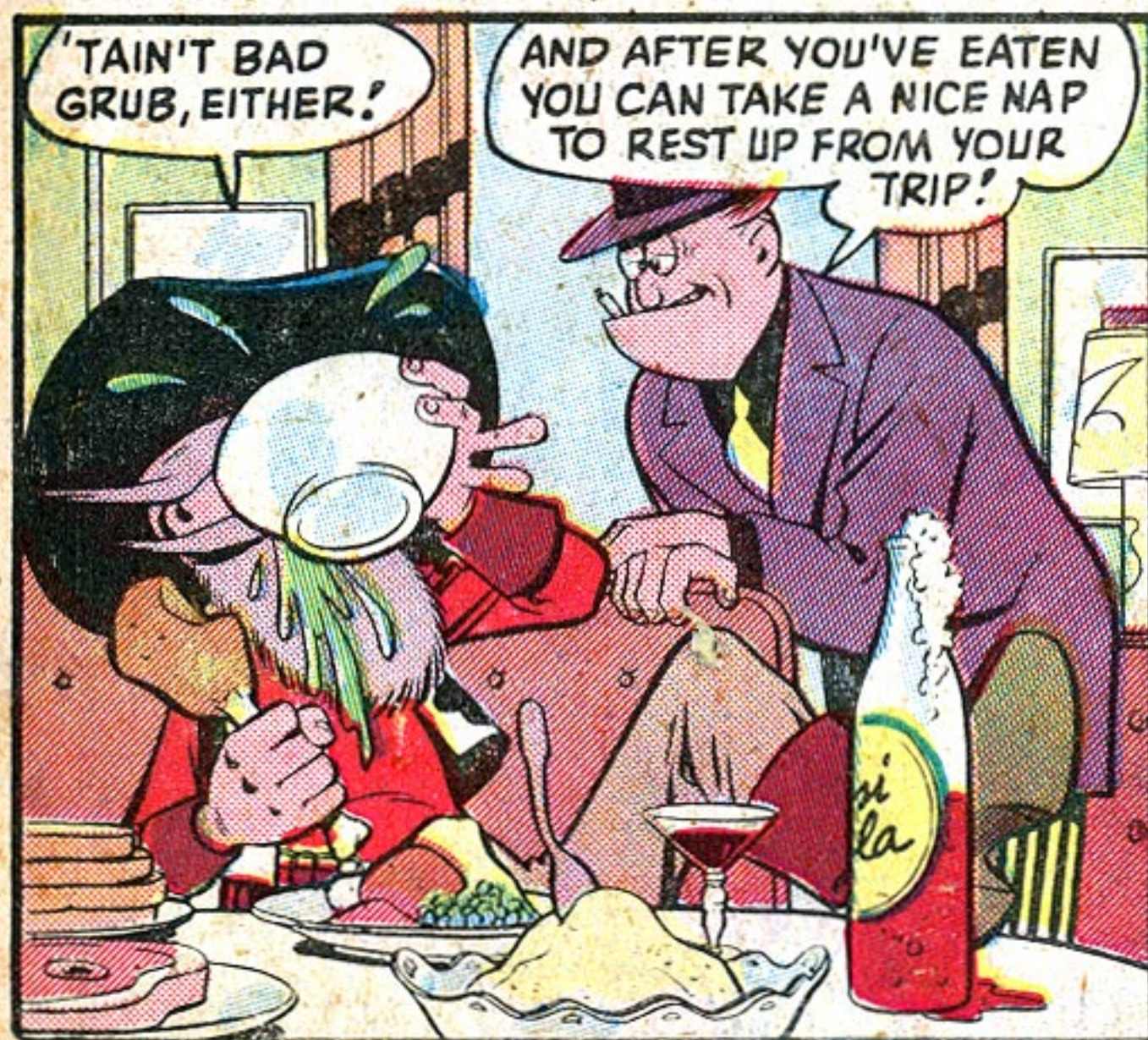
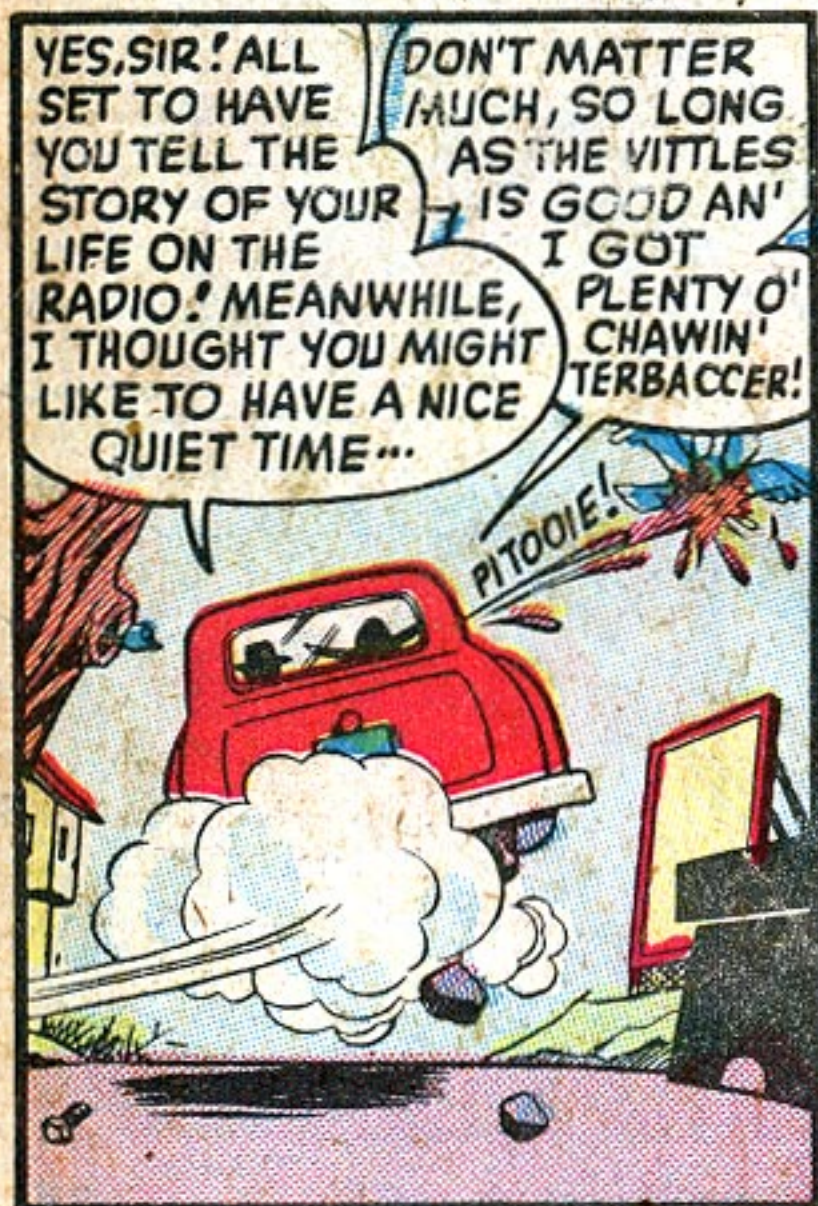
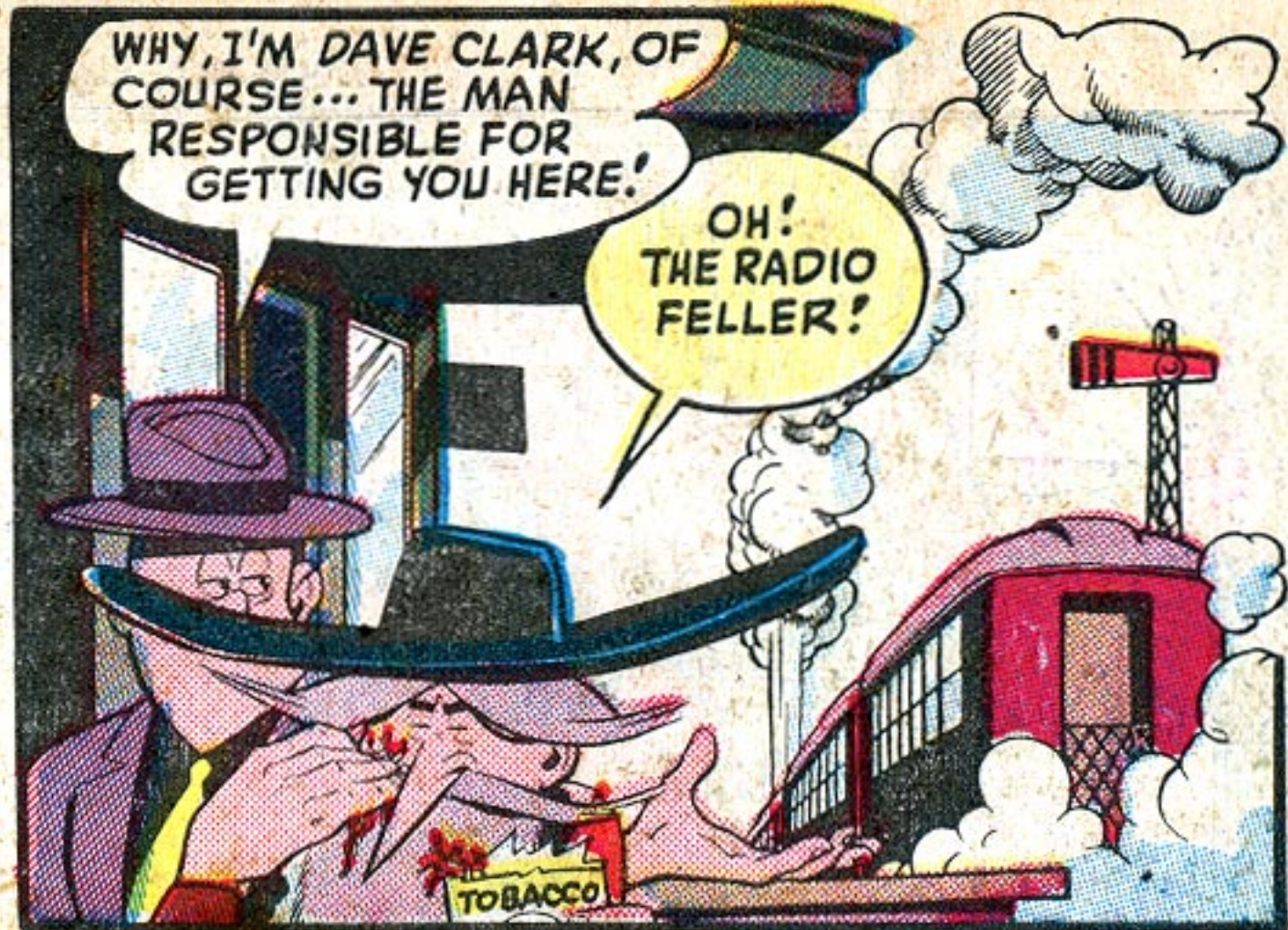
Dept. F 80

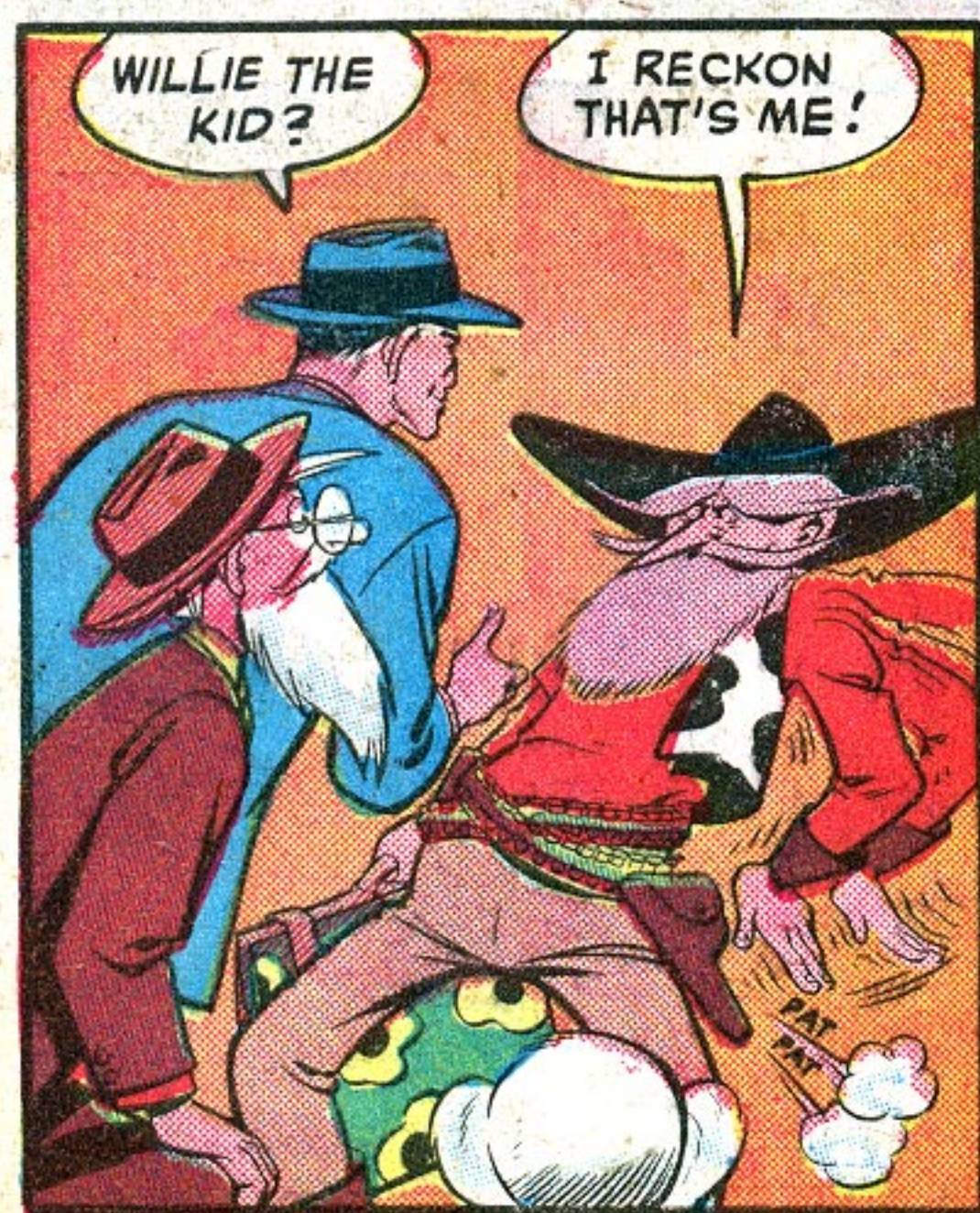
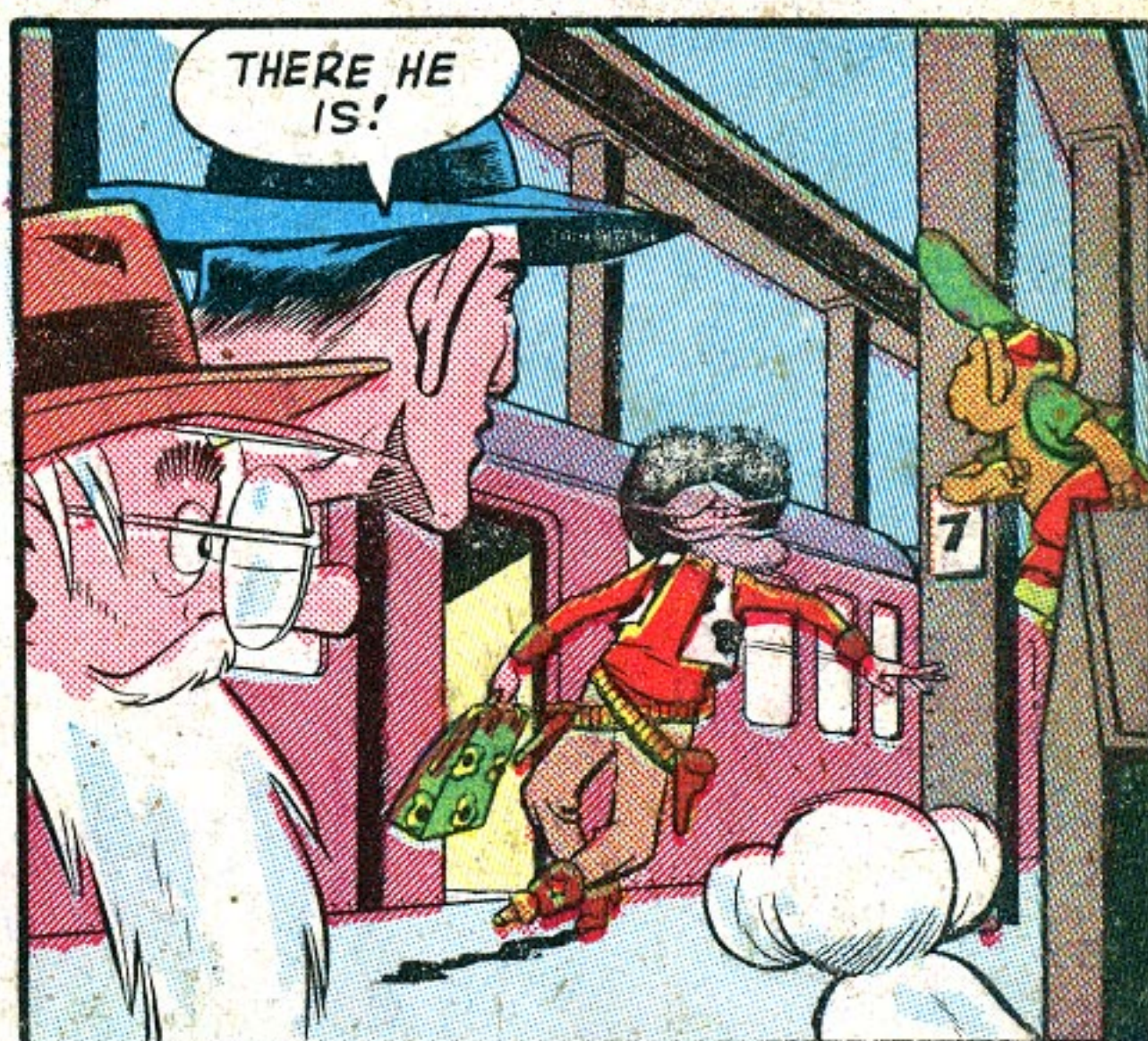
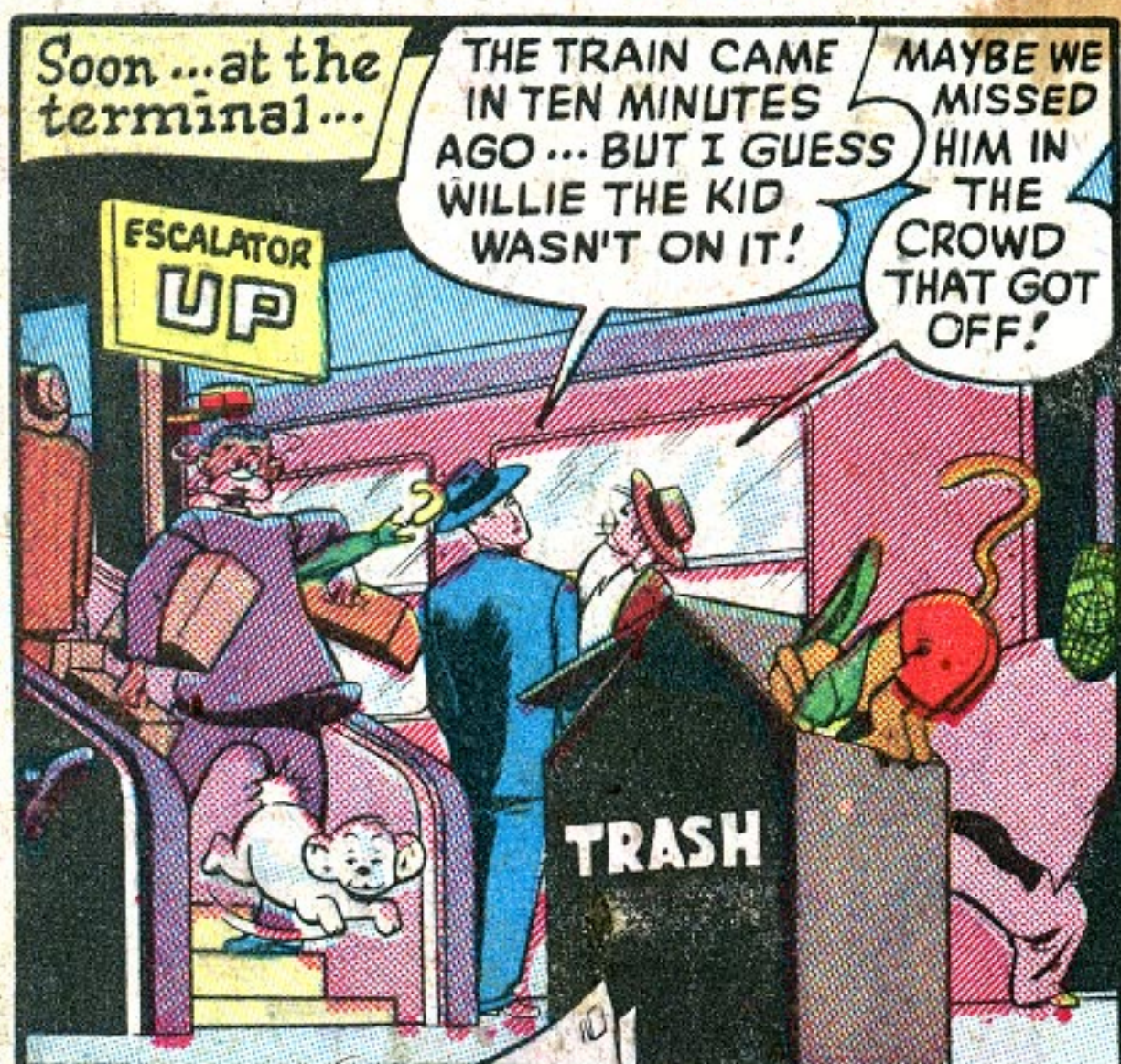
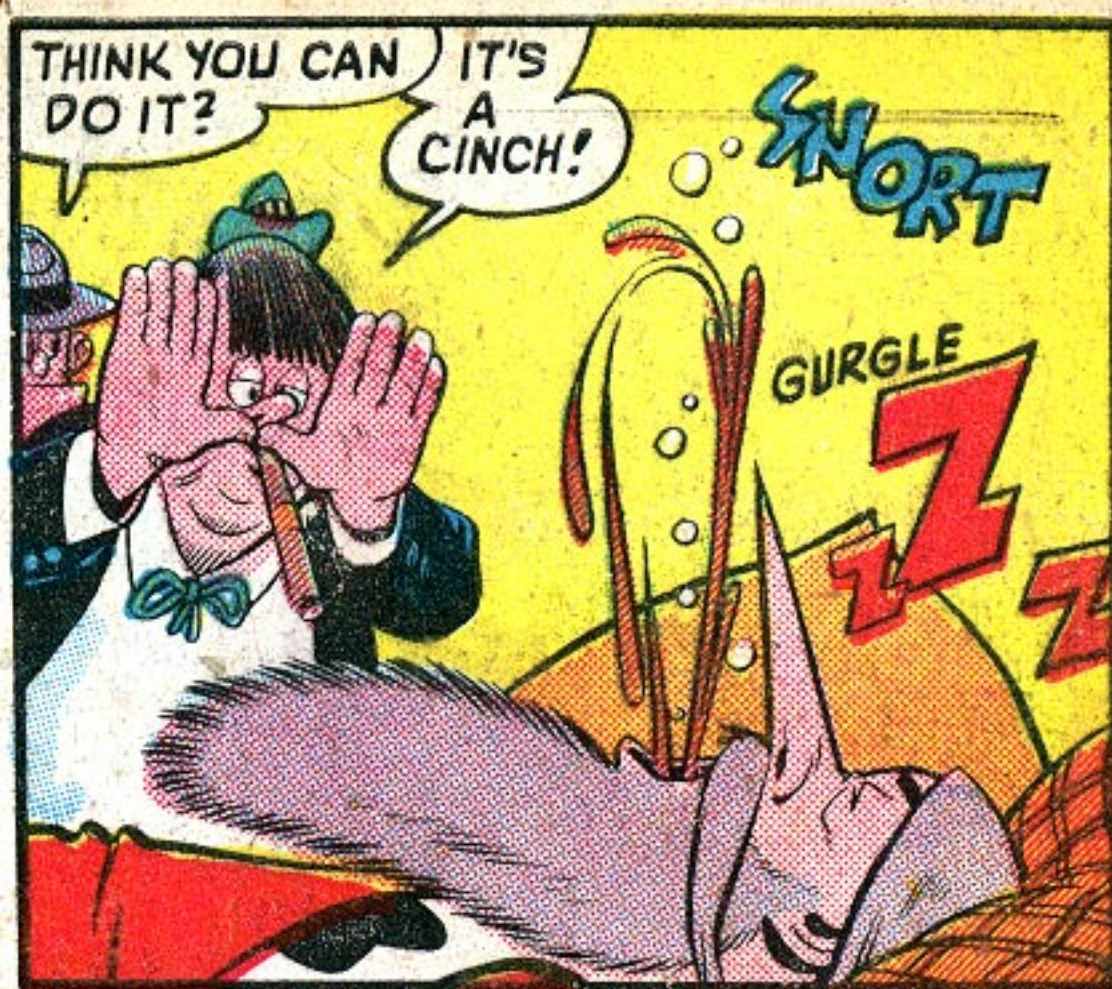
Normal, Illinois

Midnight

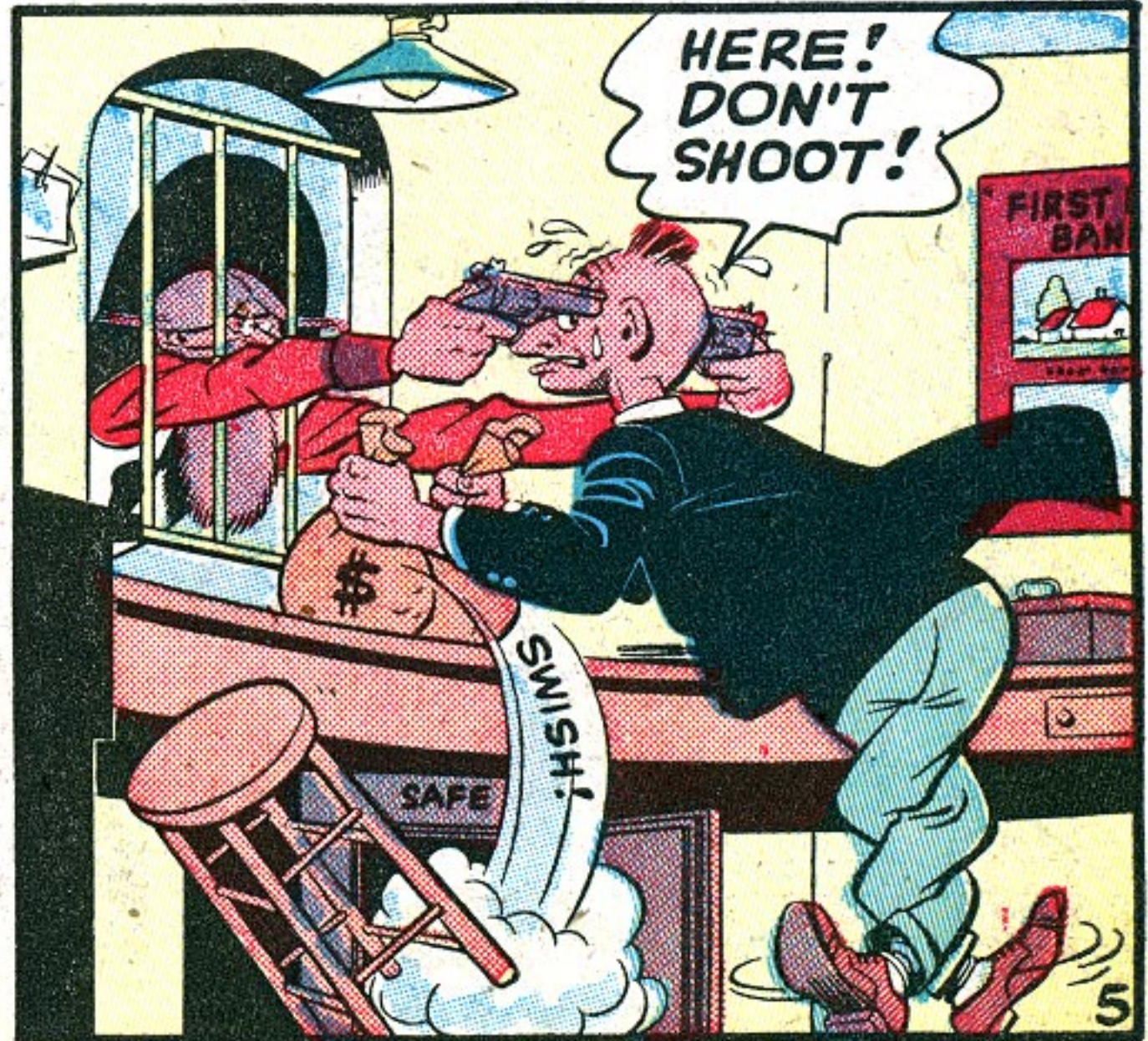
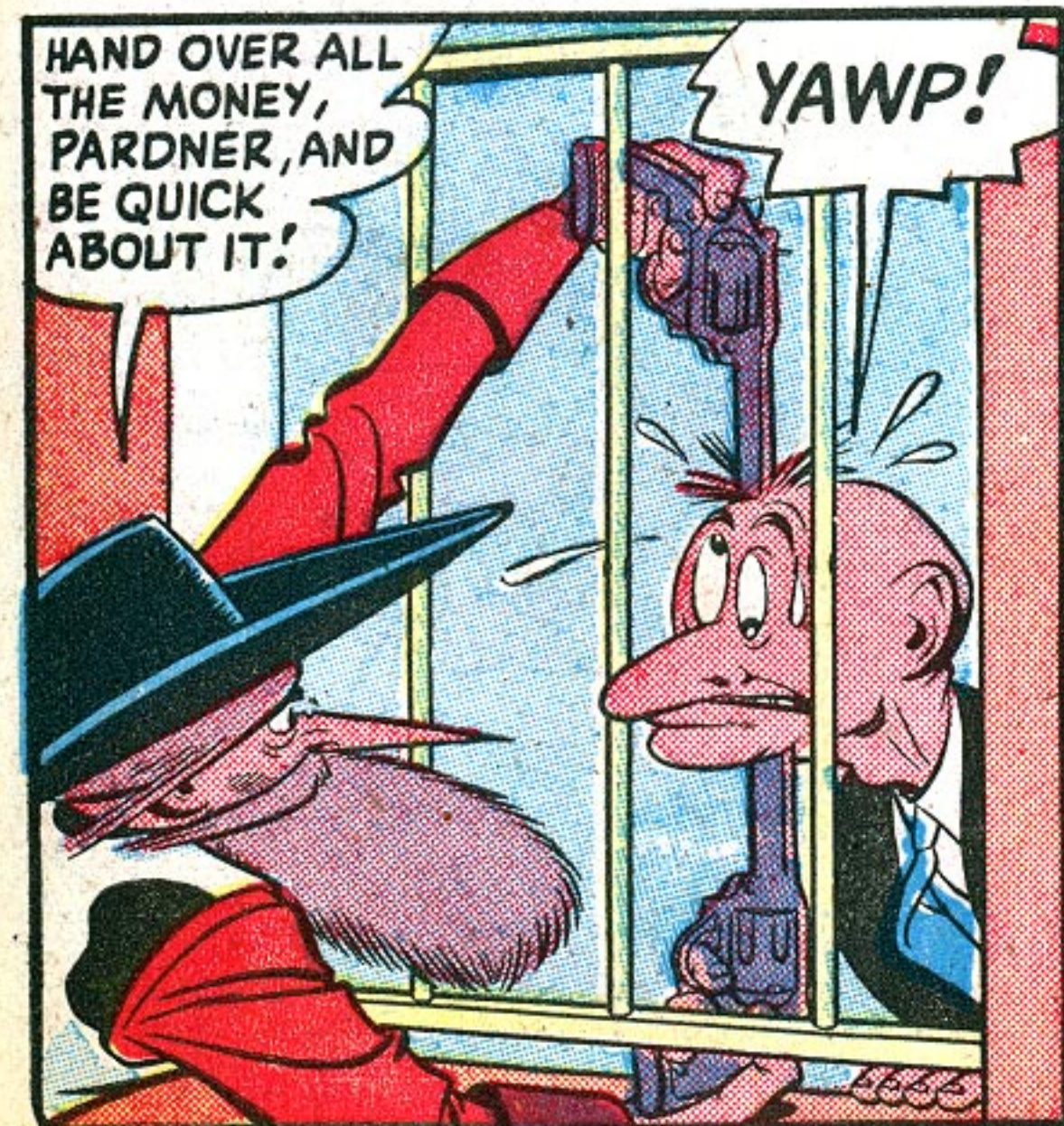
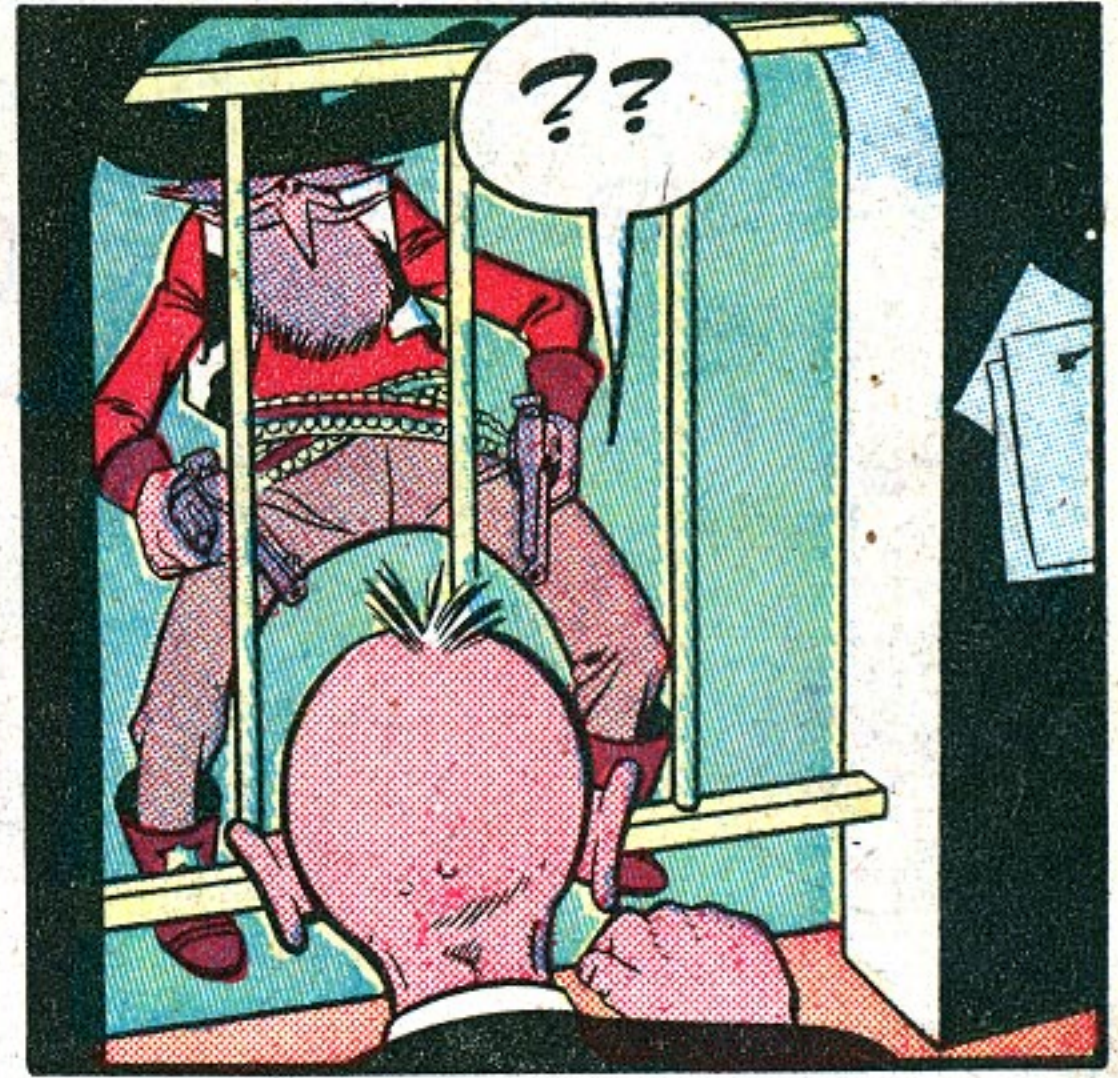
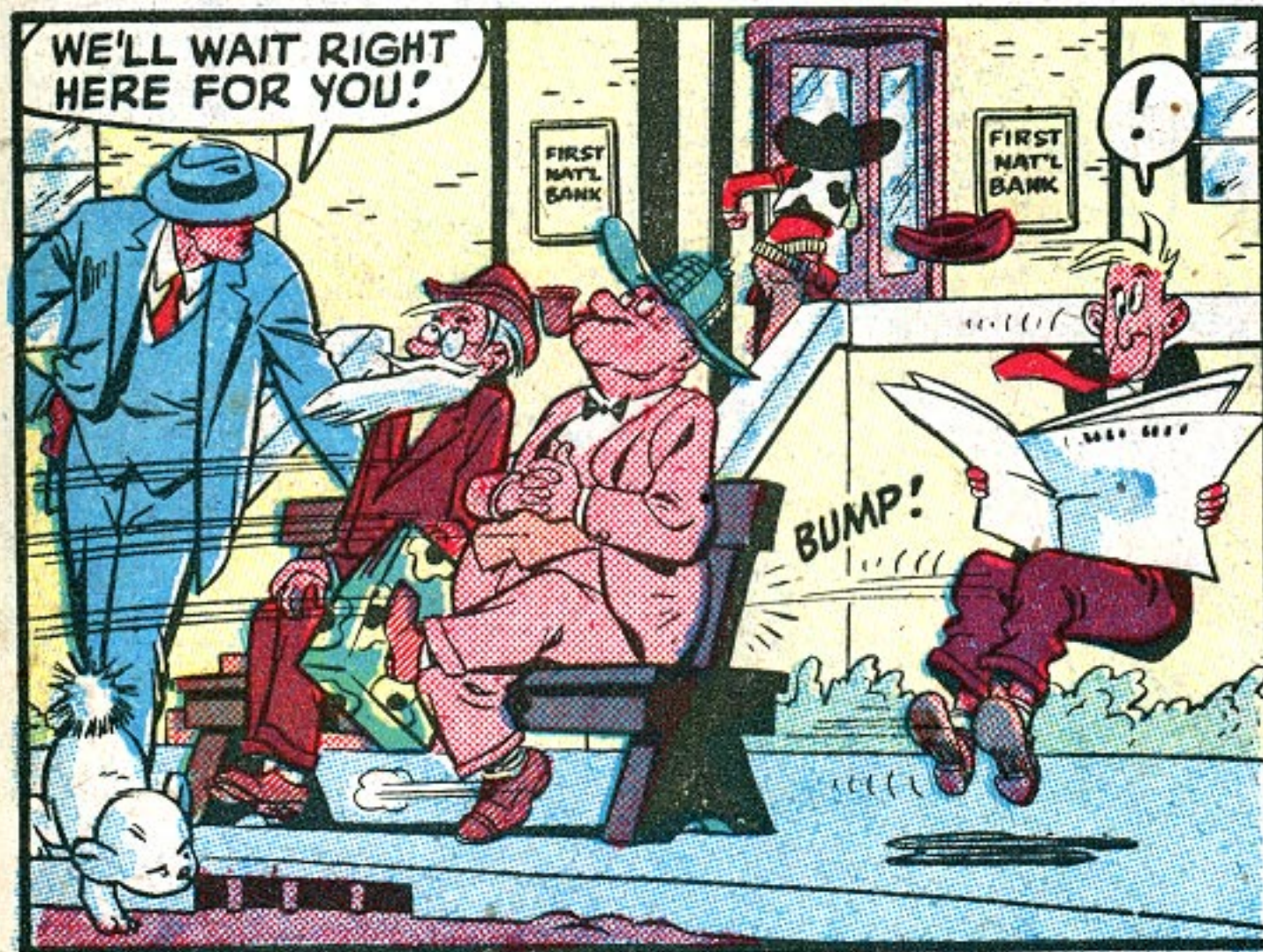
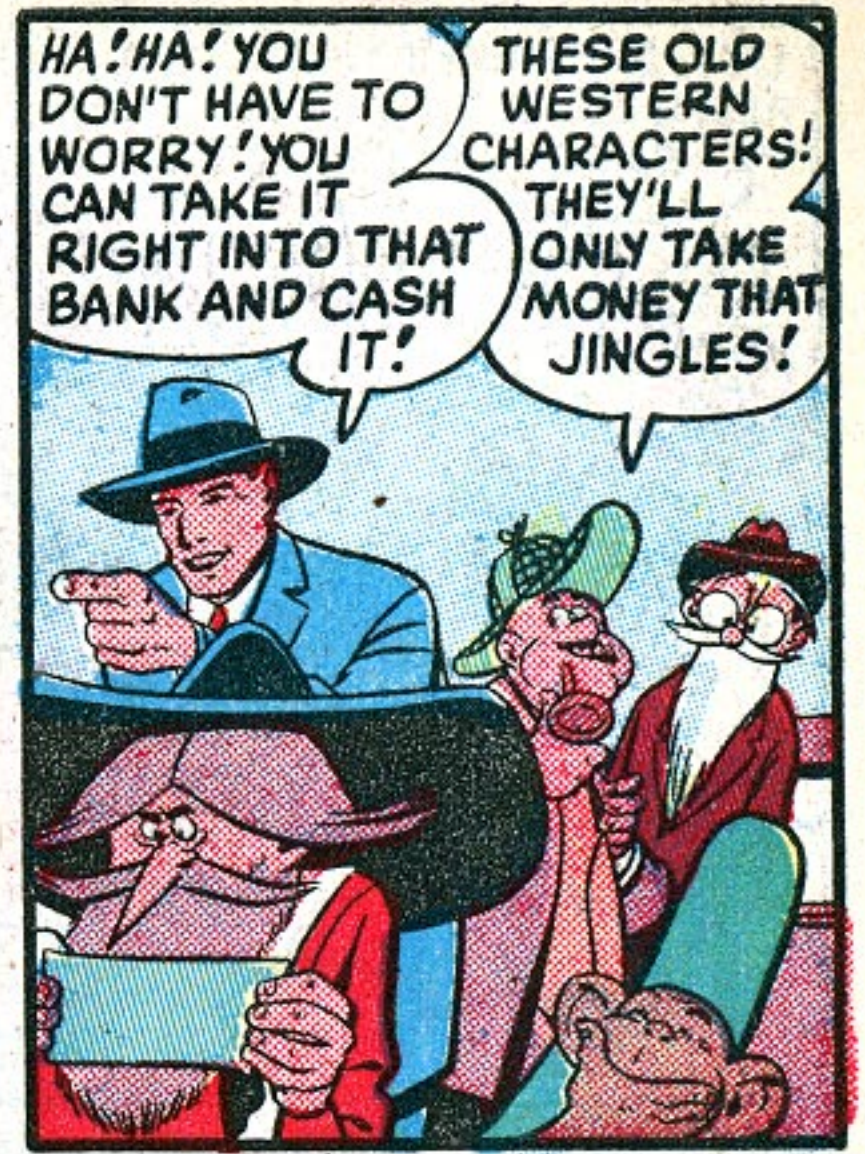


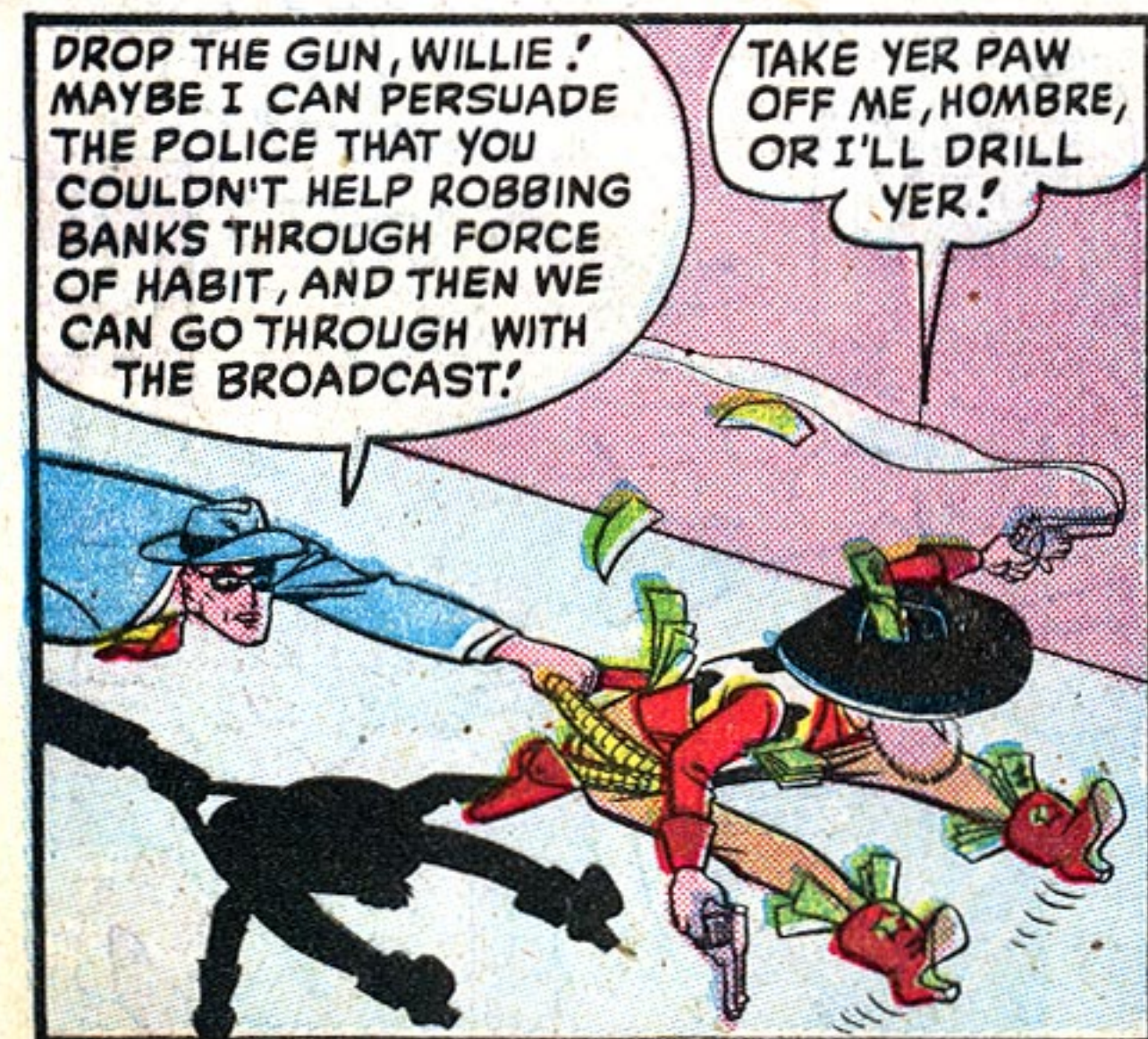
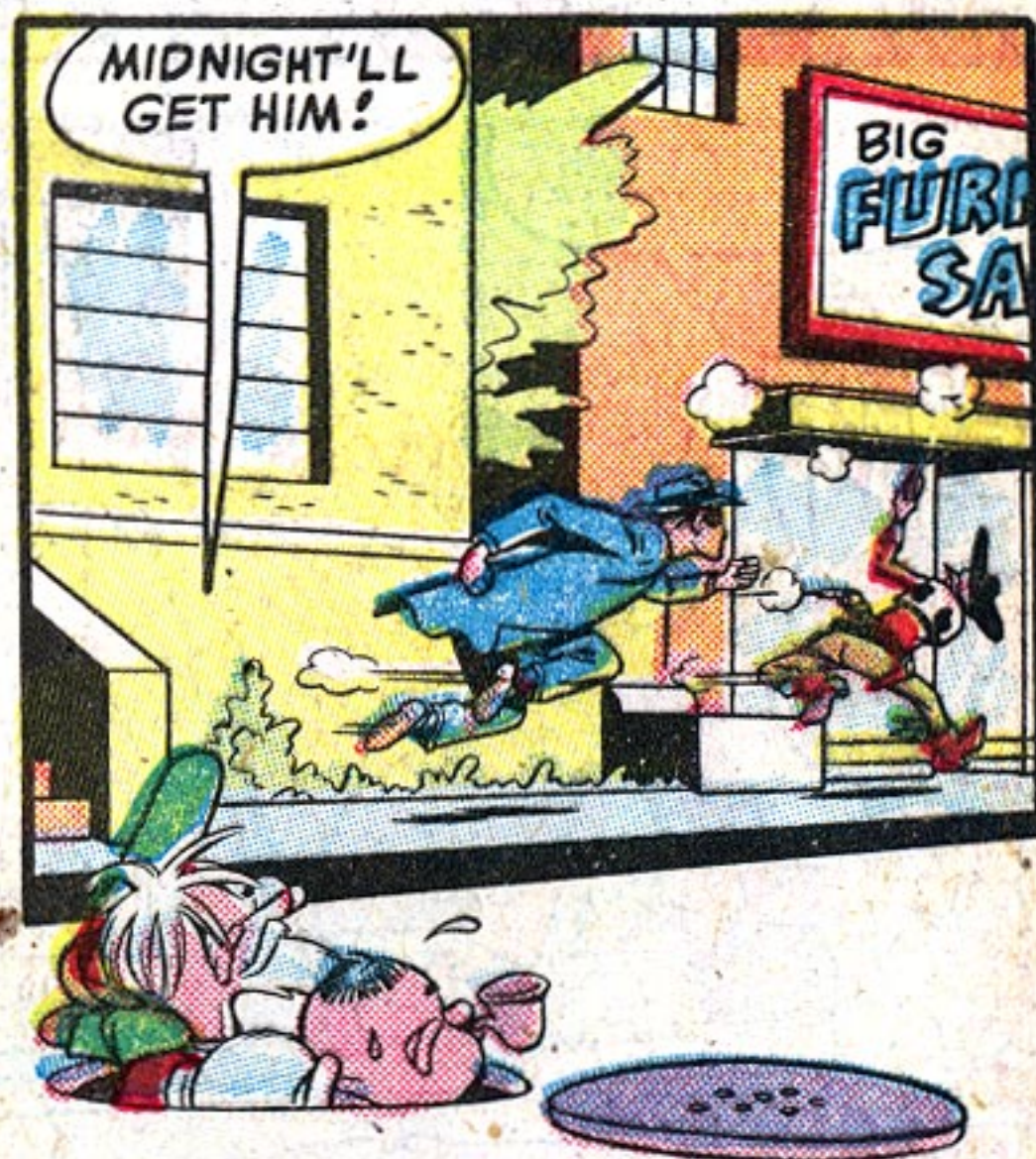
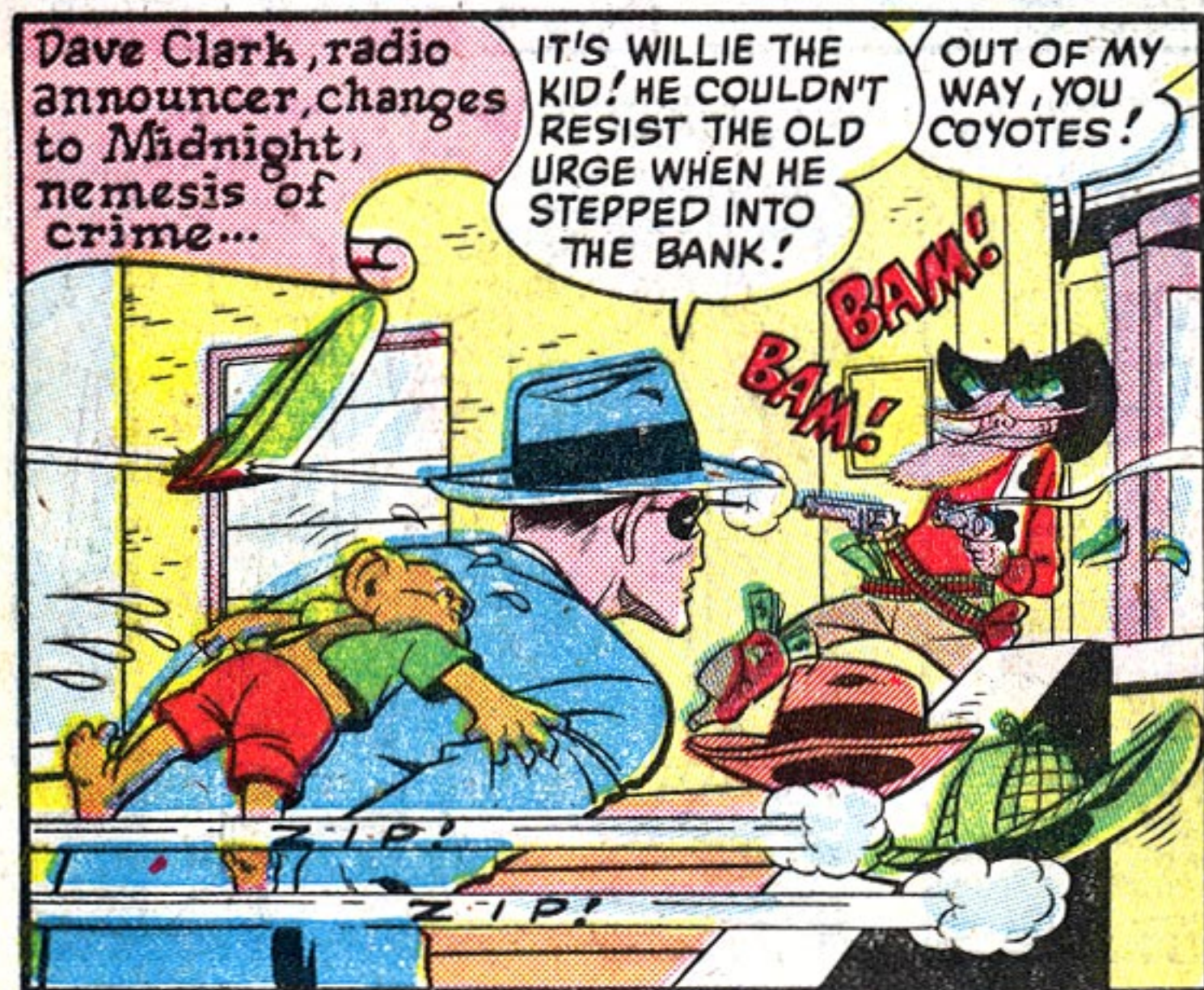
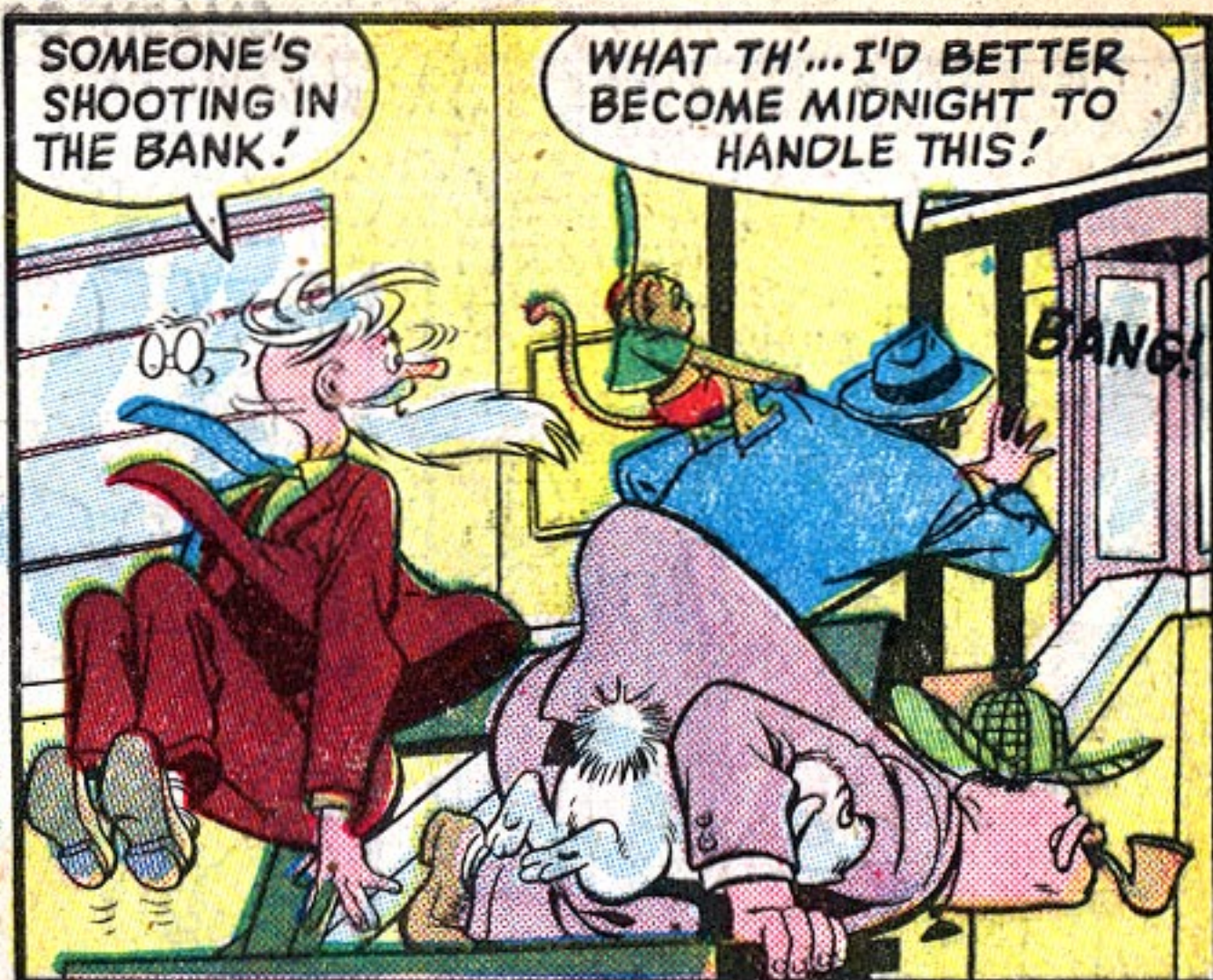
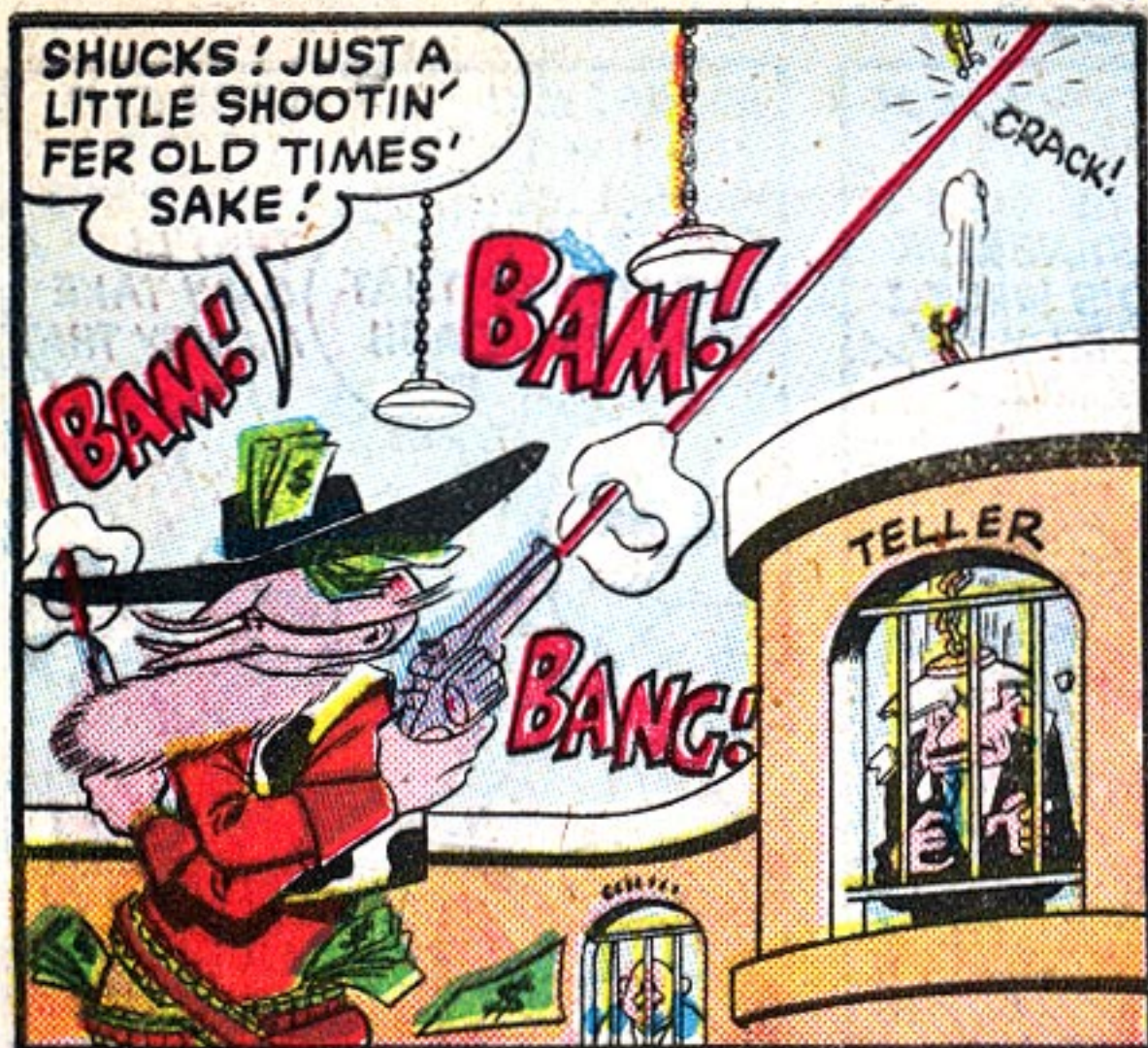






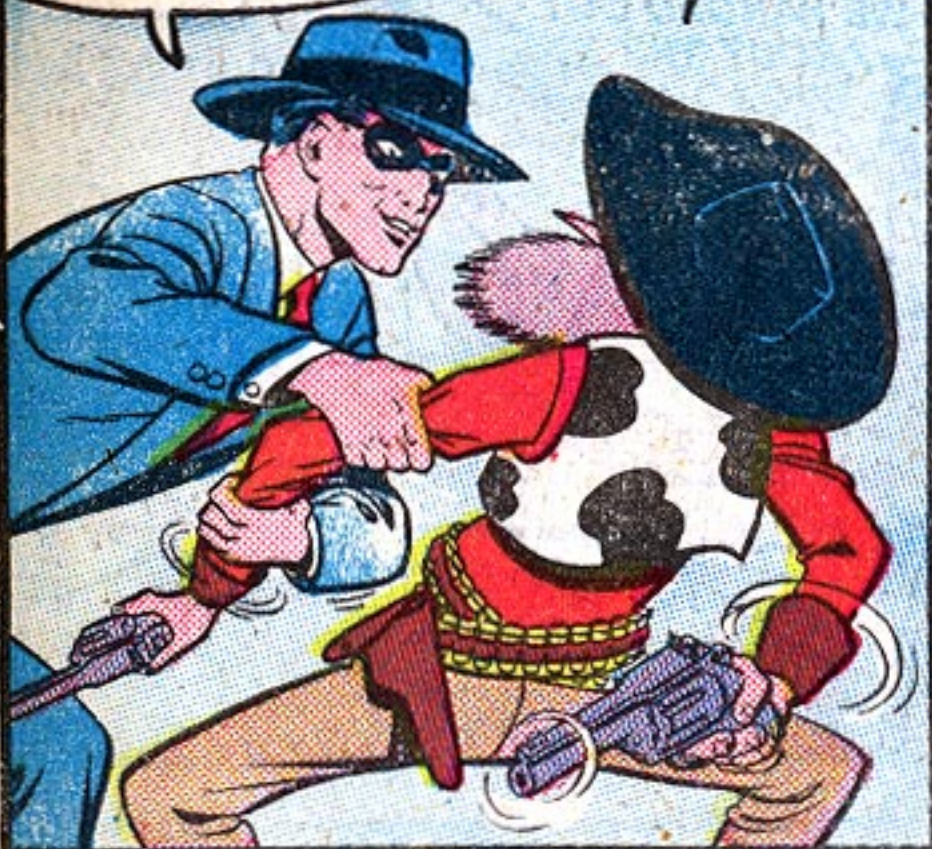
SMASH COMICS



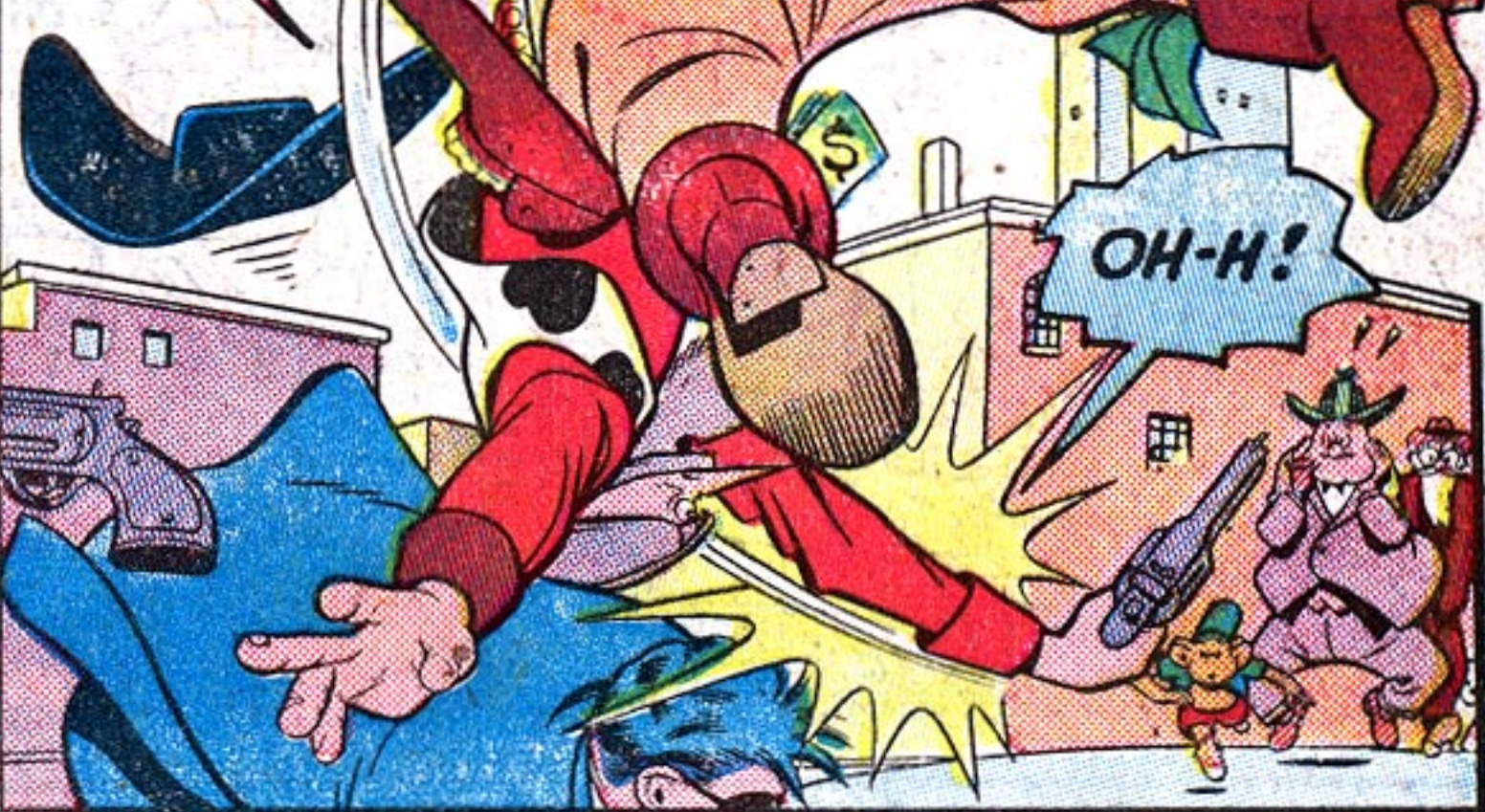


AH! YOU KNOW ME!
THAT'S ODD! I
THOUGHT YOU WERE
OUT OF TOUCH WITH
THE WORLD!

I-I WAS...
I RECKON!

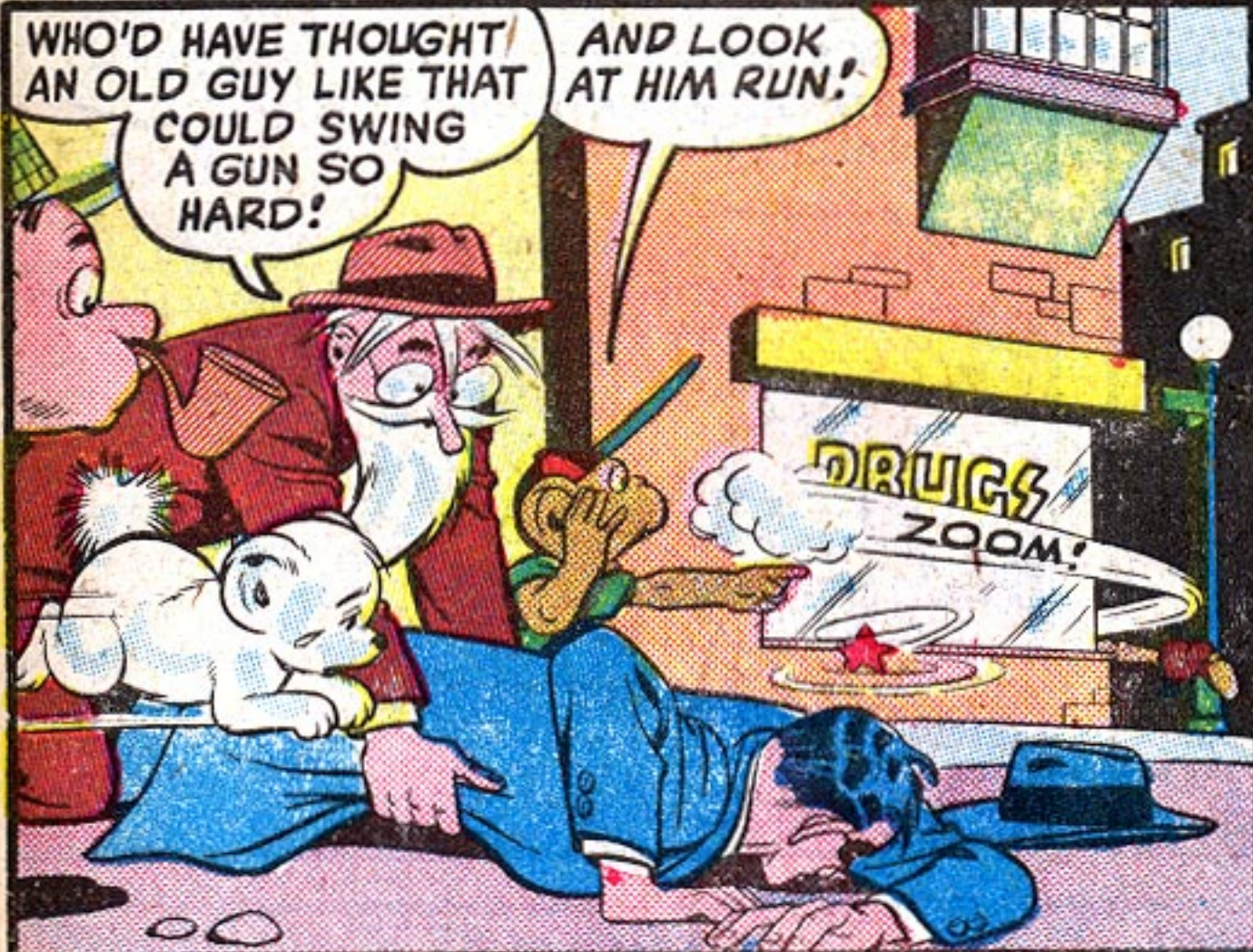


AND I AIM
TO STAY
THE TAWAY!



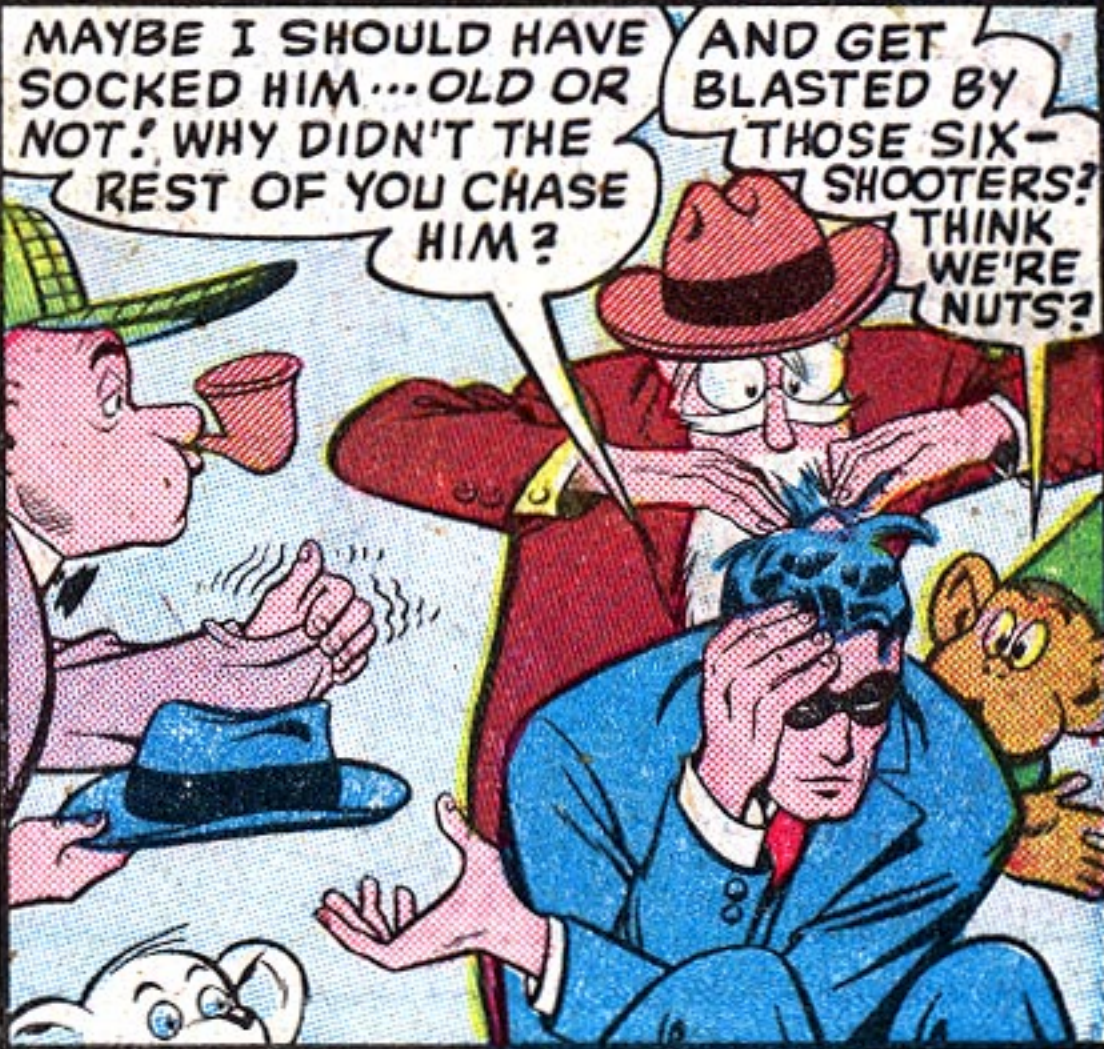
WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT
AN OLD GUY LIKE THAT
COULD SWING
A GUN SO
HARD!

AND LOOK
AT HIM RUN!

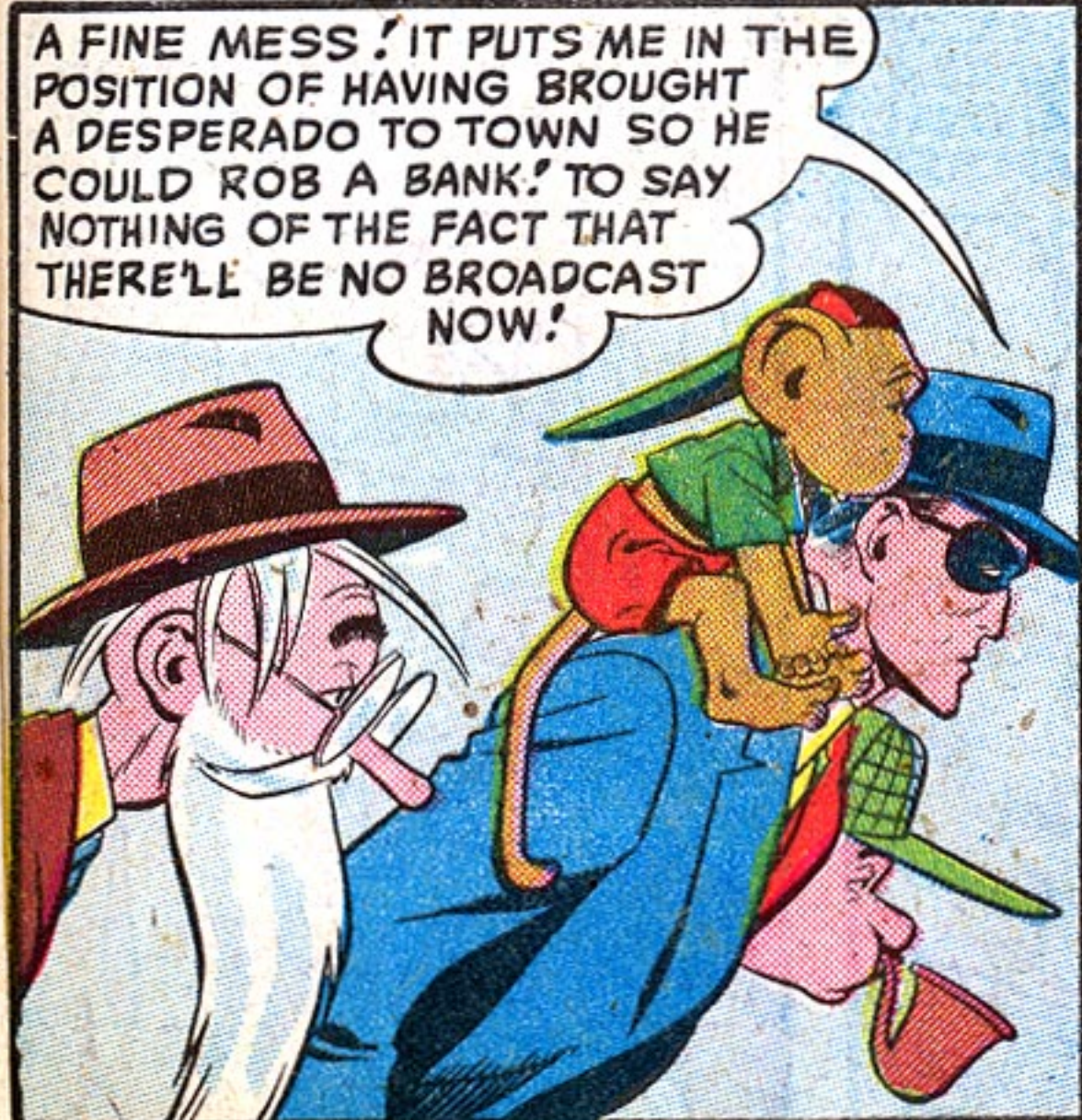


MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE
SOCKED HIM... OLD OR
NOT! WHY DIDN'T THE
REST OF YOU CHASE
HIM?

AND GET
BLASTED BY
THOSE SIX-
SHOOTERS?
I THINK
WE'RE
NUTS?

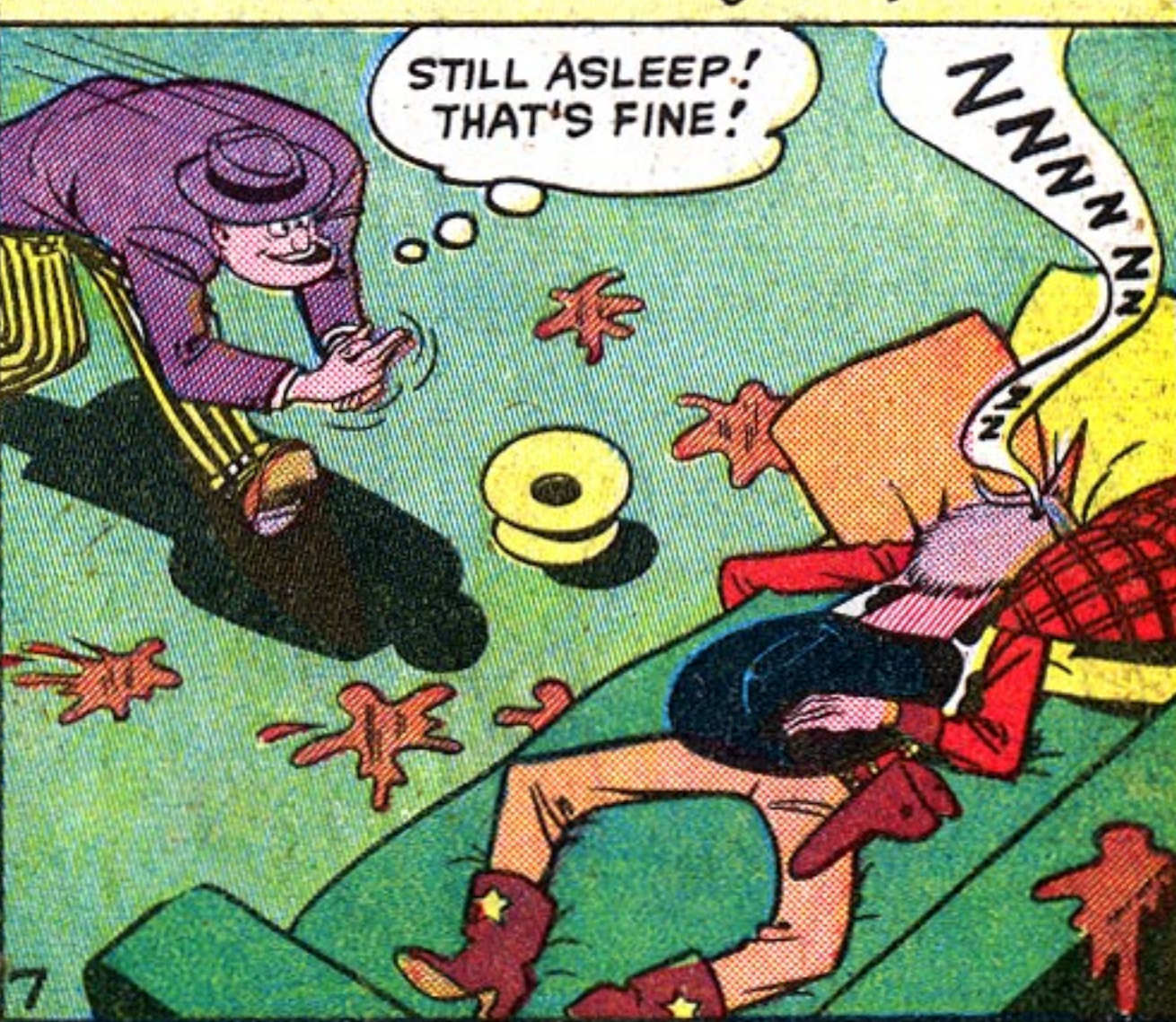


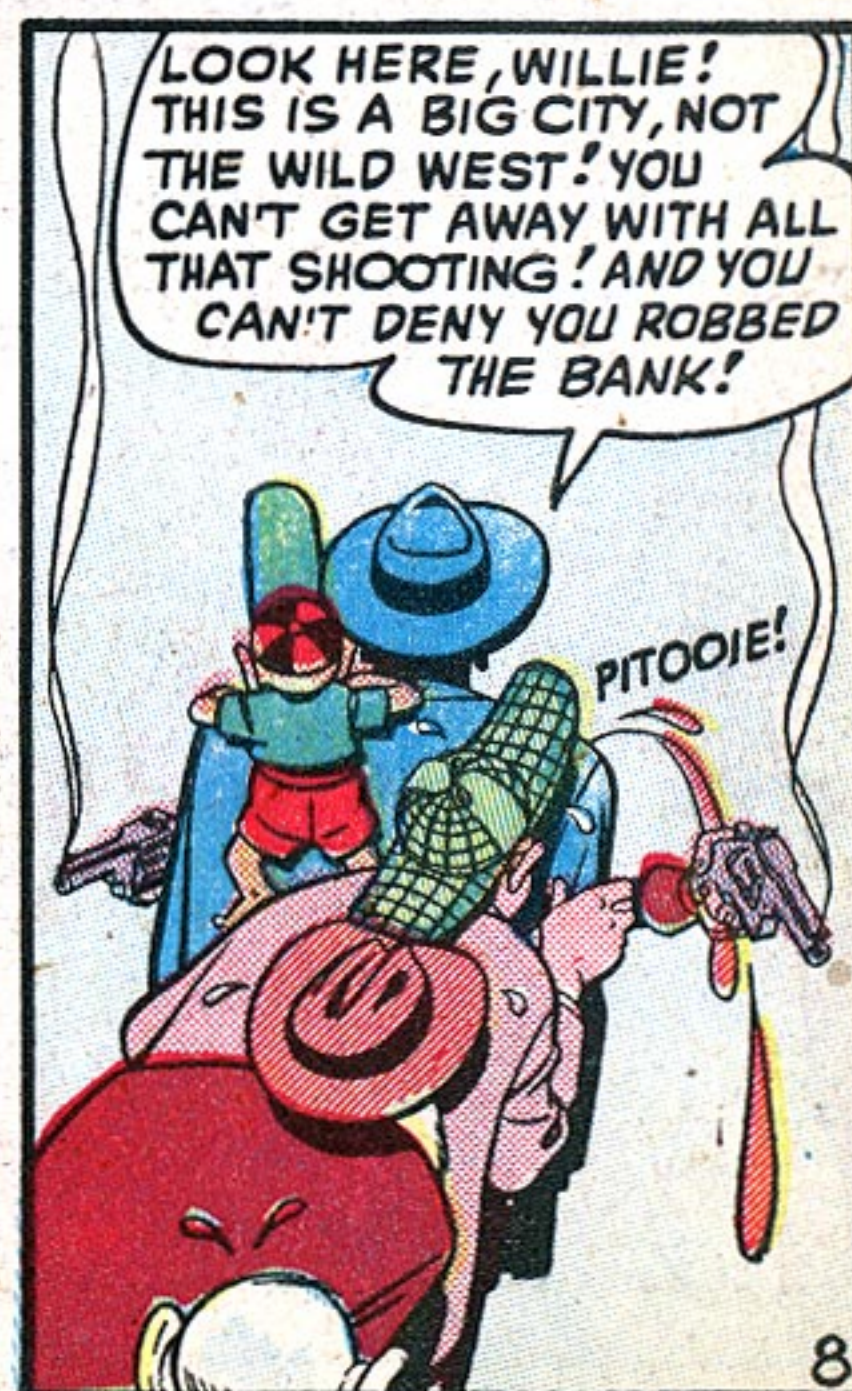
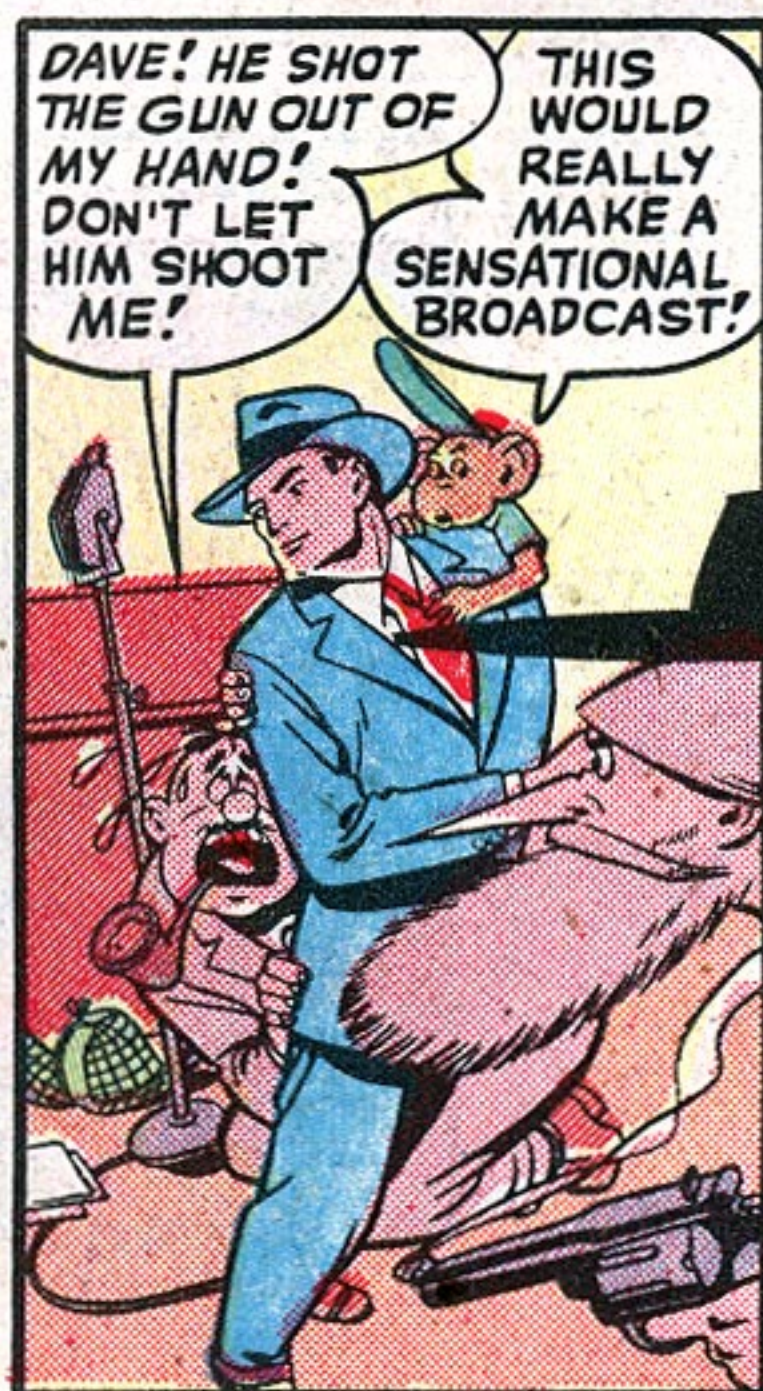
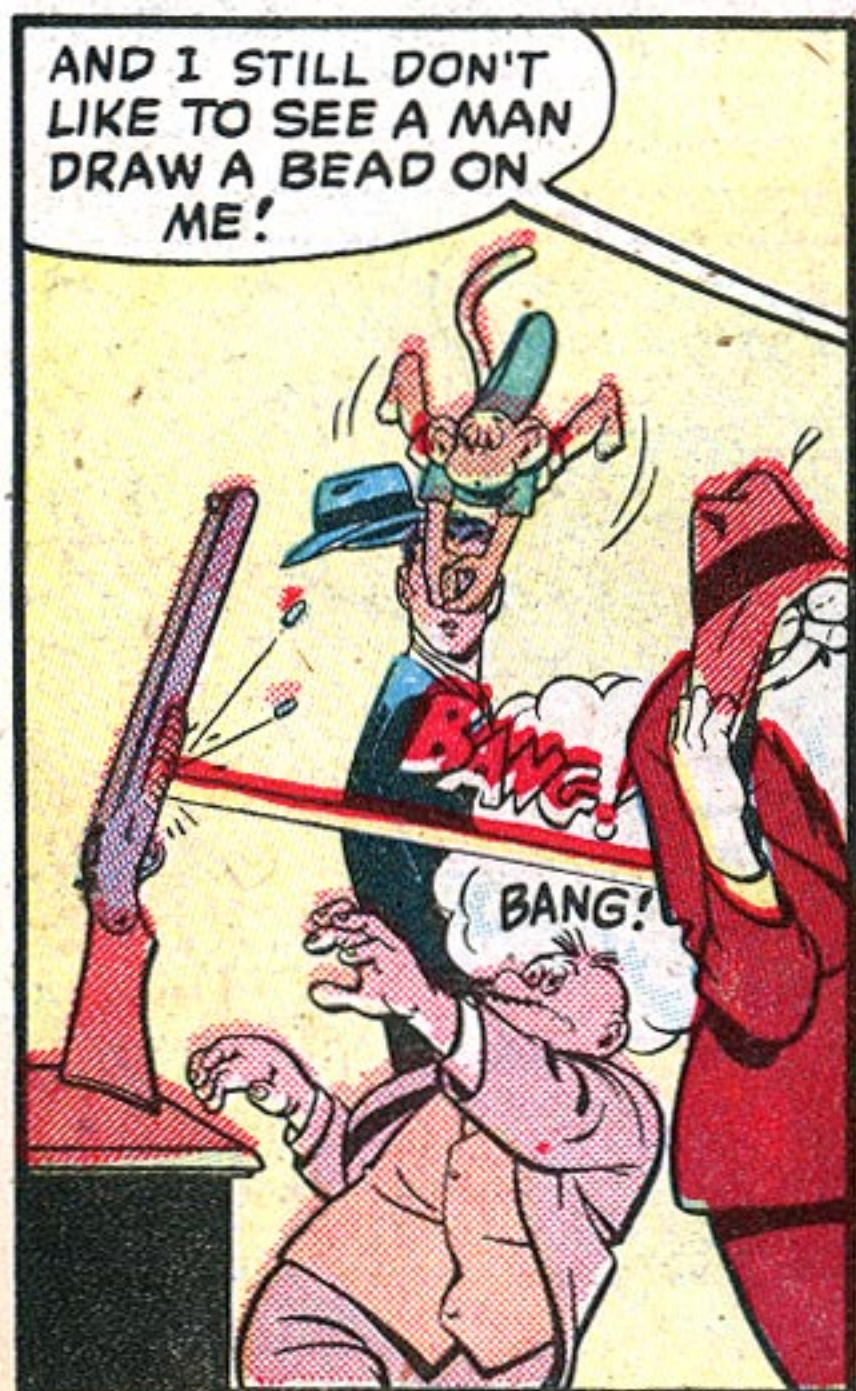
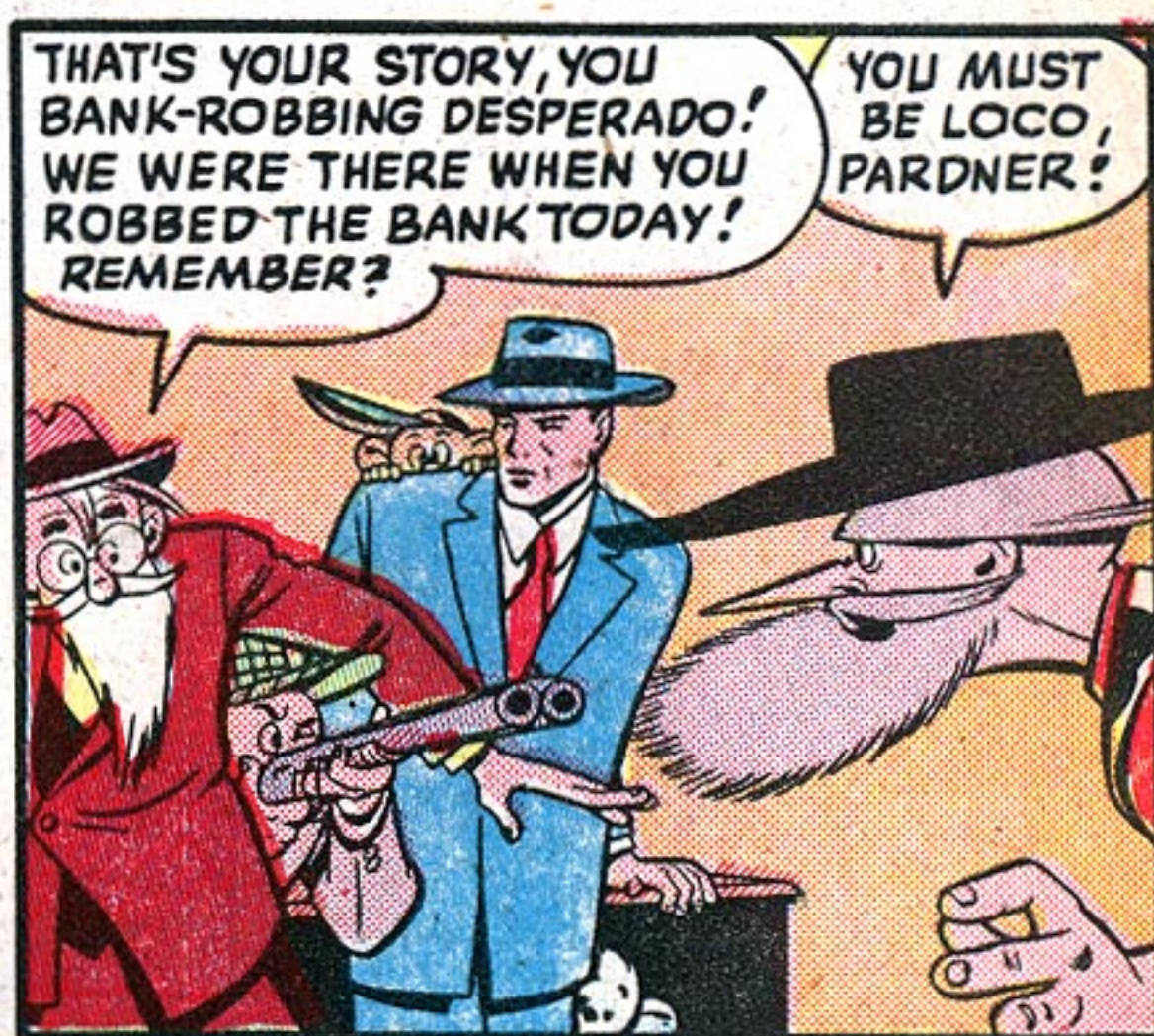
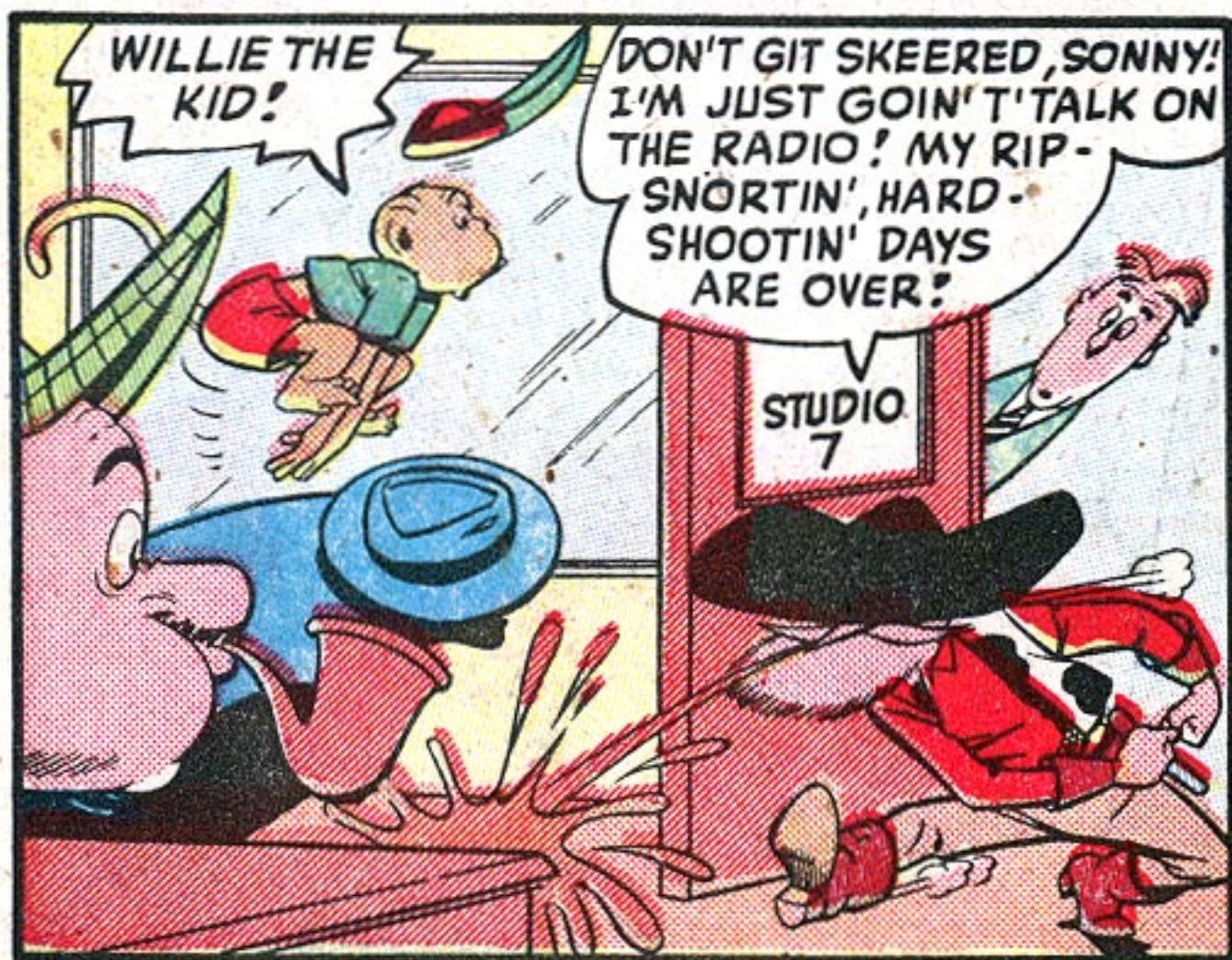
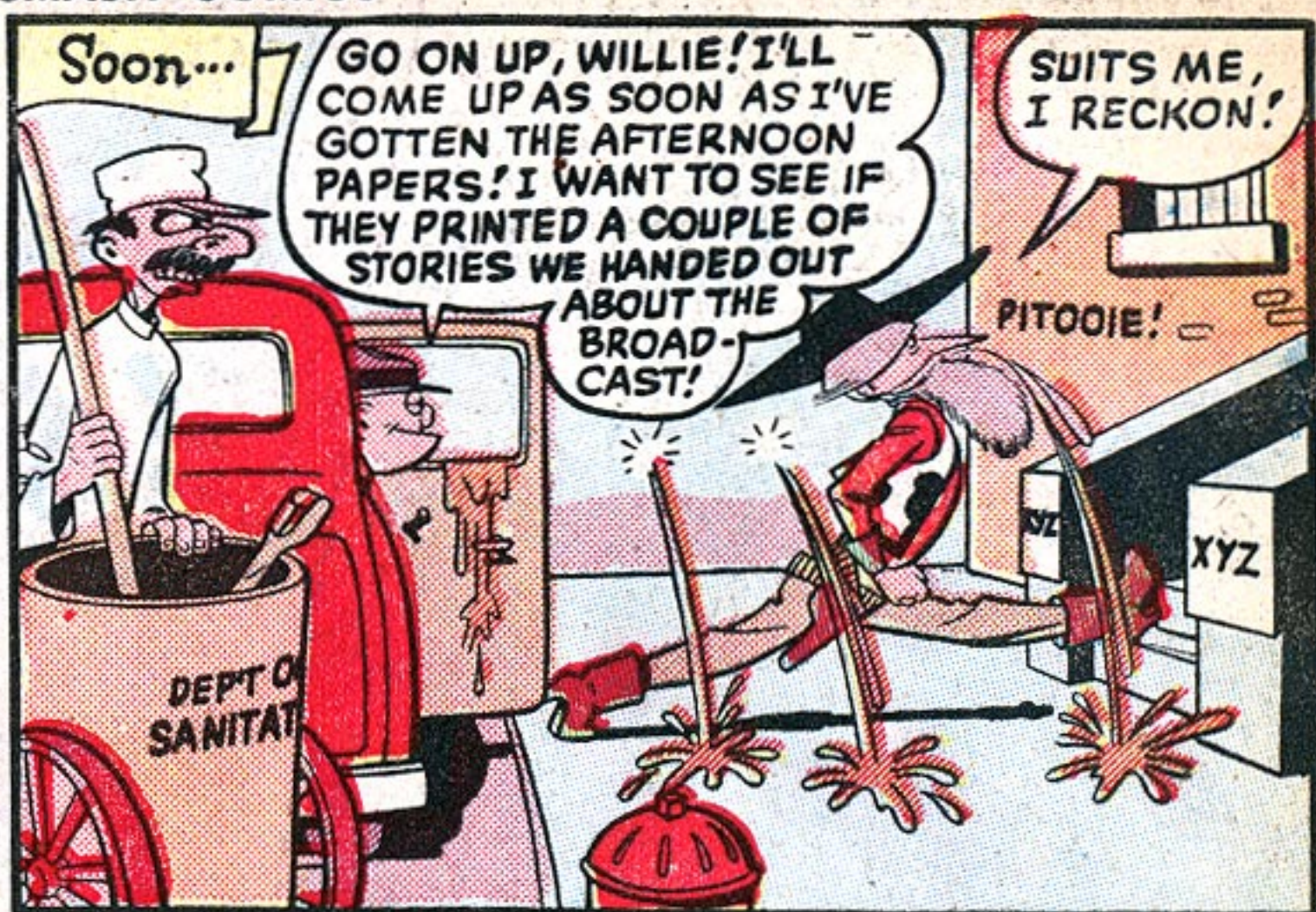
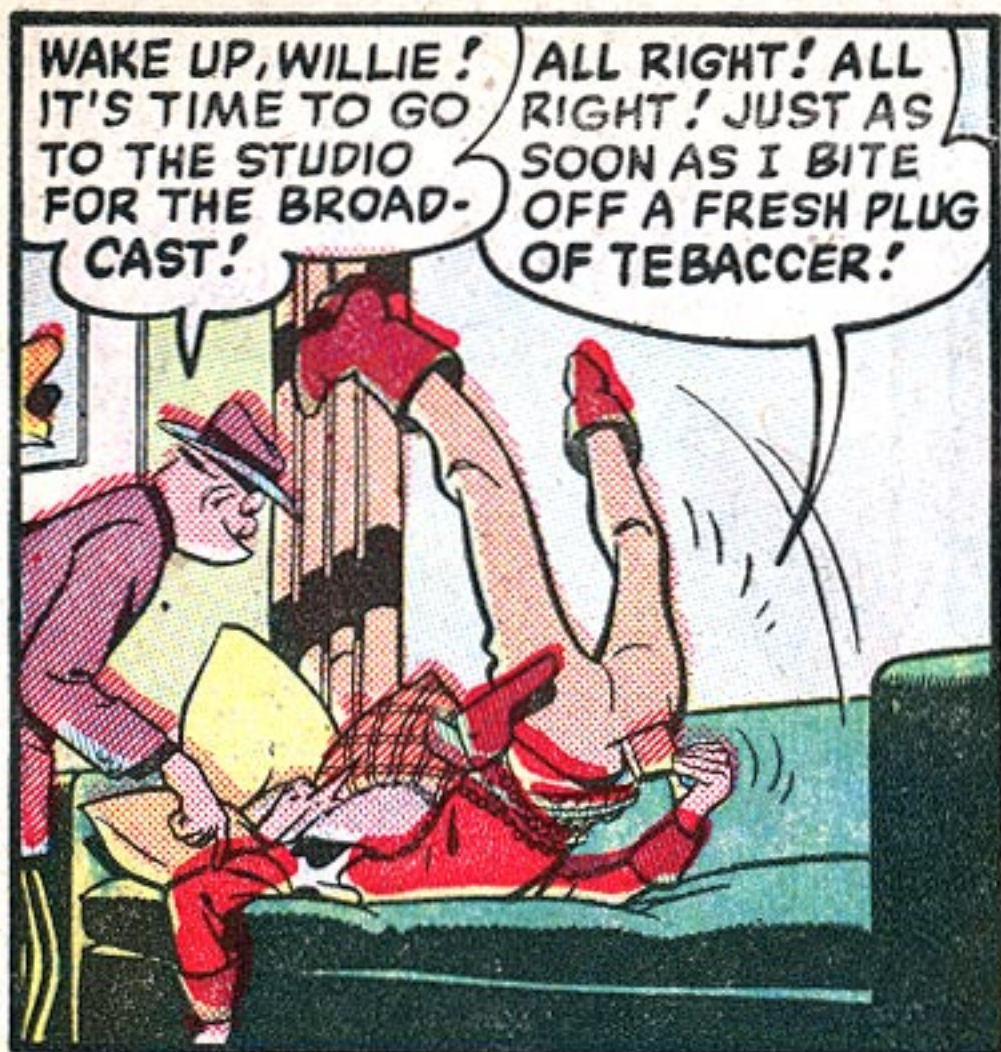
A FINE MESS! IT PUTS ME IN THE
POSITION OF HAVING BROUGHT
A DESPERADO TO TOWN SO HE
COULD ROB A BANK! TO SAY
NOTHING OF THE FACT THAT
THERE'LL BE NO BROADCAST
NOW!

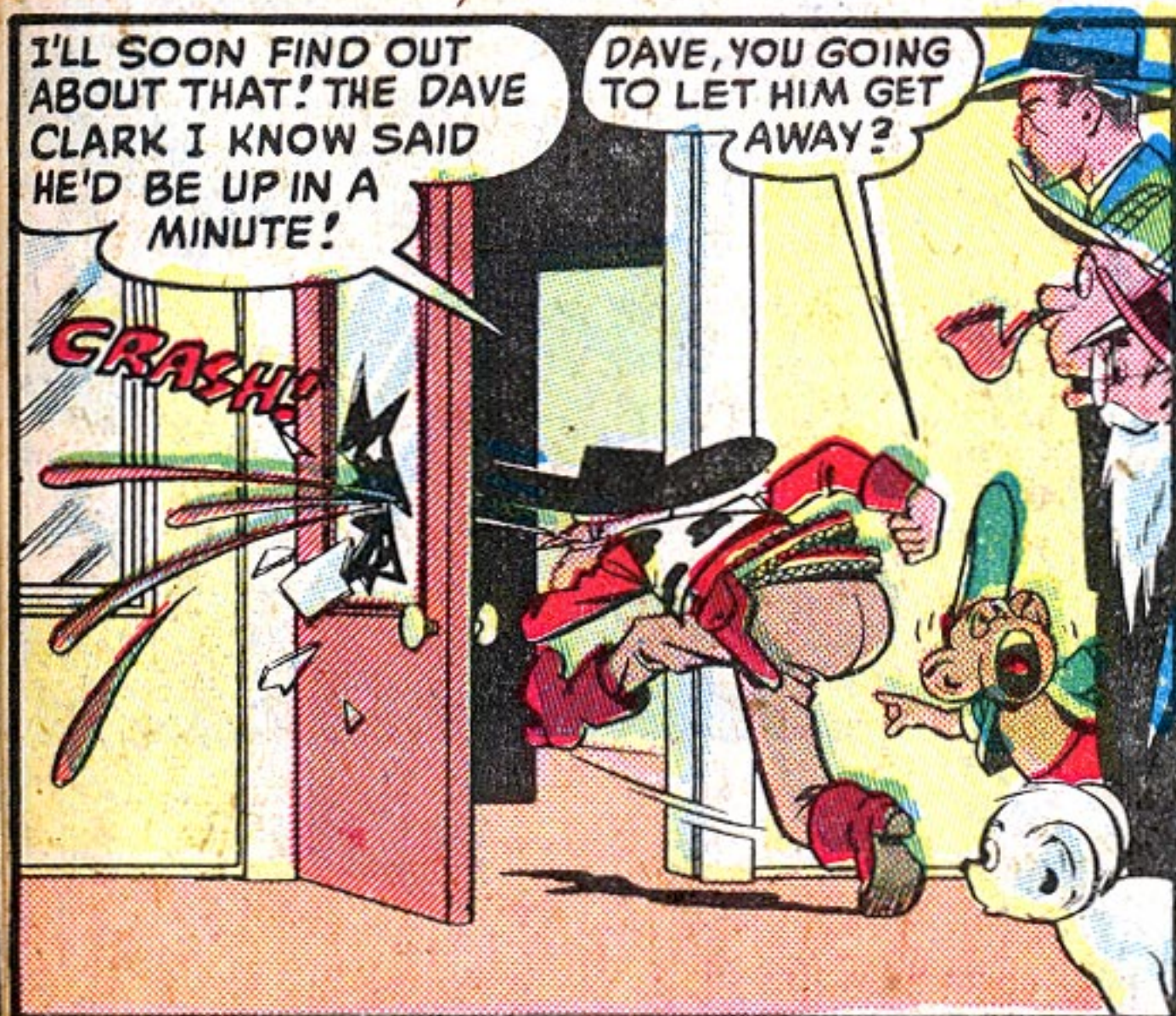
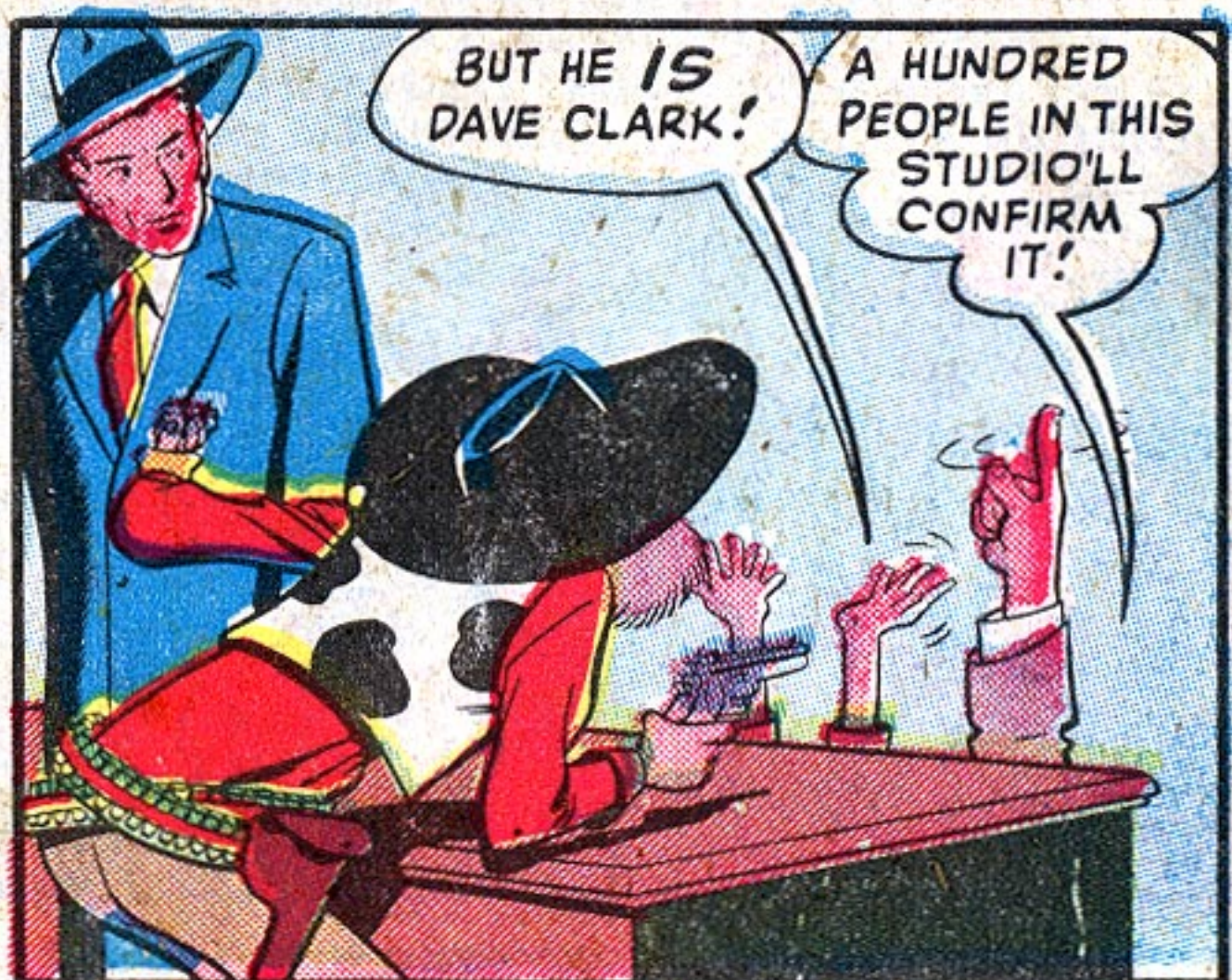
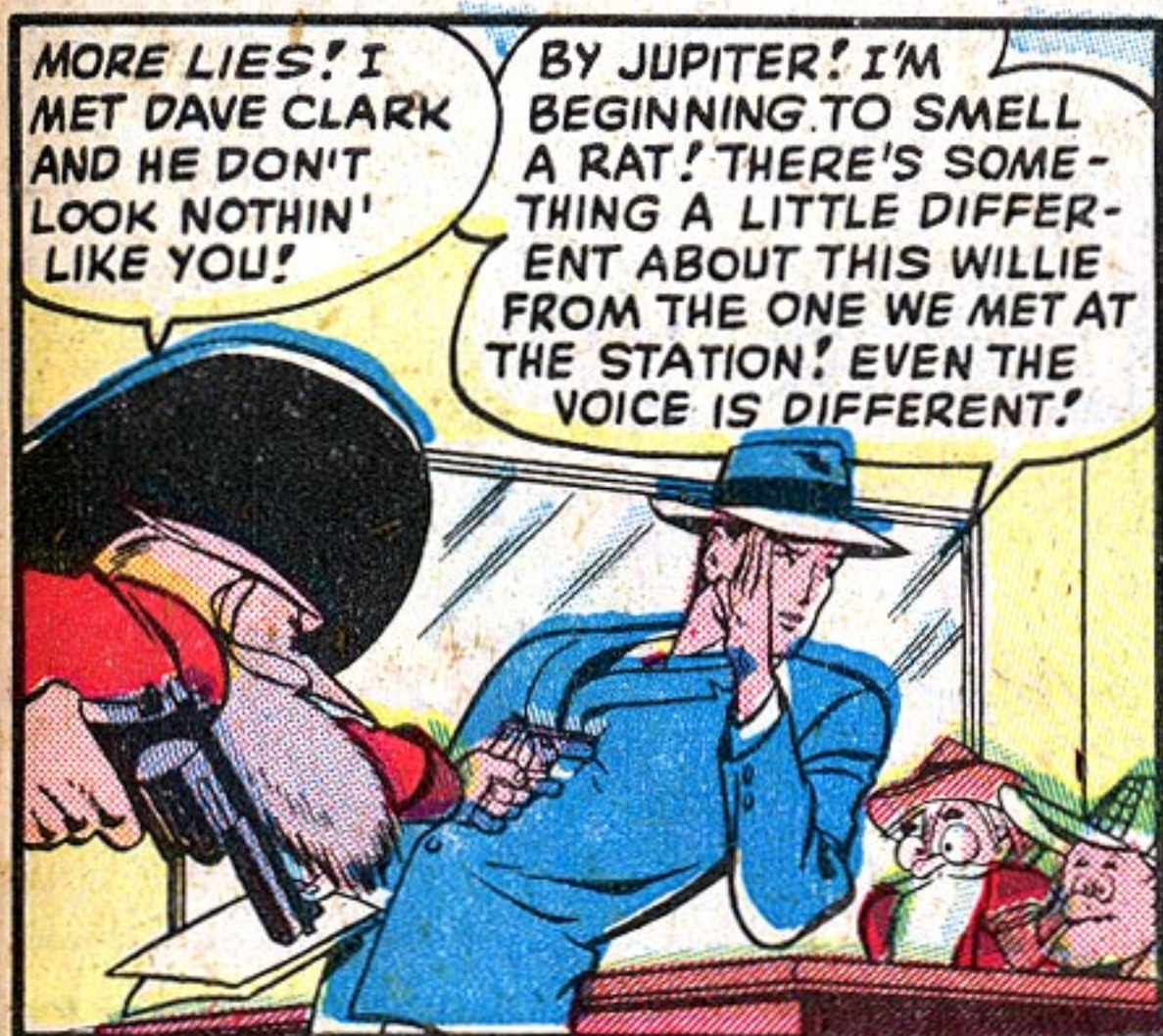


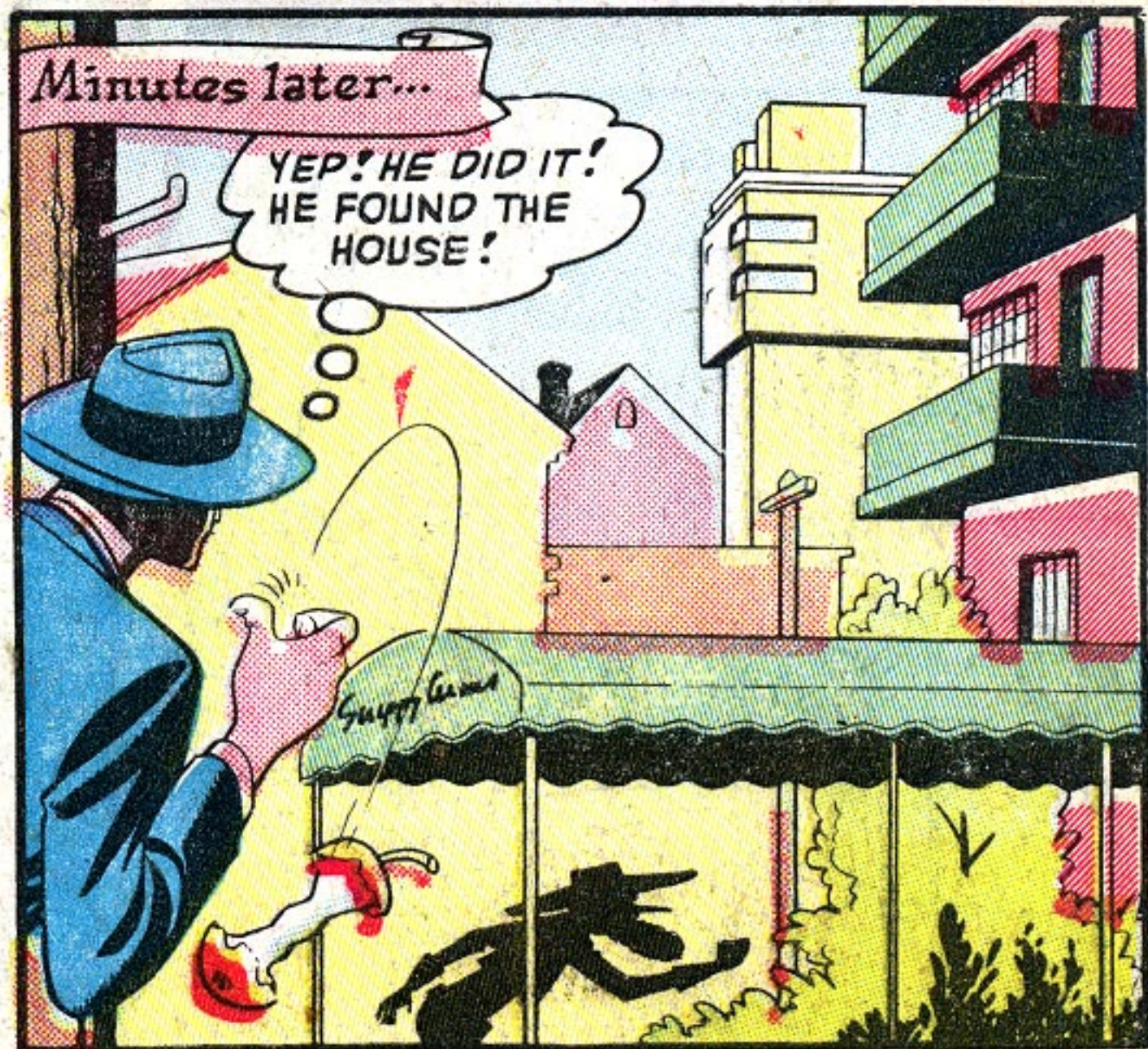
And back at a certain elegant apartment...

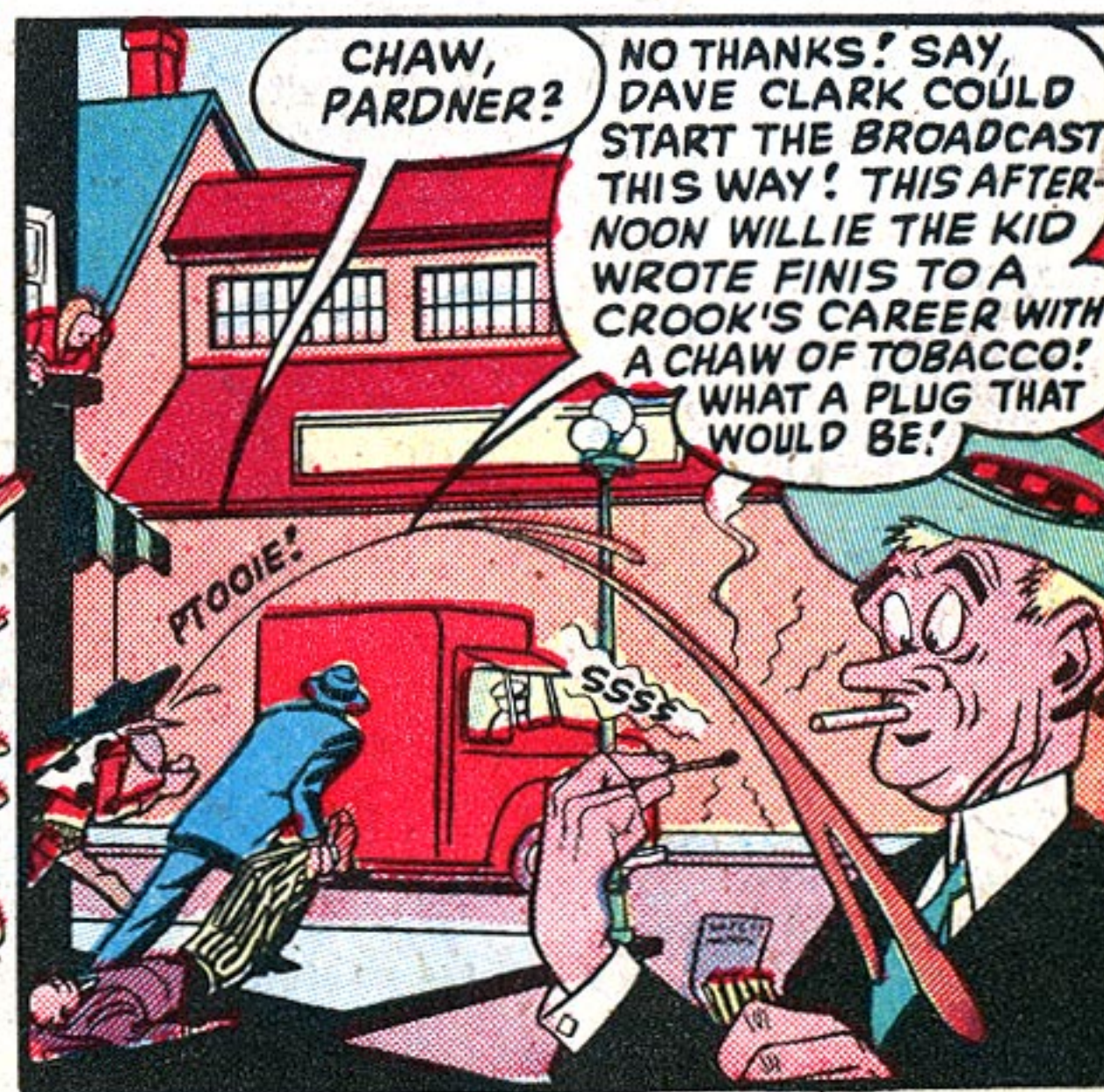
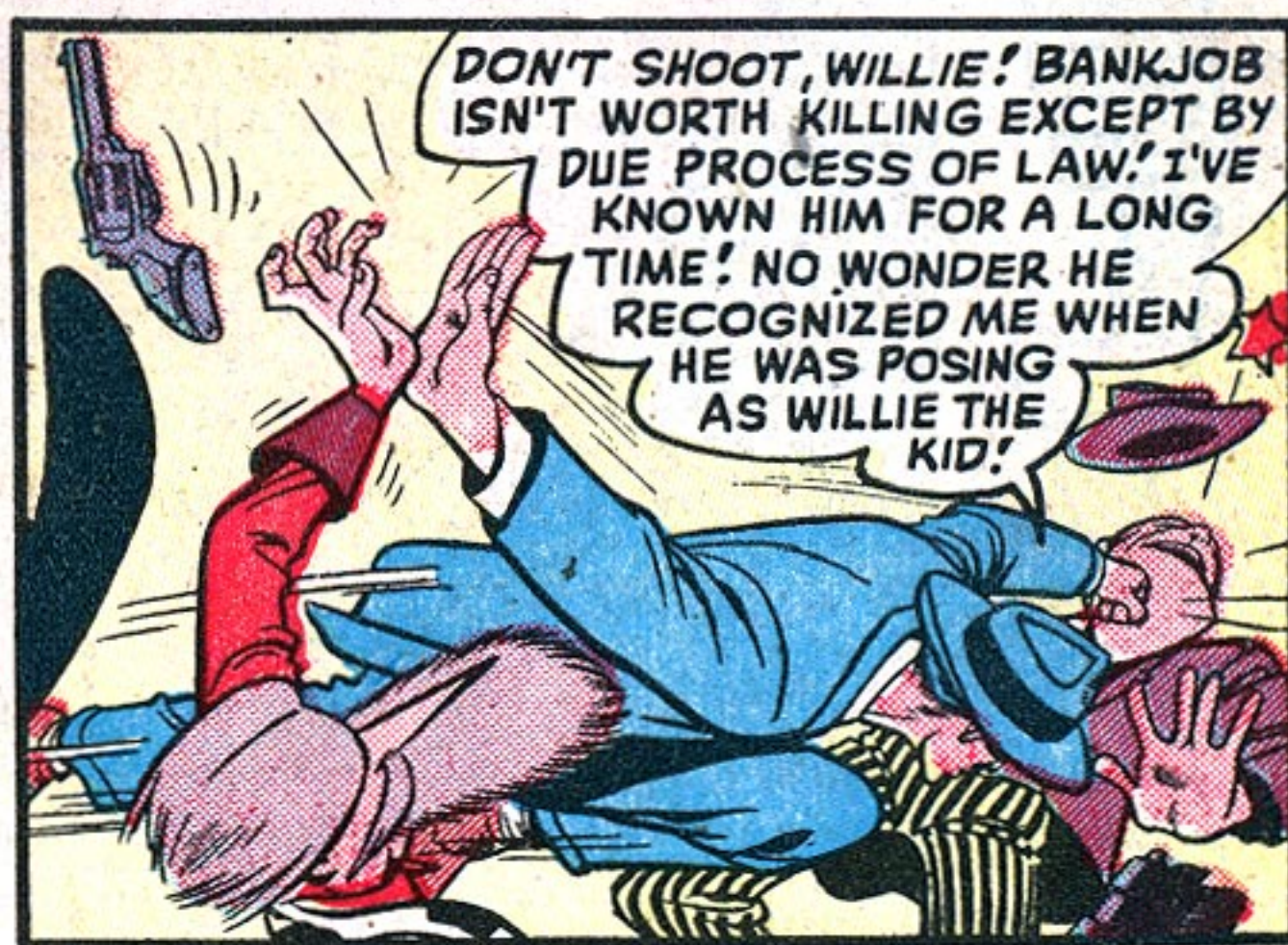
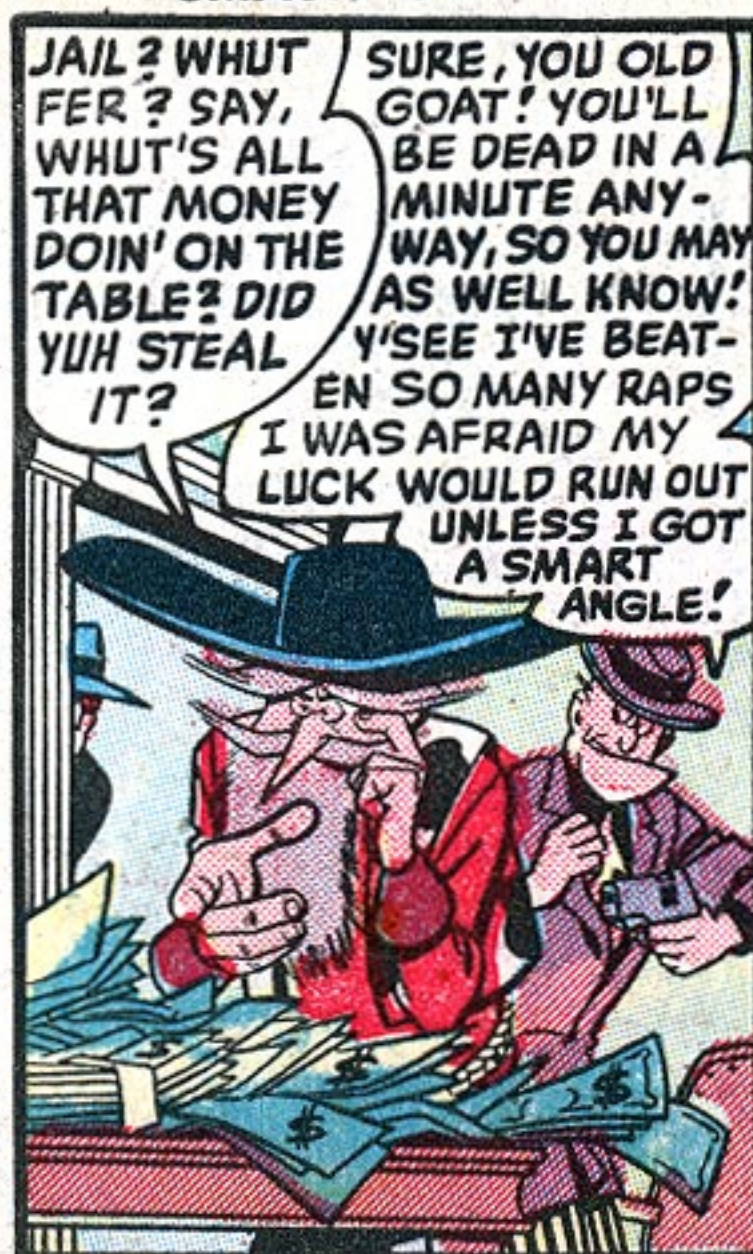
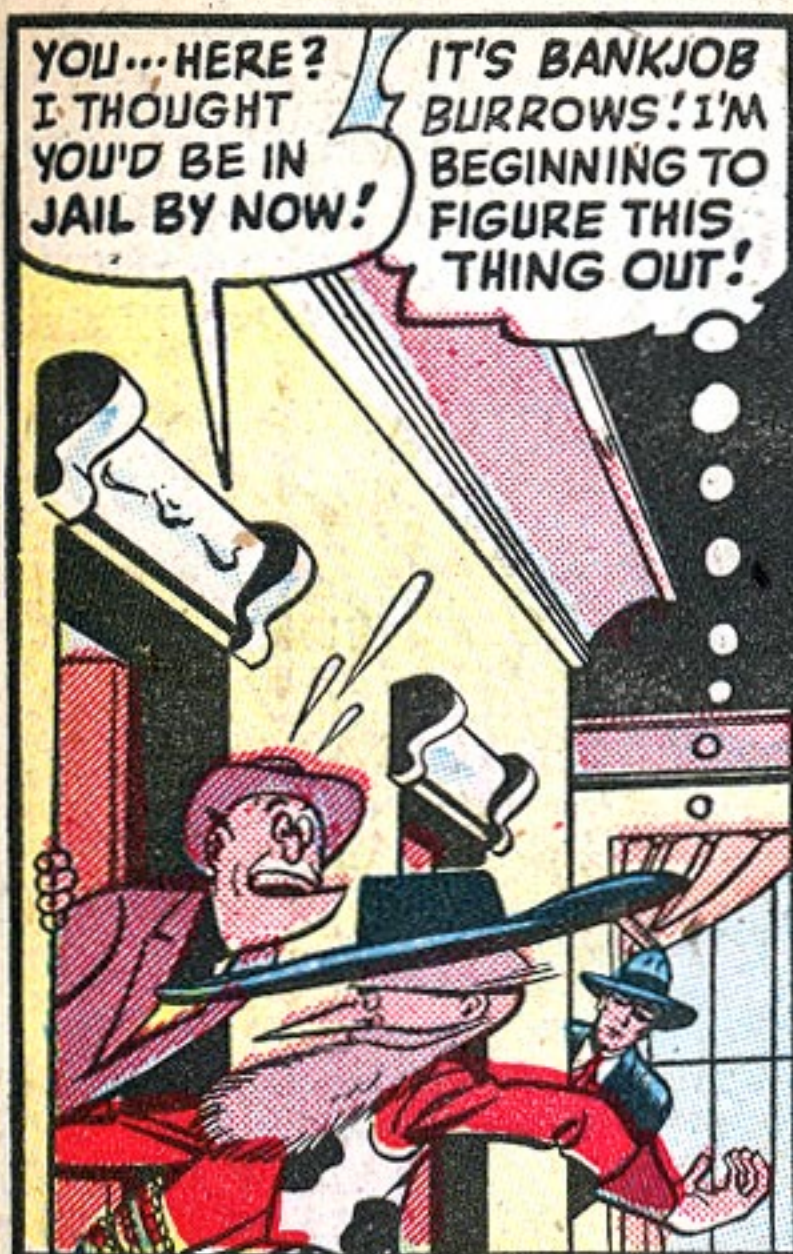
STILL ASLEEP!
THAT'S FINE!



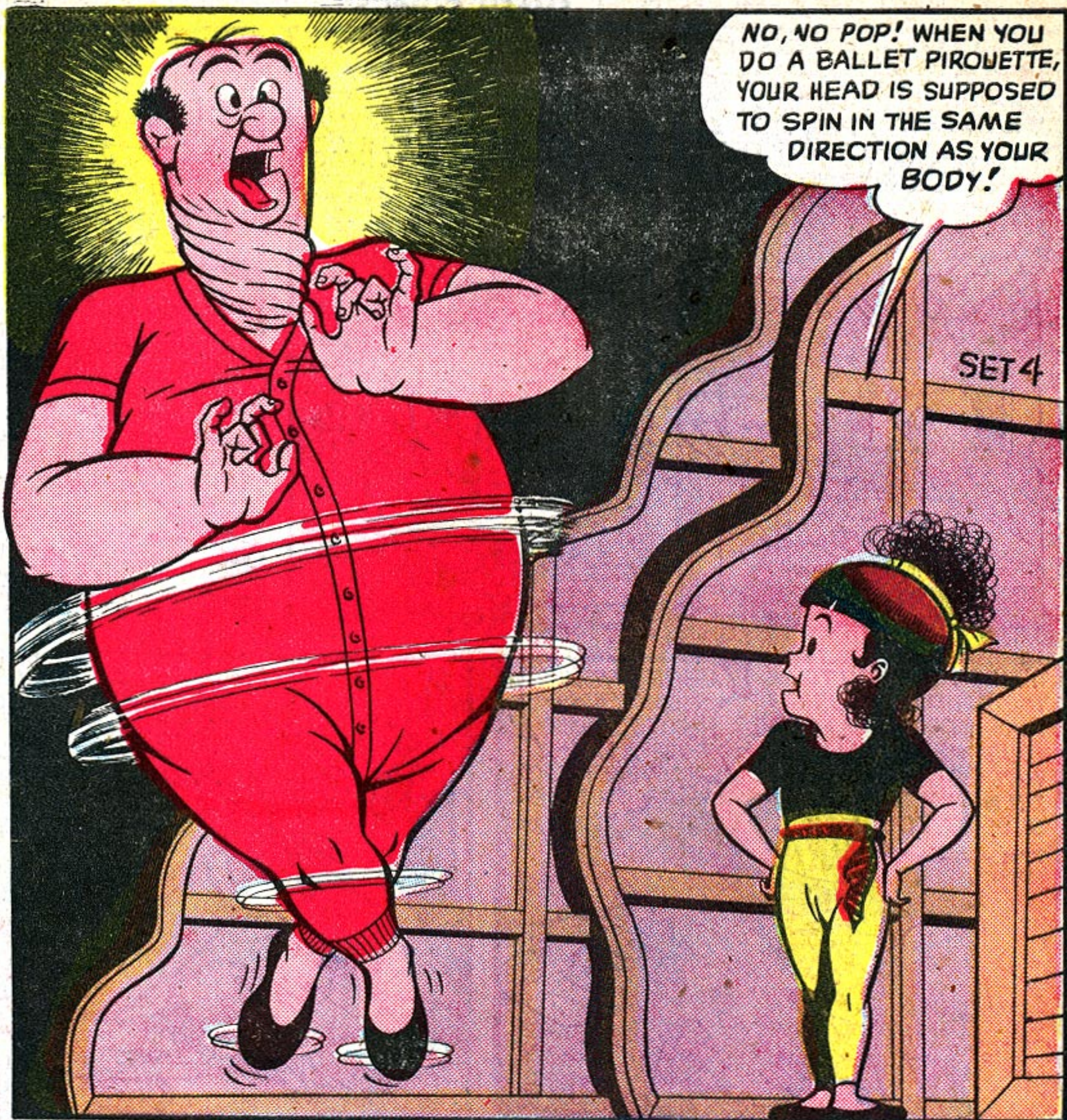




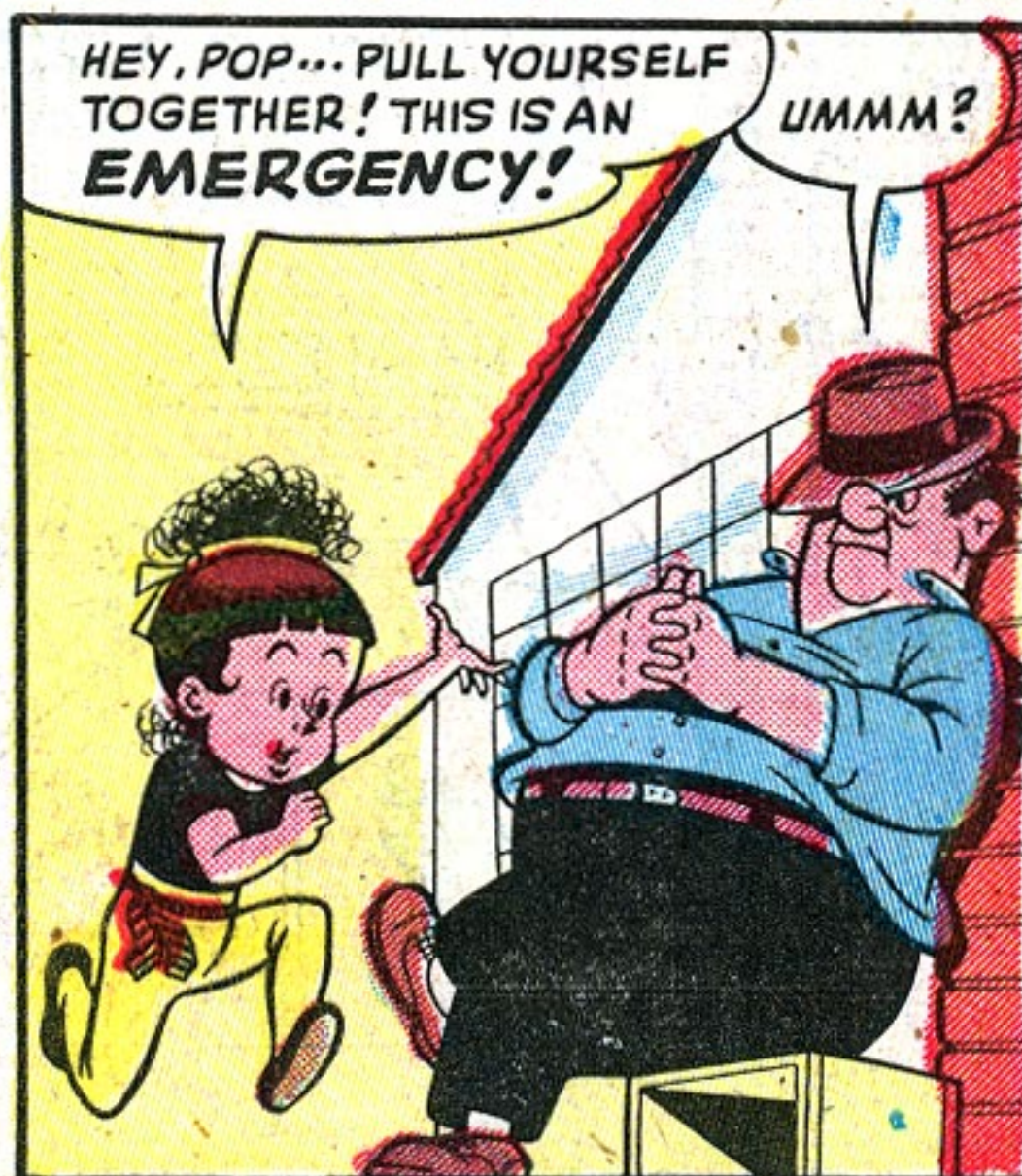


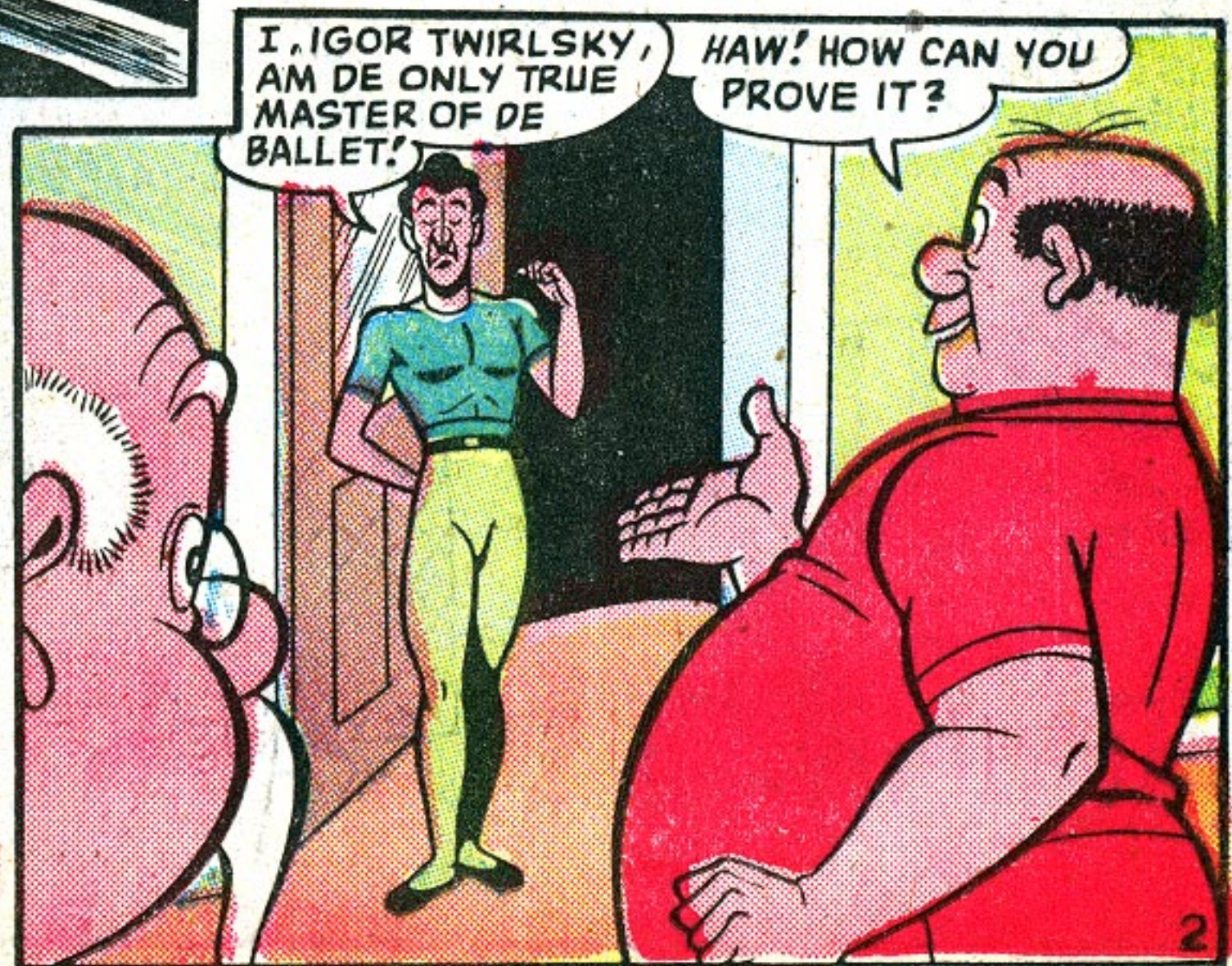
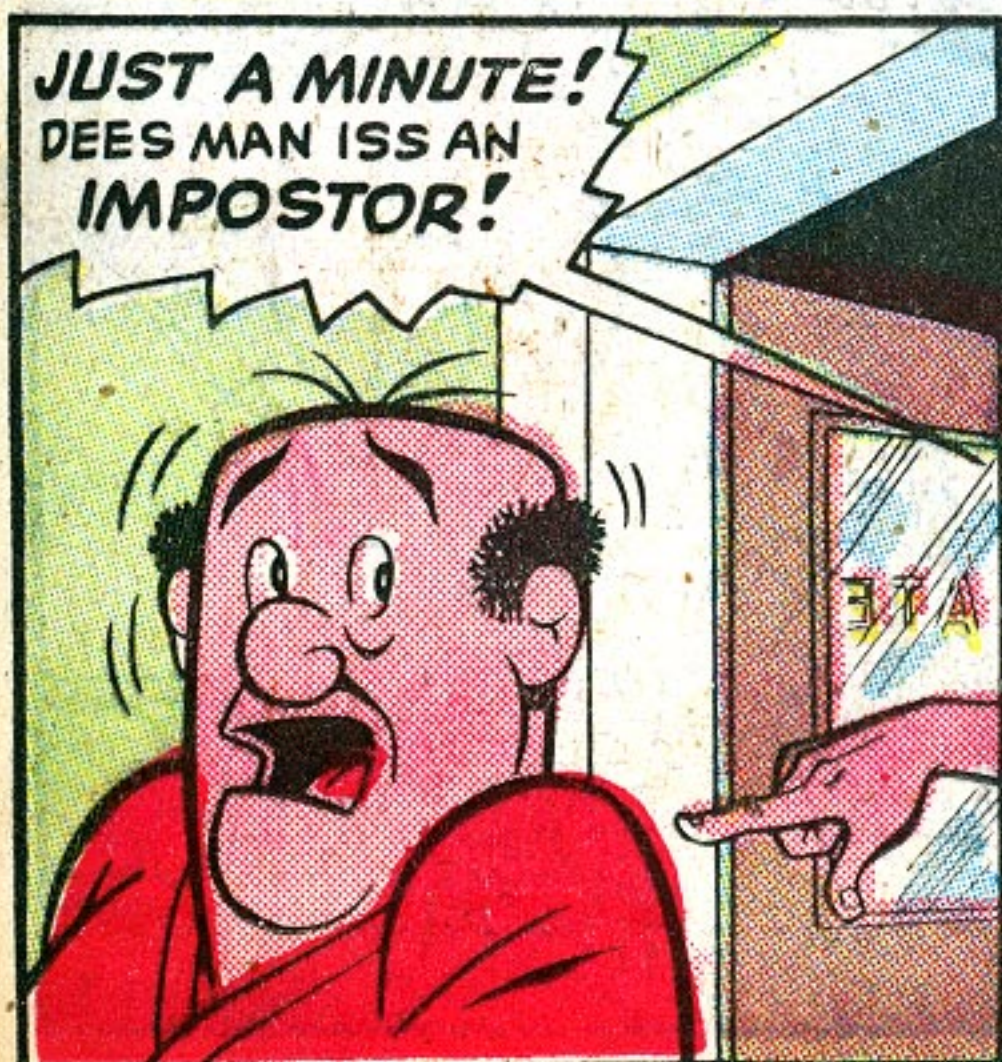
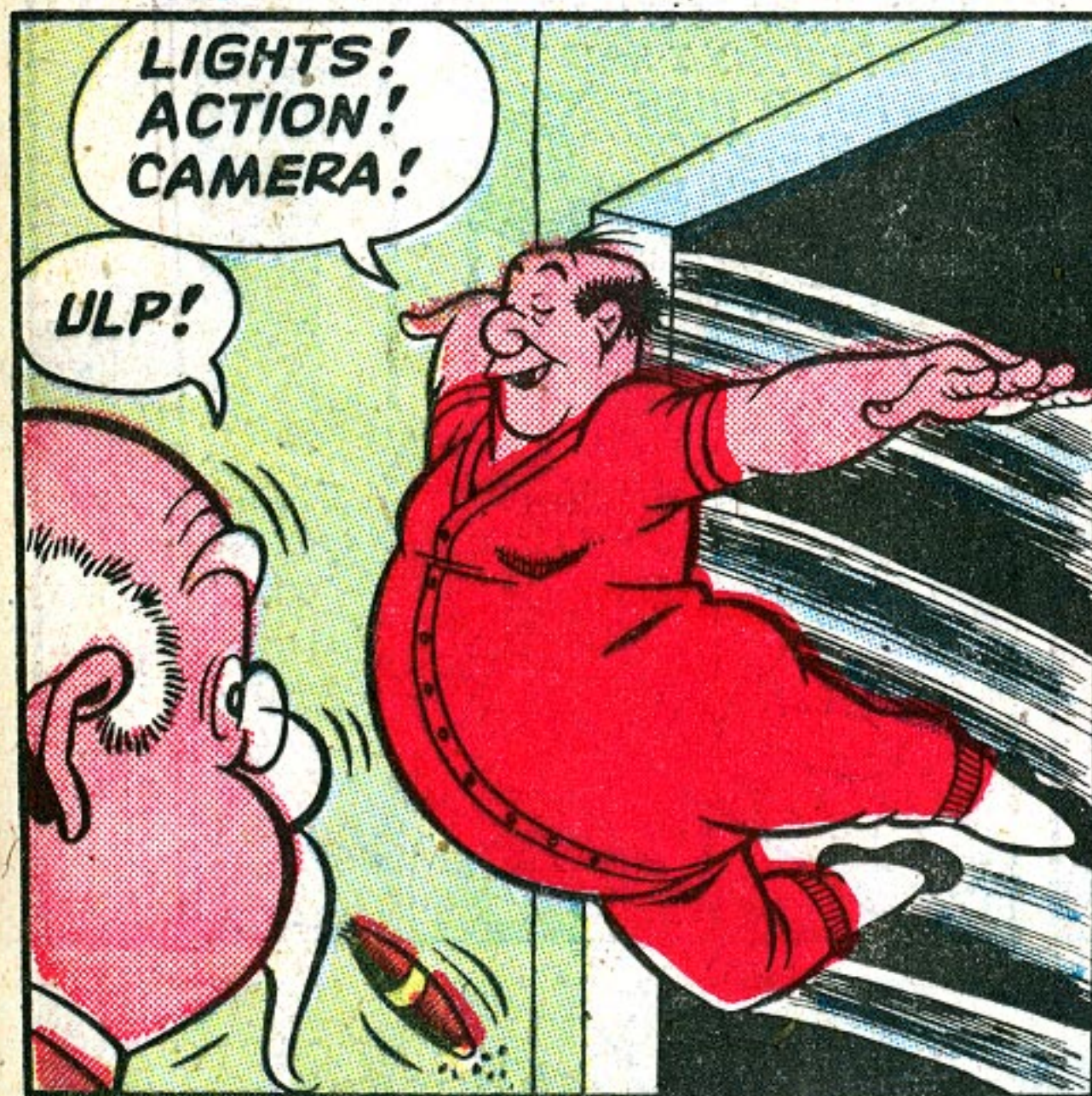
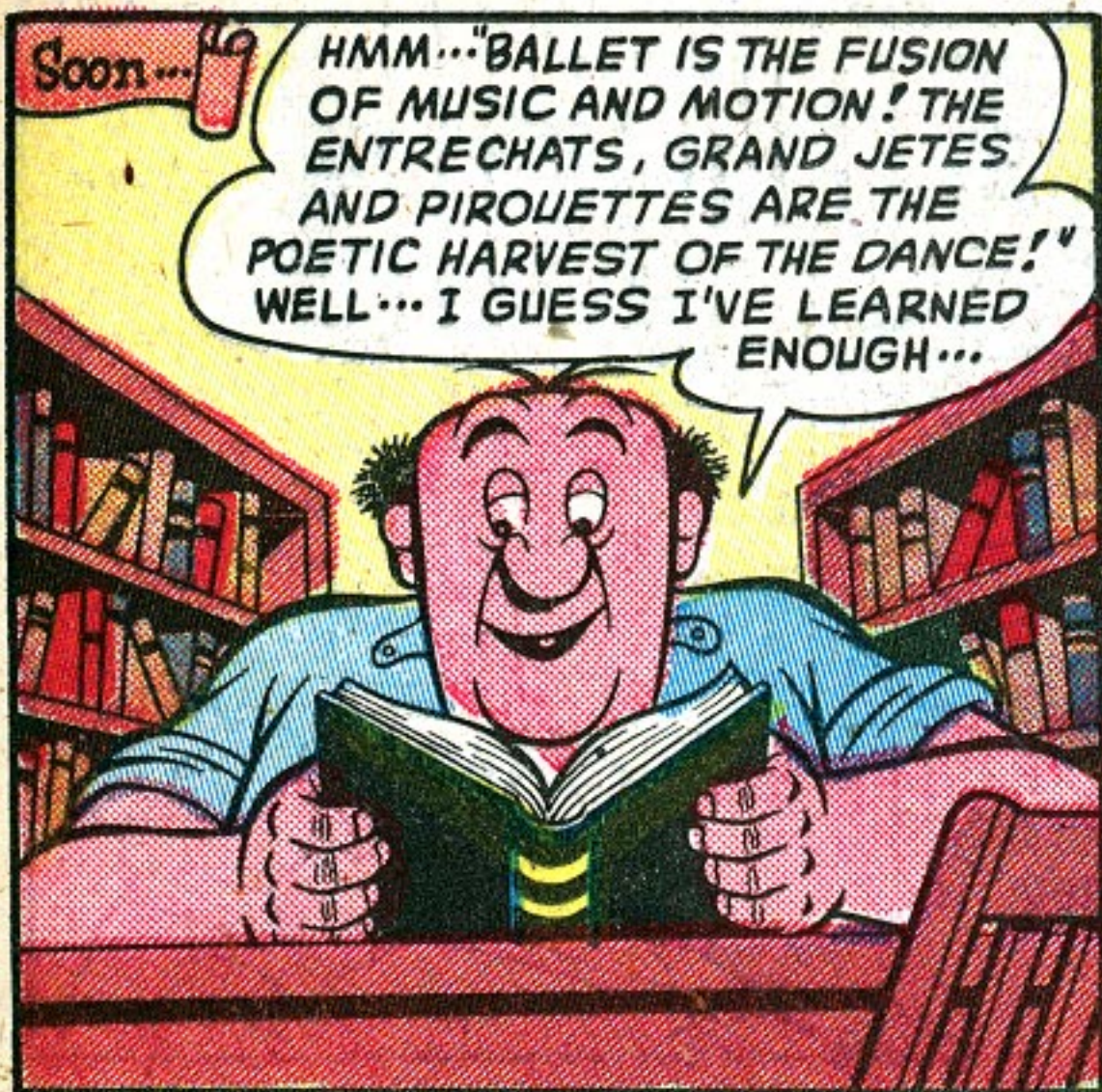


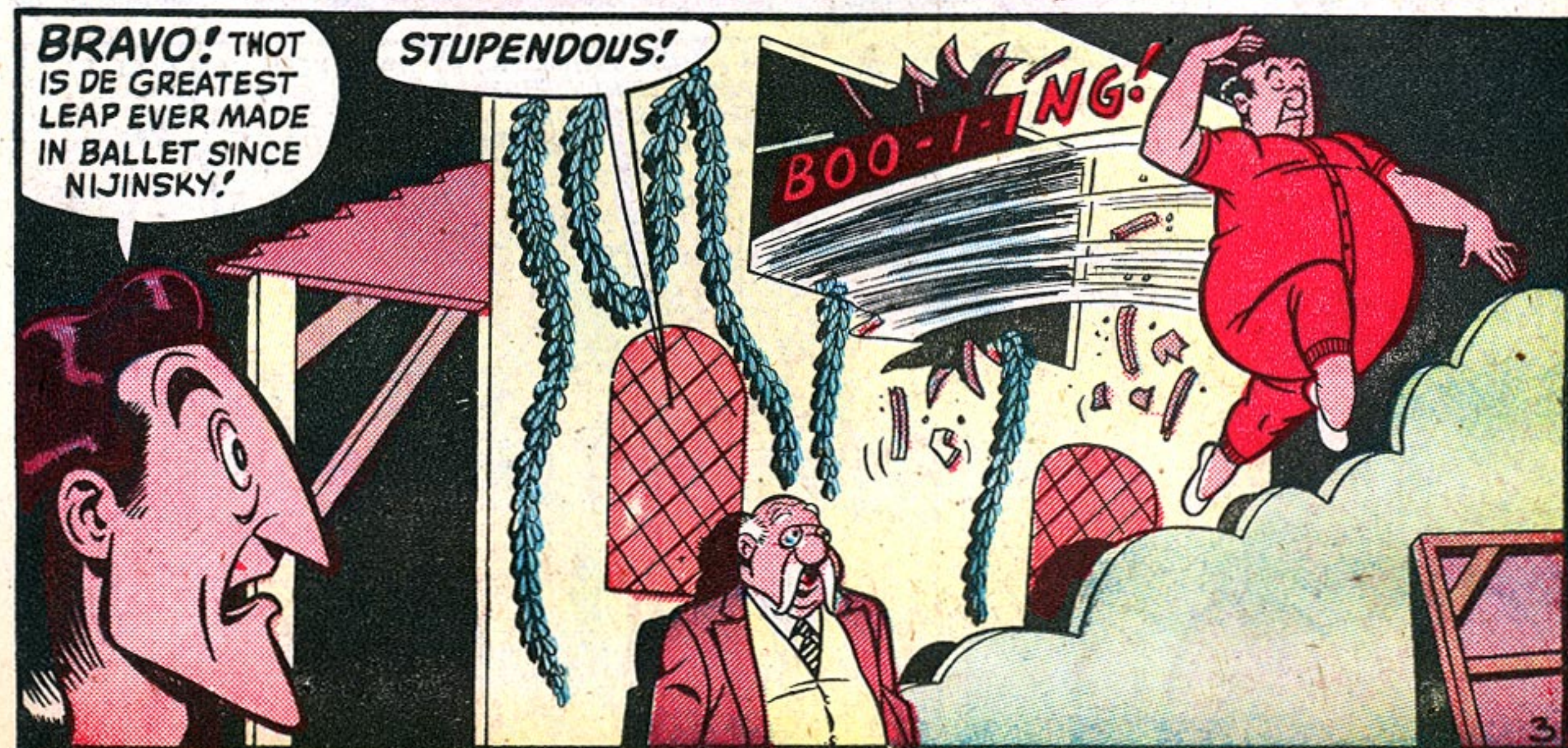
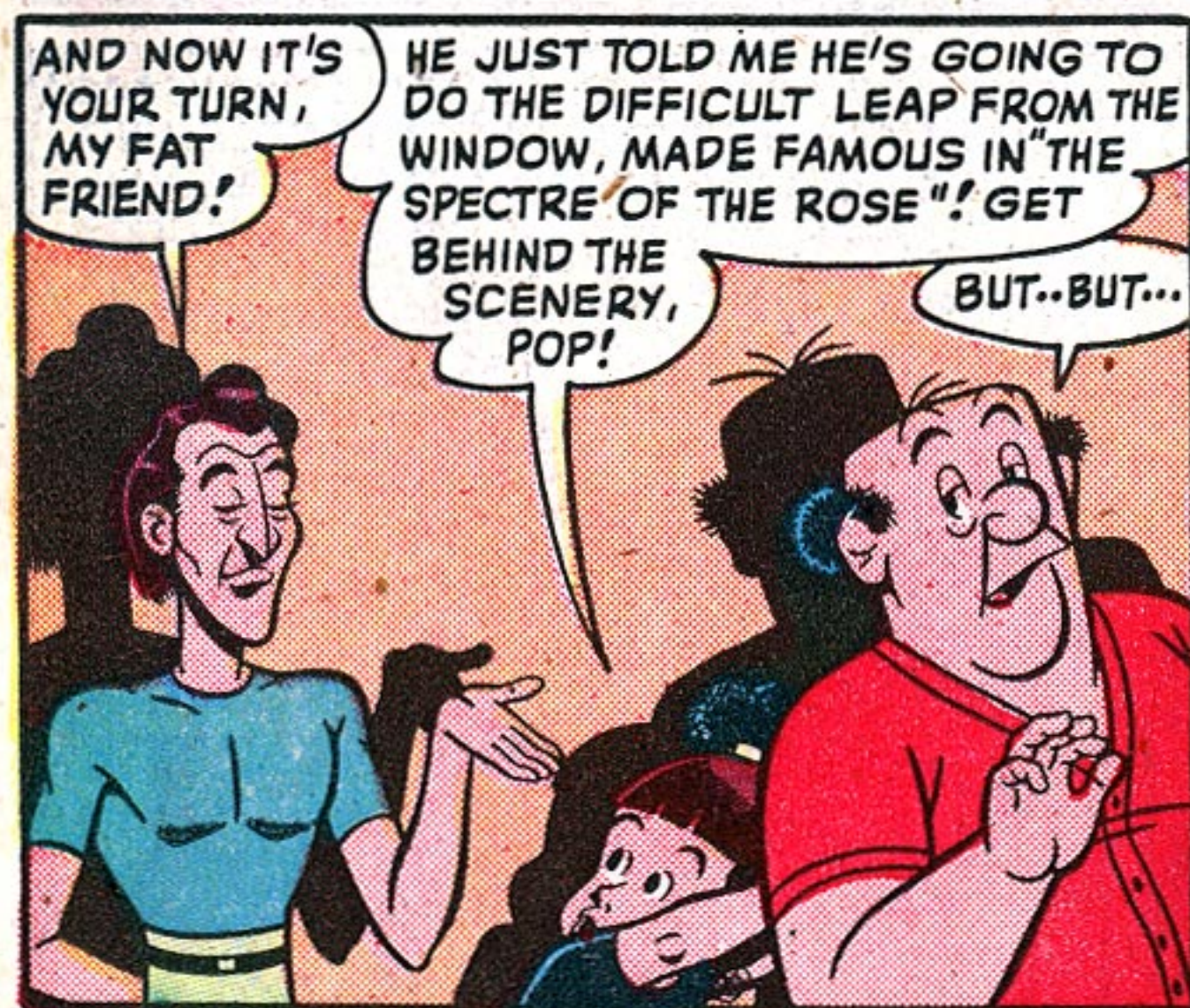
CITRONELLA

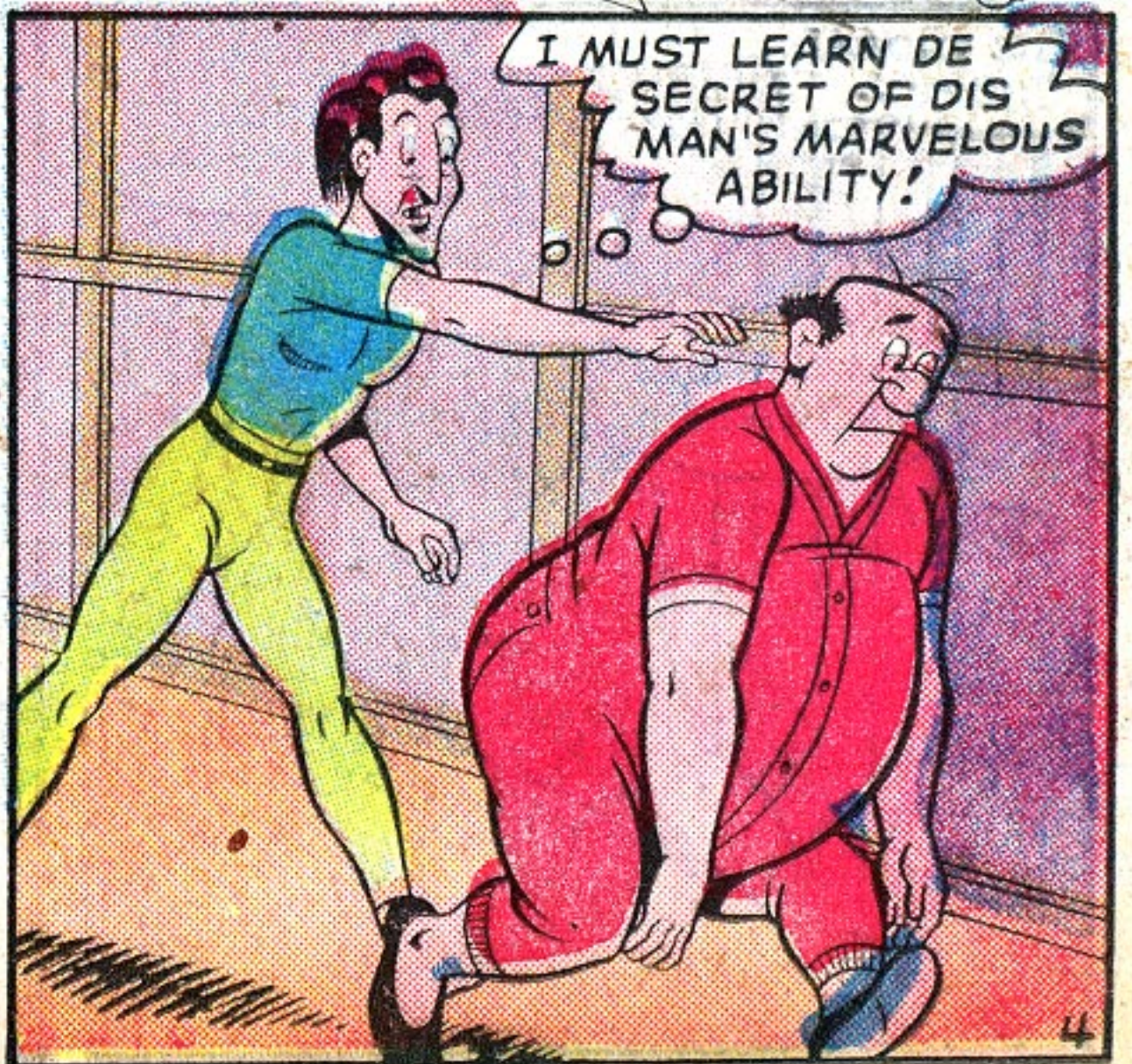
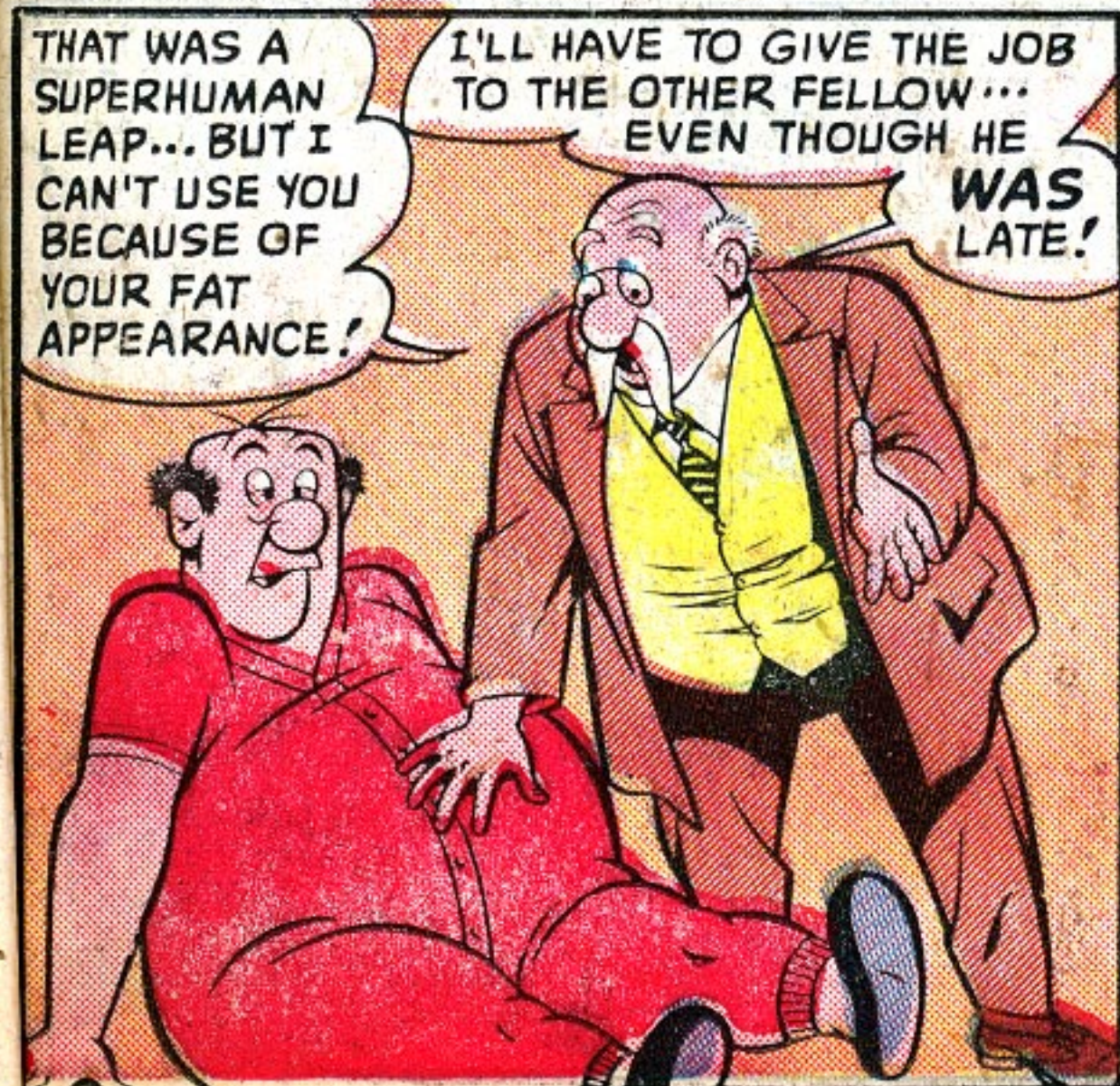
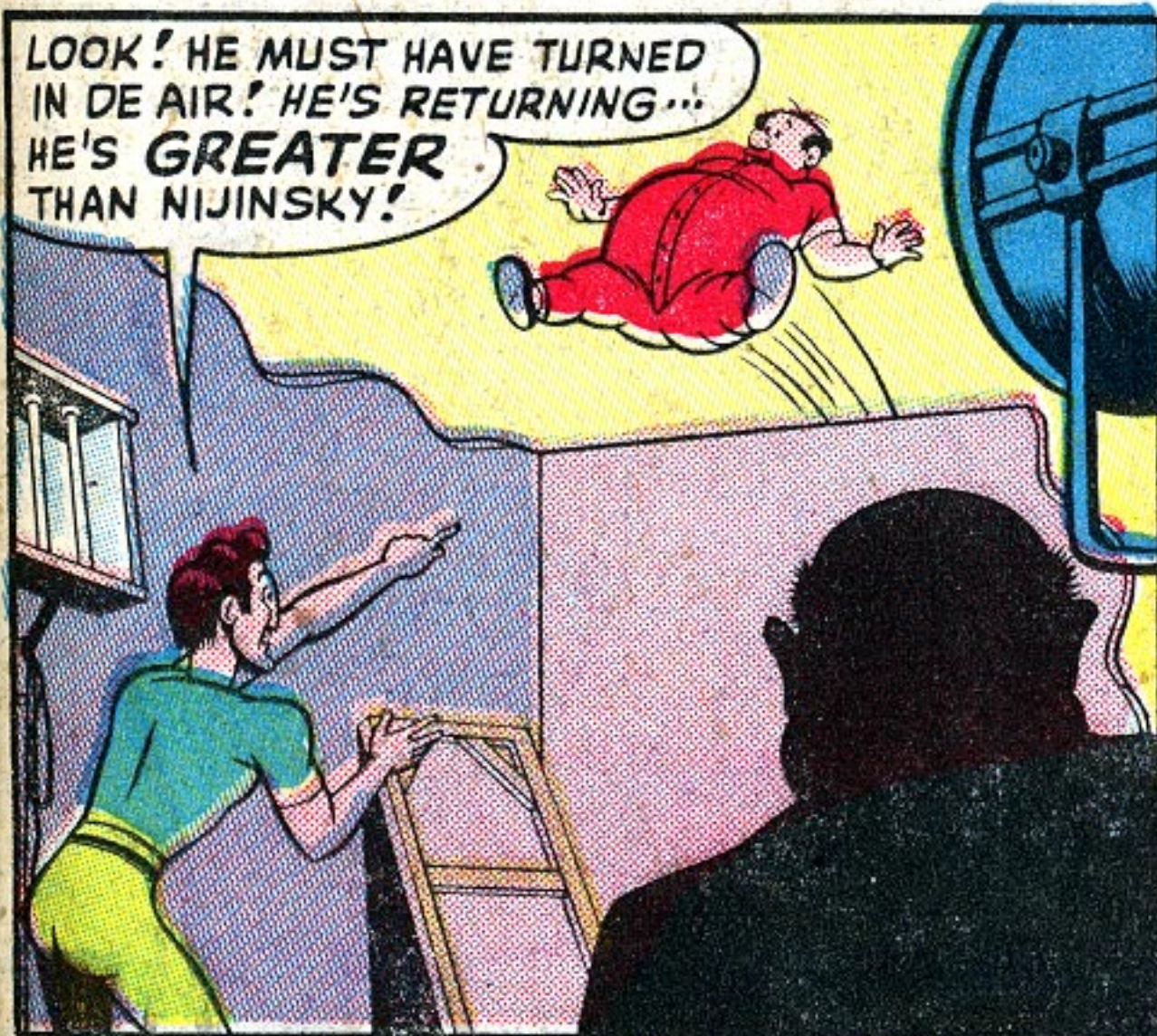
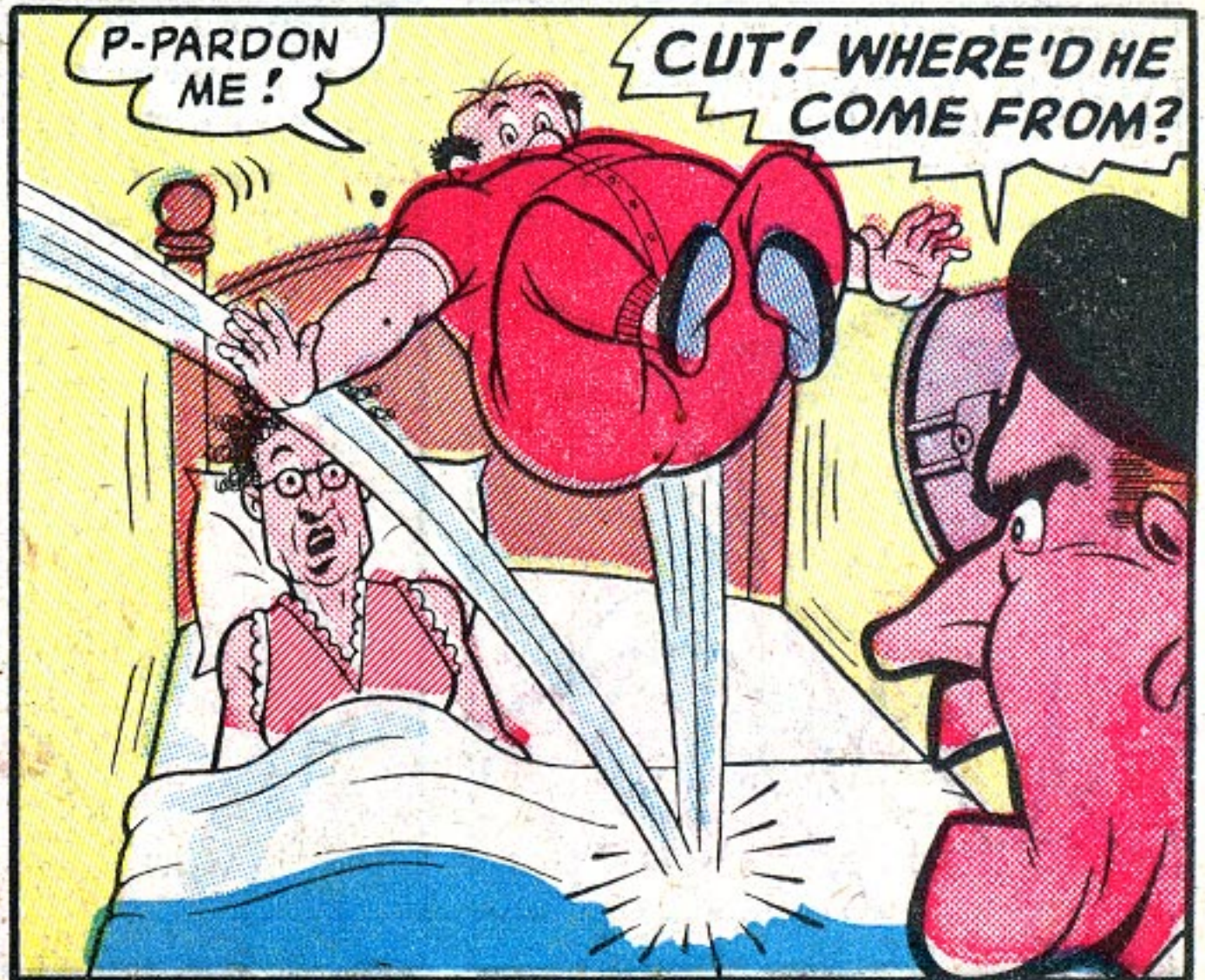


Citronella, famous child star of the movies, continually tries to interest her studio in using the talents of her family... mainly those of her pop, who would much rather sleep than work...

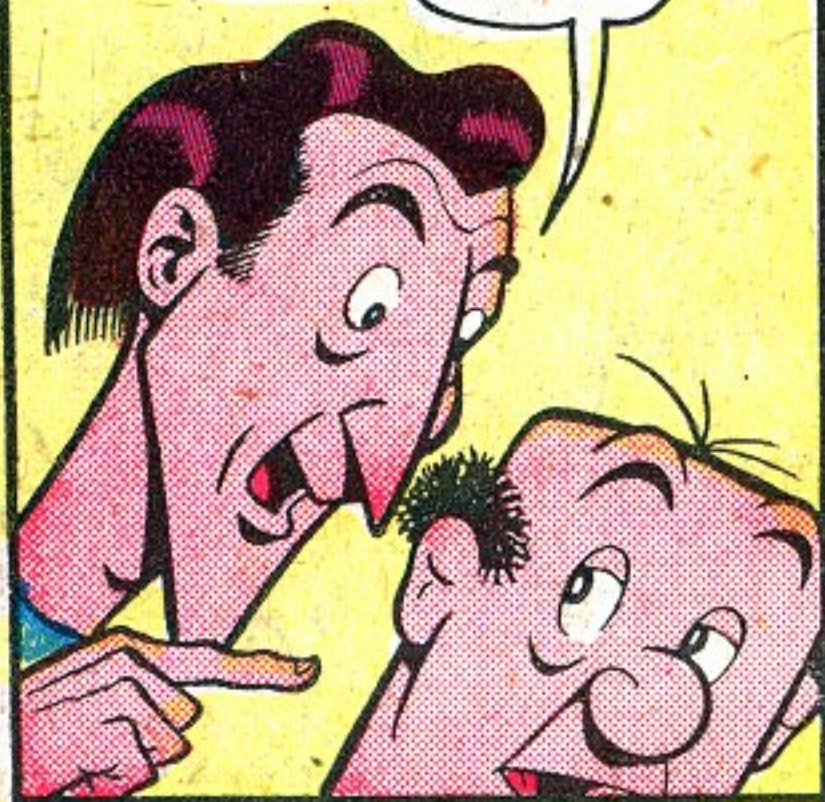








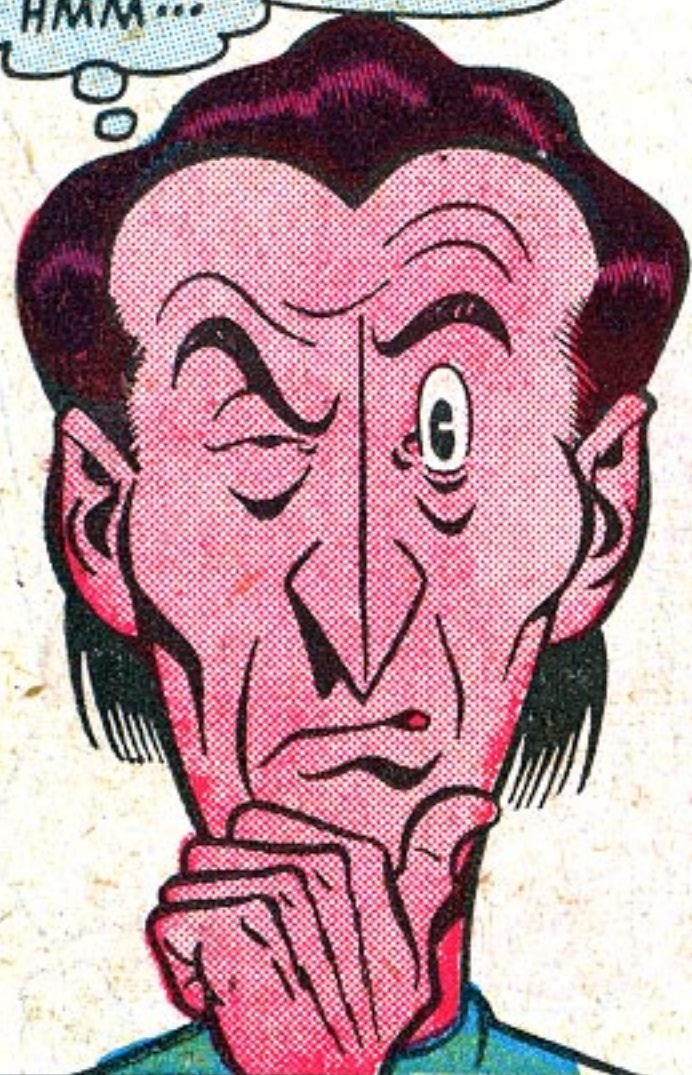
PARDON ME, BUT WITH DE WEIGHT YOU CARRY AROUND DE MIDRIFF, HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO EXECUTE SUCH AN UNBELIEVABLE LEAP?



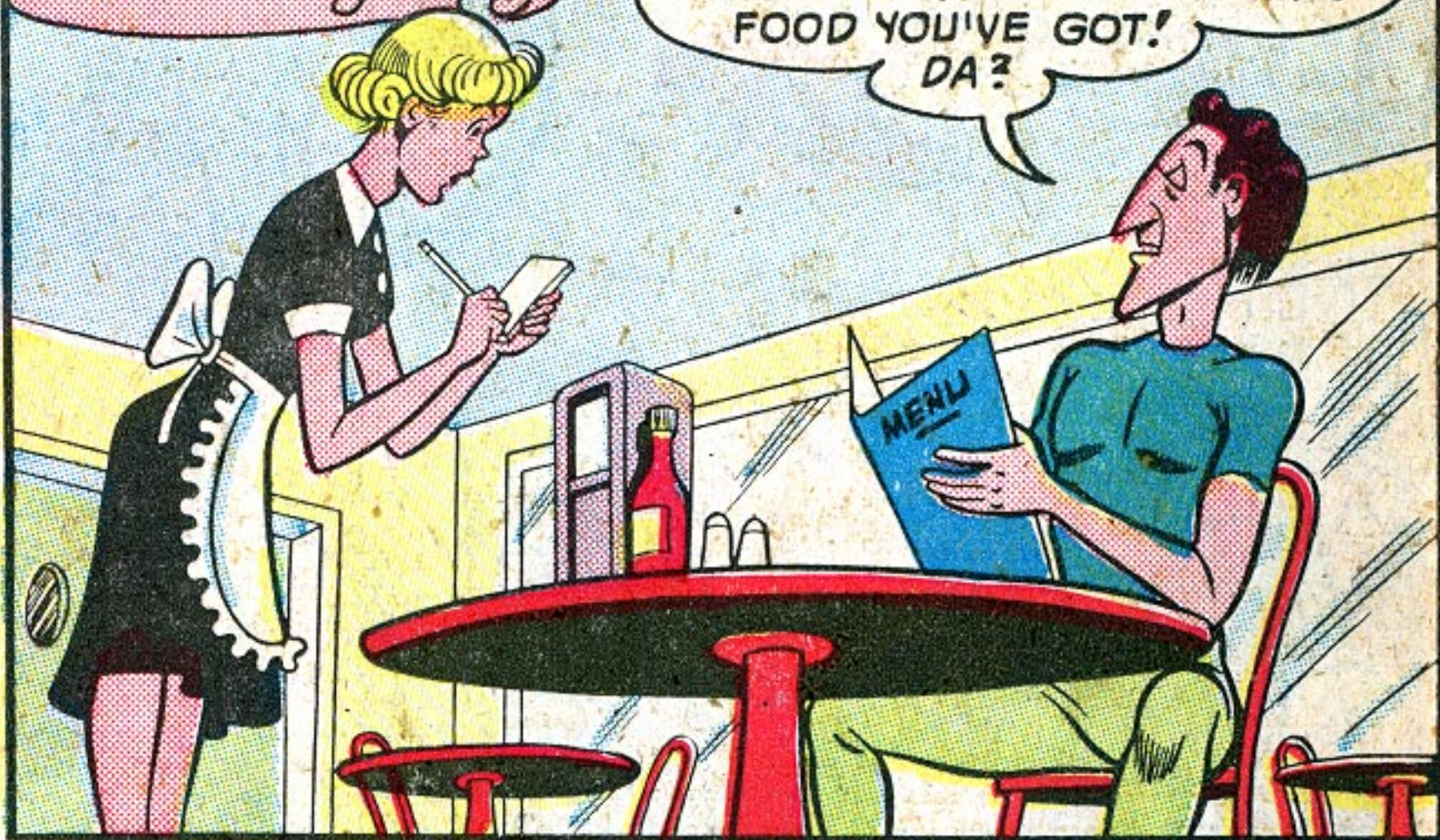
WEIGHT? WHY, MY DEAR FELLOW...THIS PROTRUSION AROUND MY MIDDLE IS KNOWN AS BALLET MUSCLE! WITHOUT IT, YOU CAN NEVER HOPE TO ACCOMPLISH A LEAP LIKE MINE!



BALLET MUSCLE? HMM...



Later, in the studio commissary...



BRING ME TEN PORTIONS OF DE STARCHIEST, MOST FATTENING FOOD YOU'VE GOT! DA?

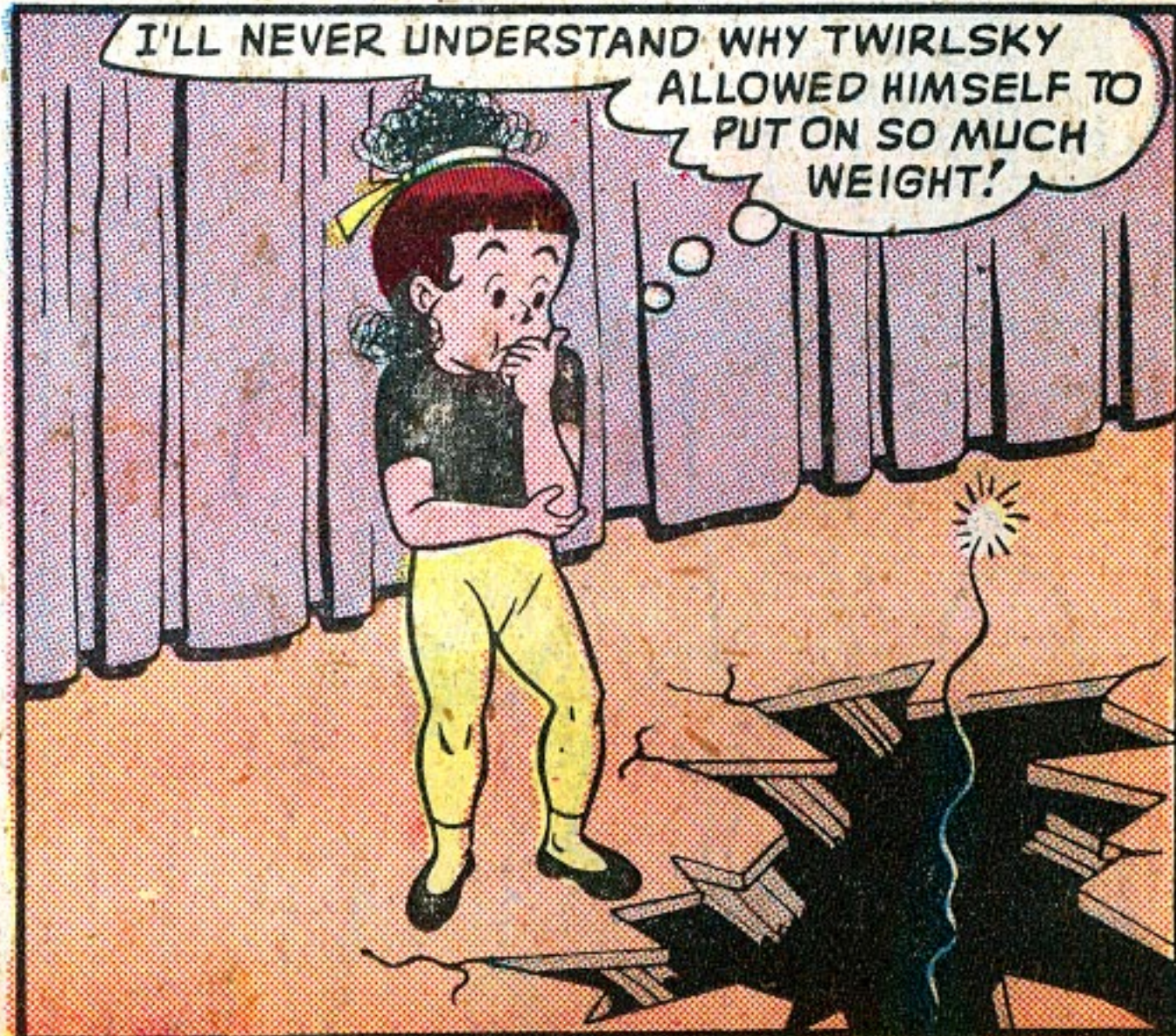
One month later...

NOW, CITRONELLA...A GRAND JETE ISS EXECUTED LIKE DIS!

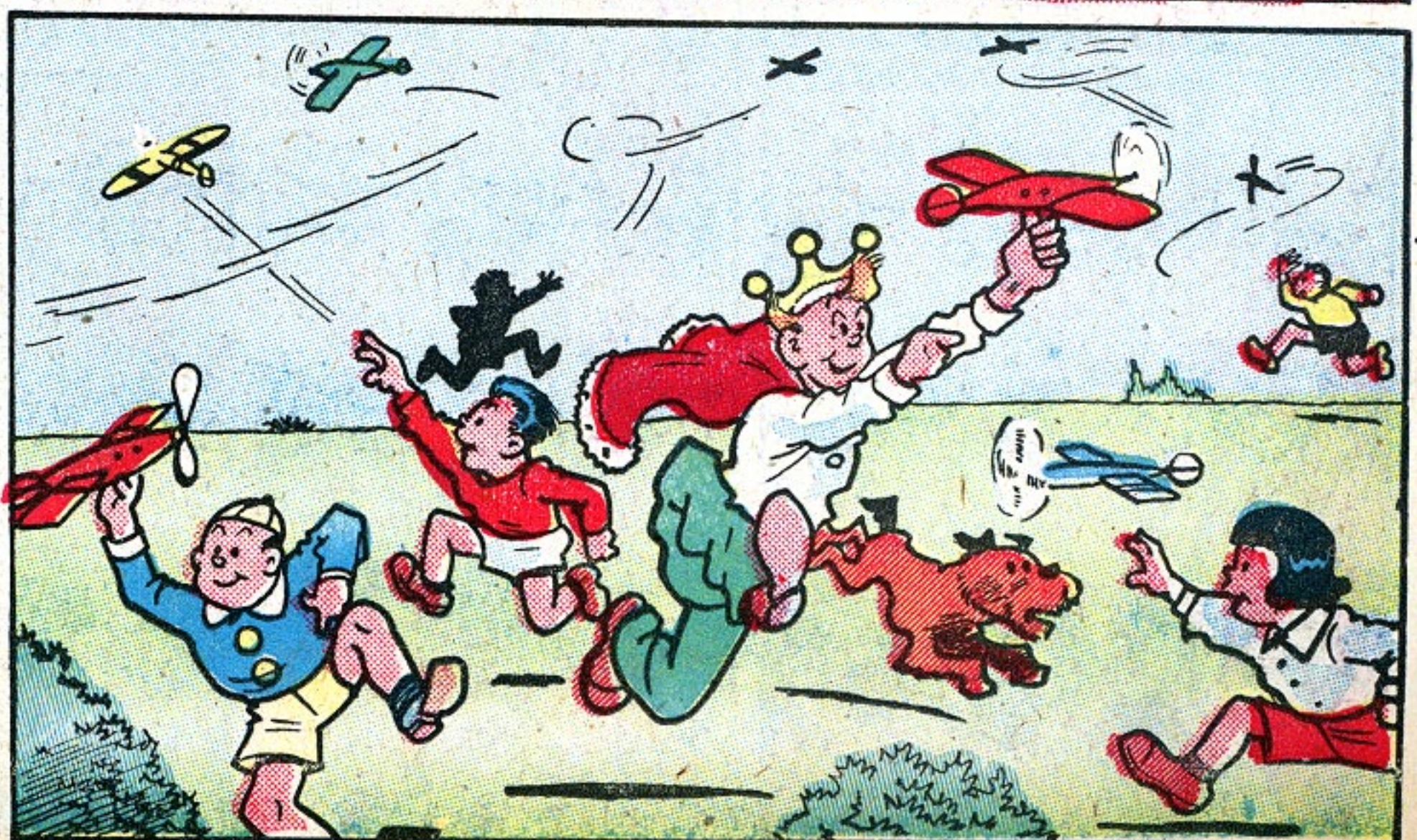
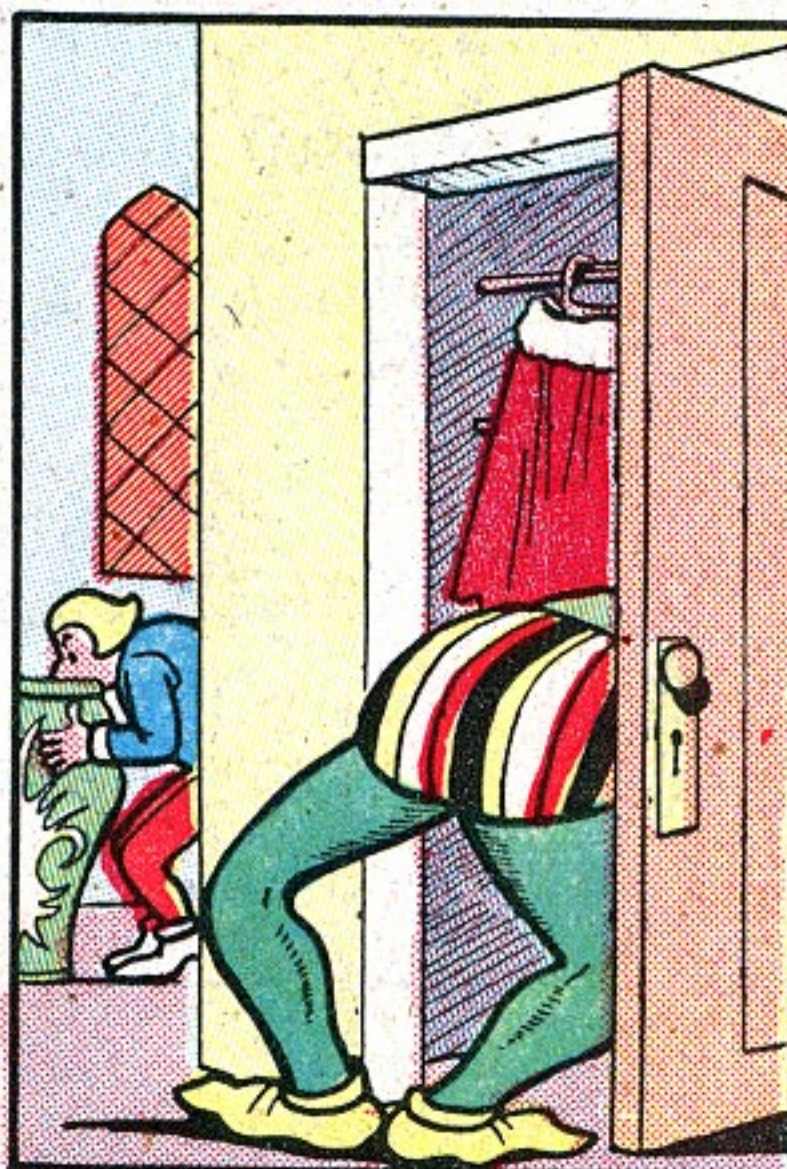
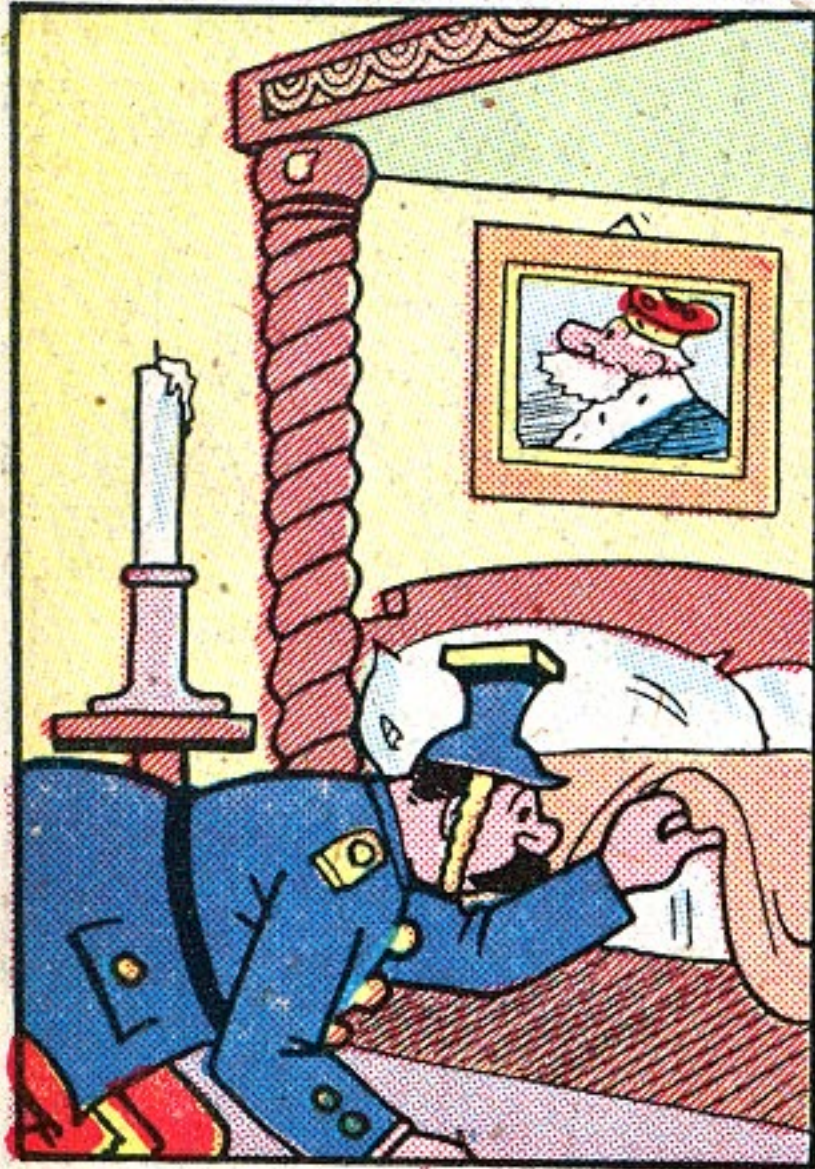
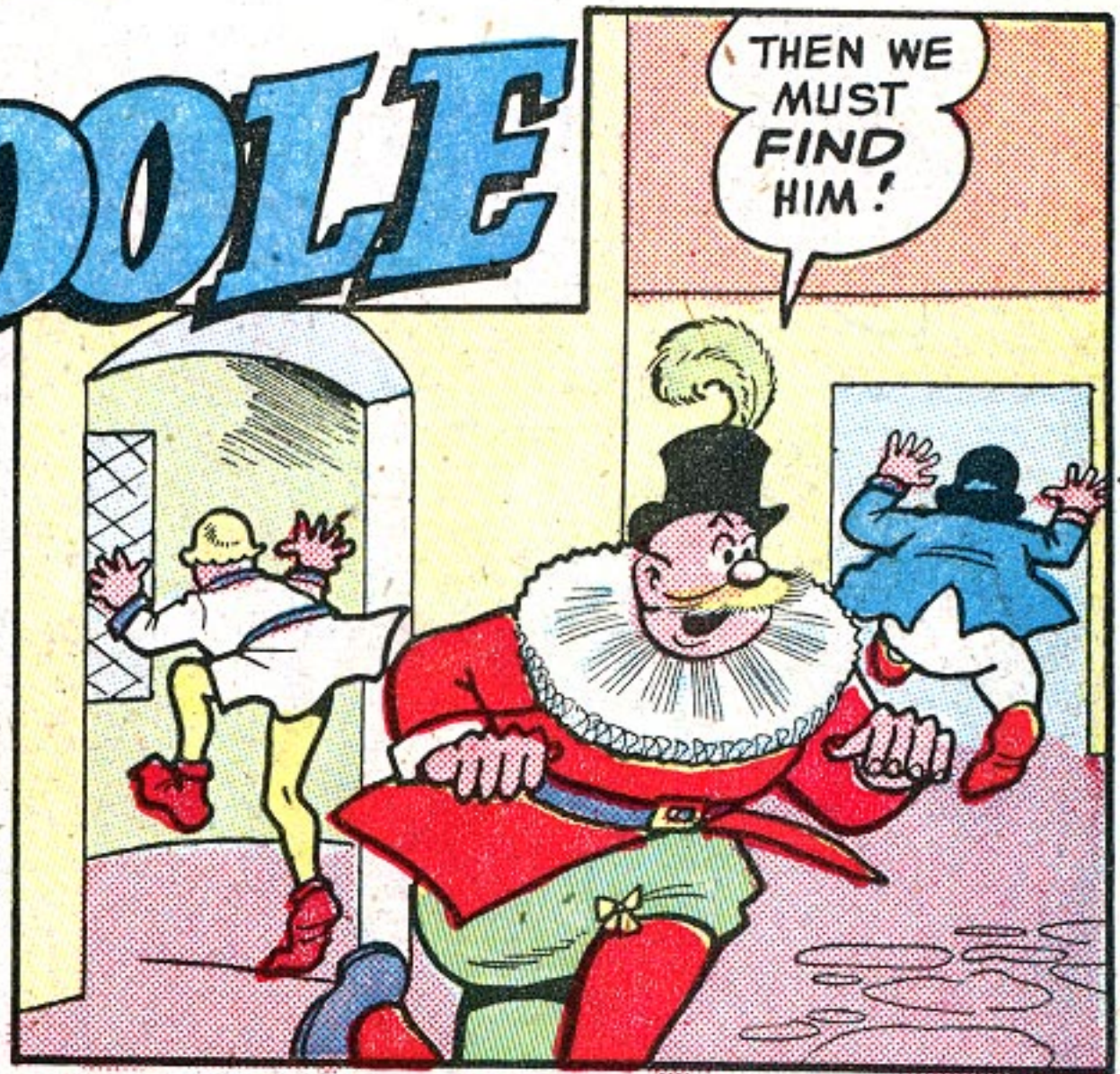


I'M WATCHING, MR. TWIRLSKY!

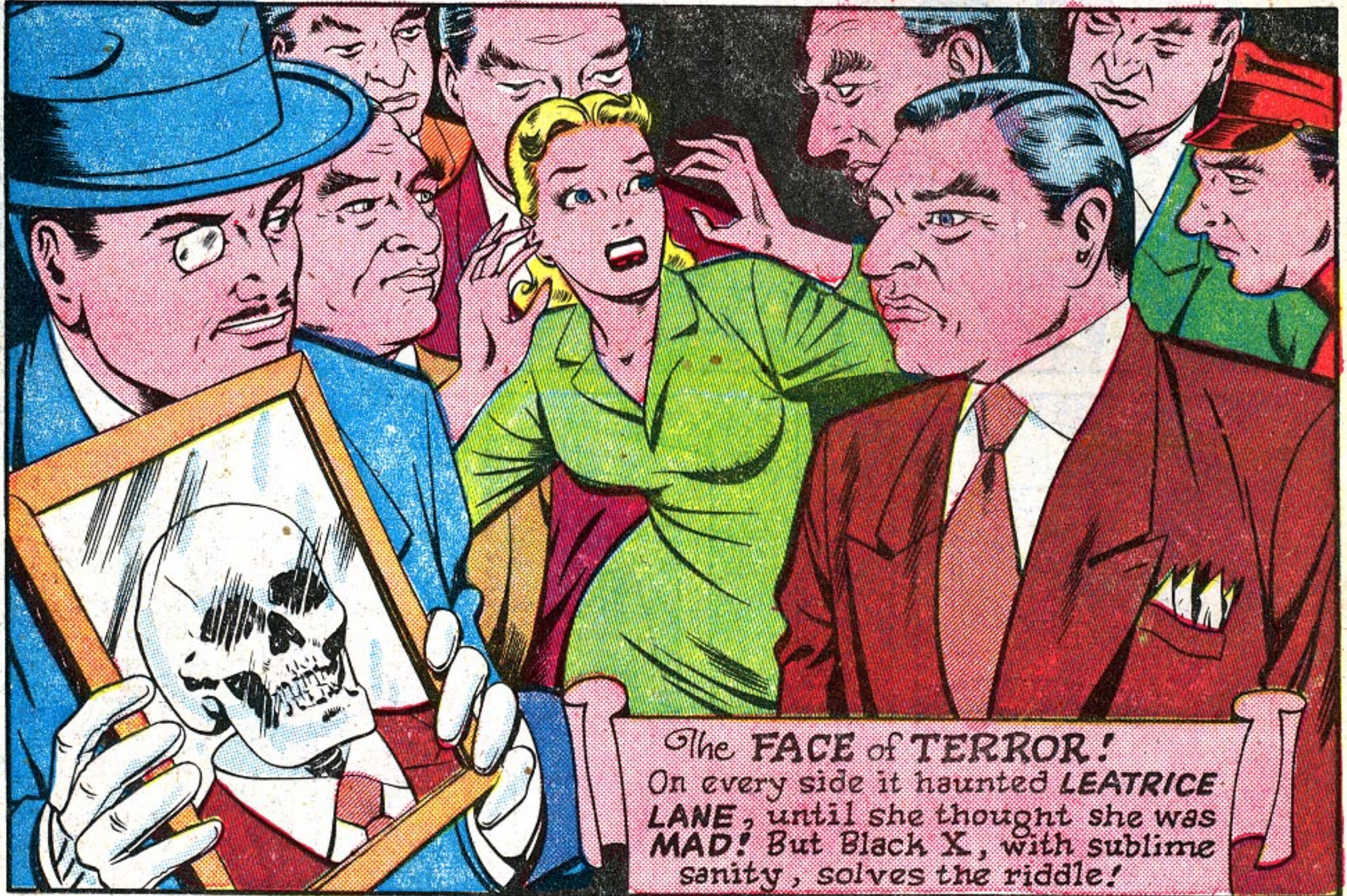
I'LL NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY TWIRLSKY ALLOWED HIMSELF TO PUT ON SO MUCH WEIGHT!



Archie O'TOOLE

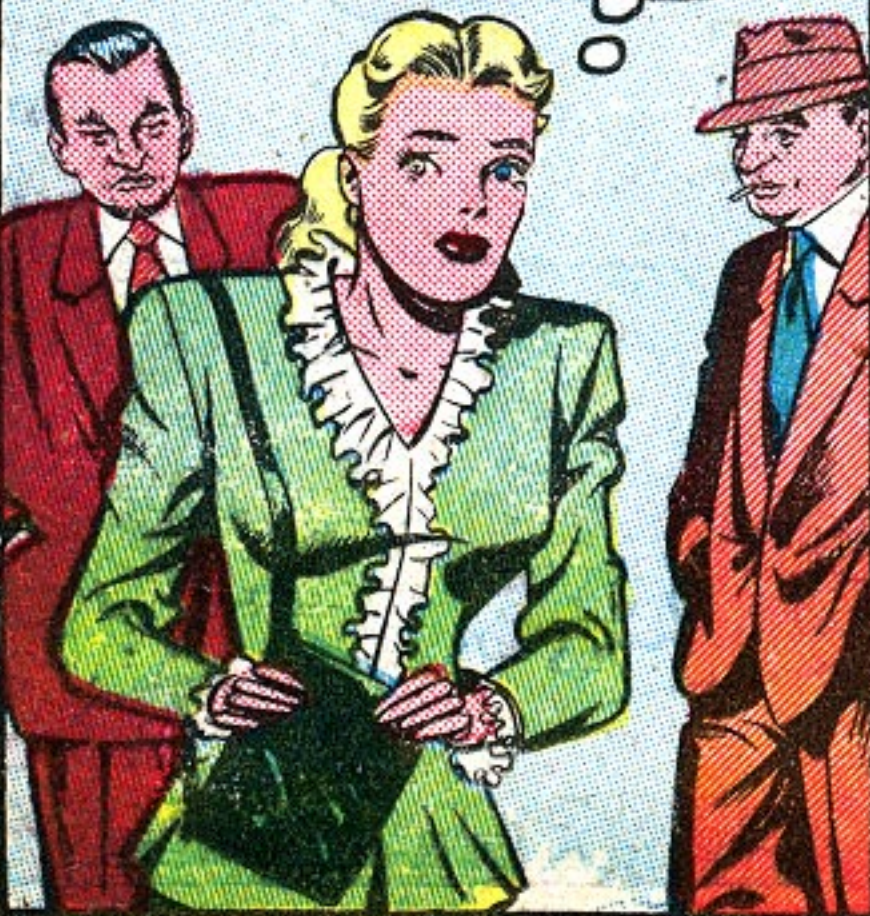


Black X



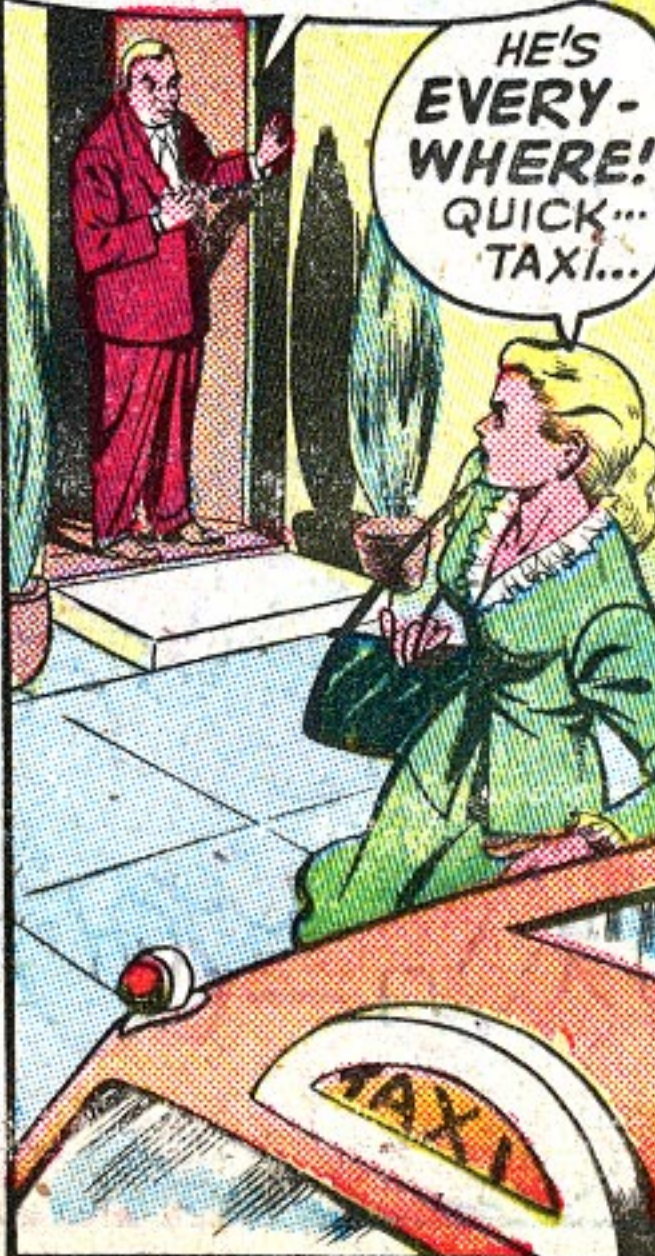
Even the things one sees
are sometimes incredible...

I THOUGHT I HAD LEFT
HIM BEHIND... BUT HERE
HE IS, STARING AT ME
AGAIN!



I'VE BEEN WAITING HERE
FOR YOU, LEATRICE!

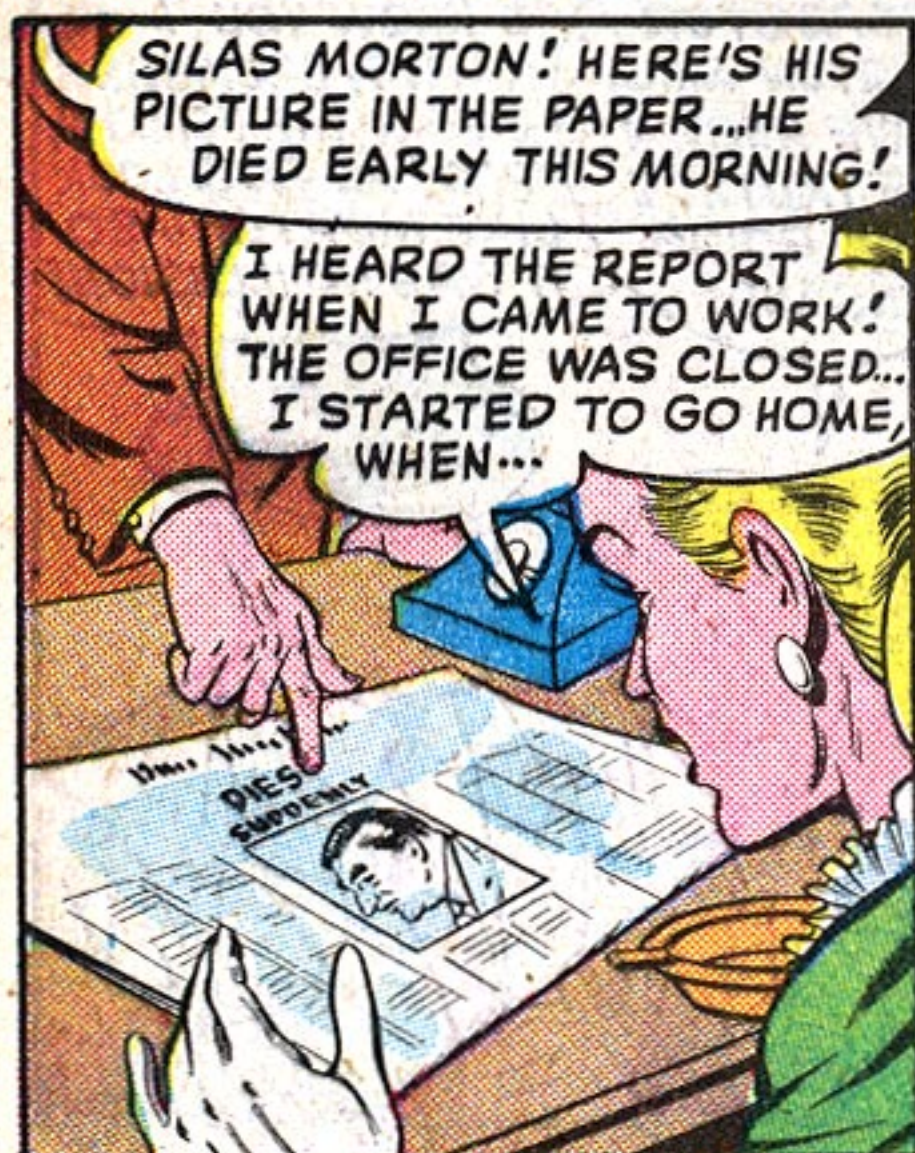
HE'S
**EVERY-
WHERE!**
QUICK...
TAXI...

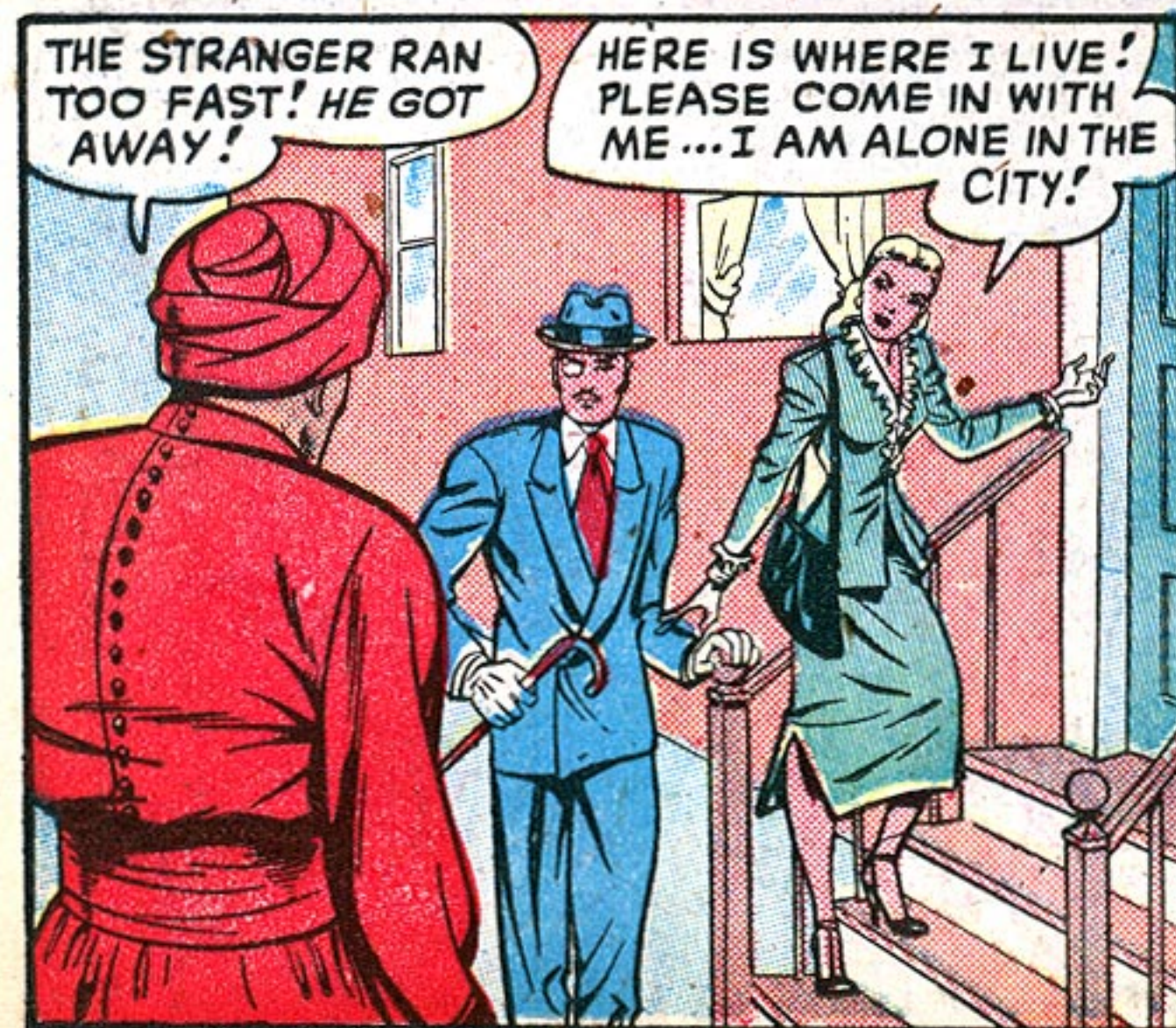
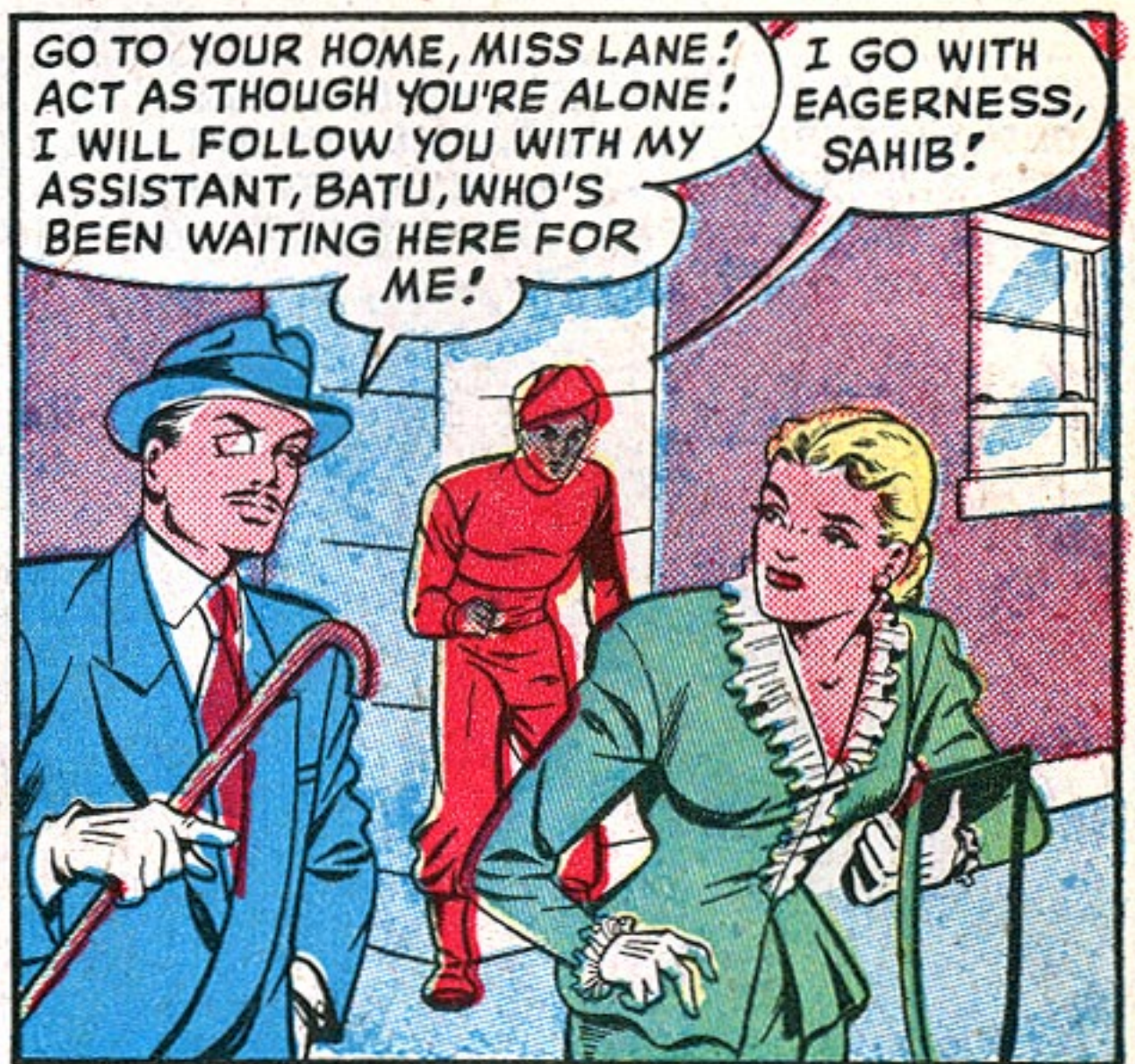


DRIVING THE TAXI,
TOO! IS THERE **NO**
ESCAPING
THAT FACE?

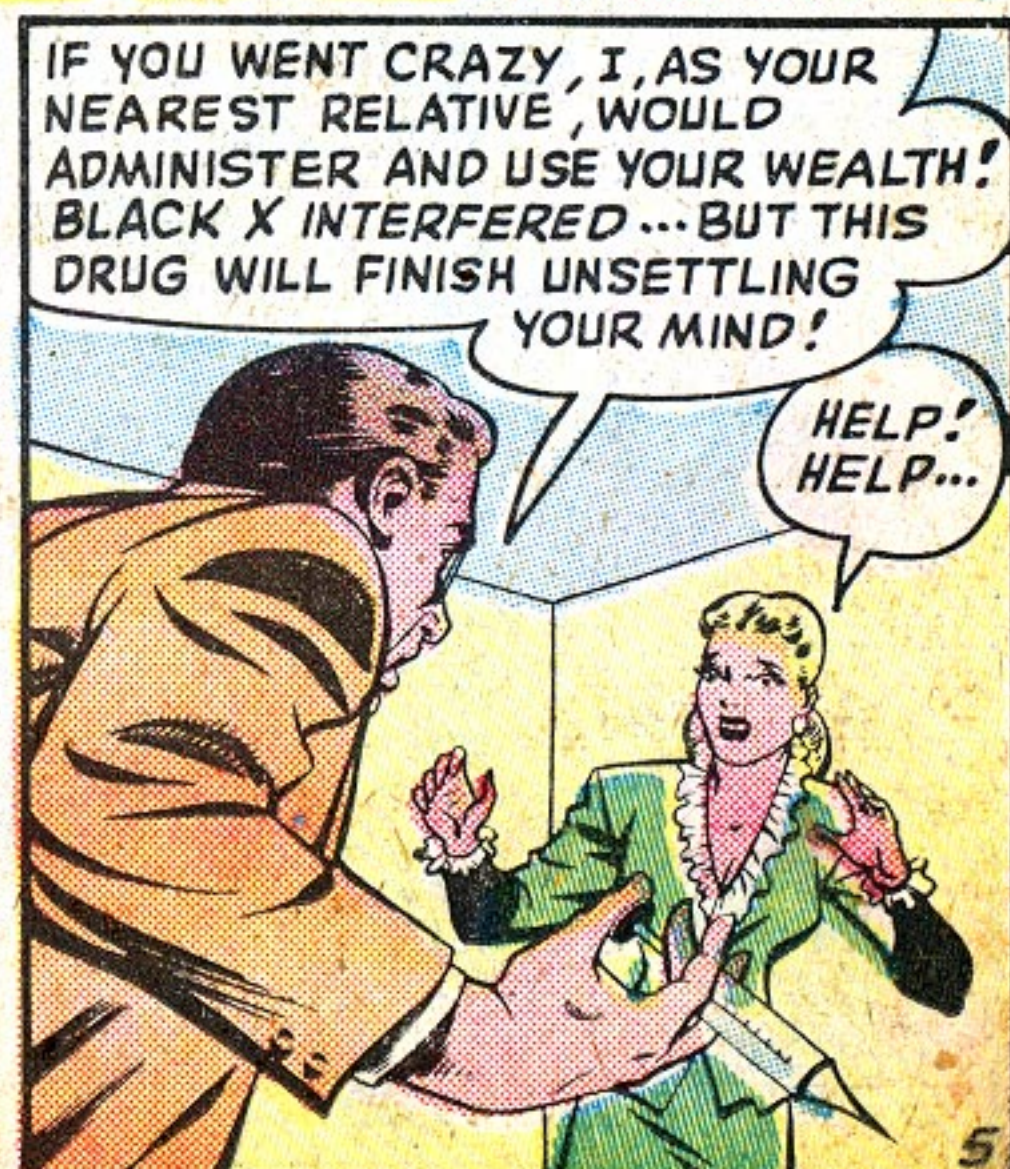
WHAT'S WRONG,
LADY? DON'T
YOU FEEL
WELL?

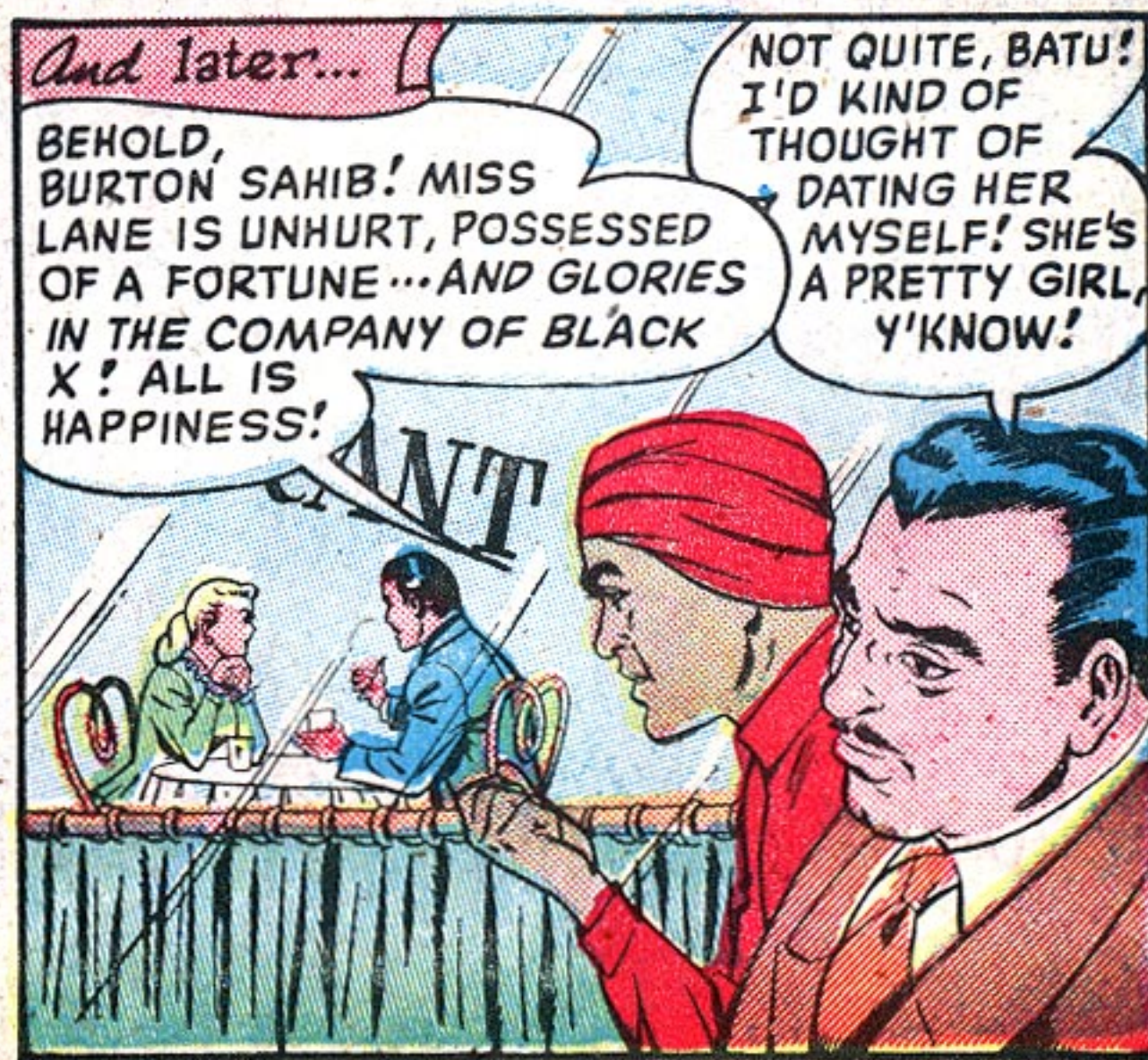
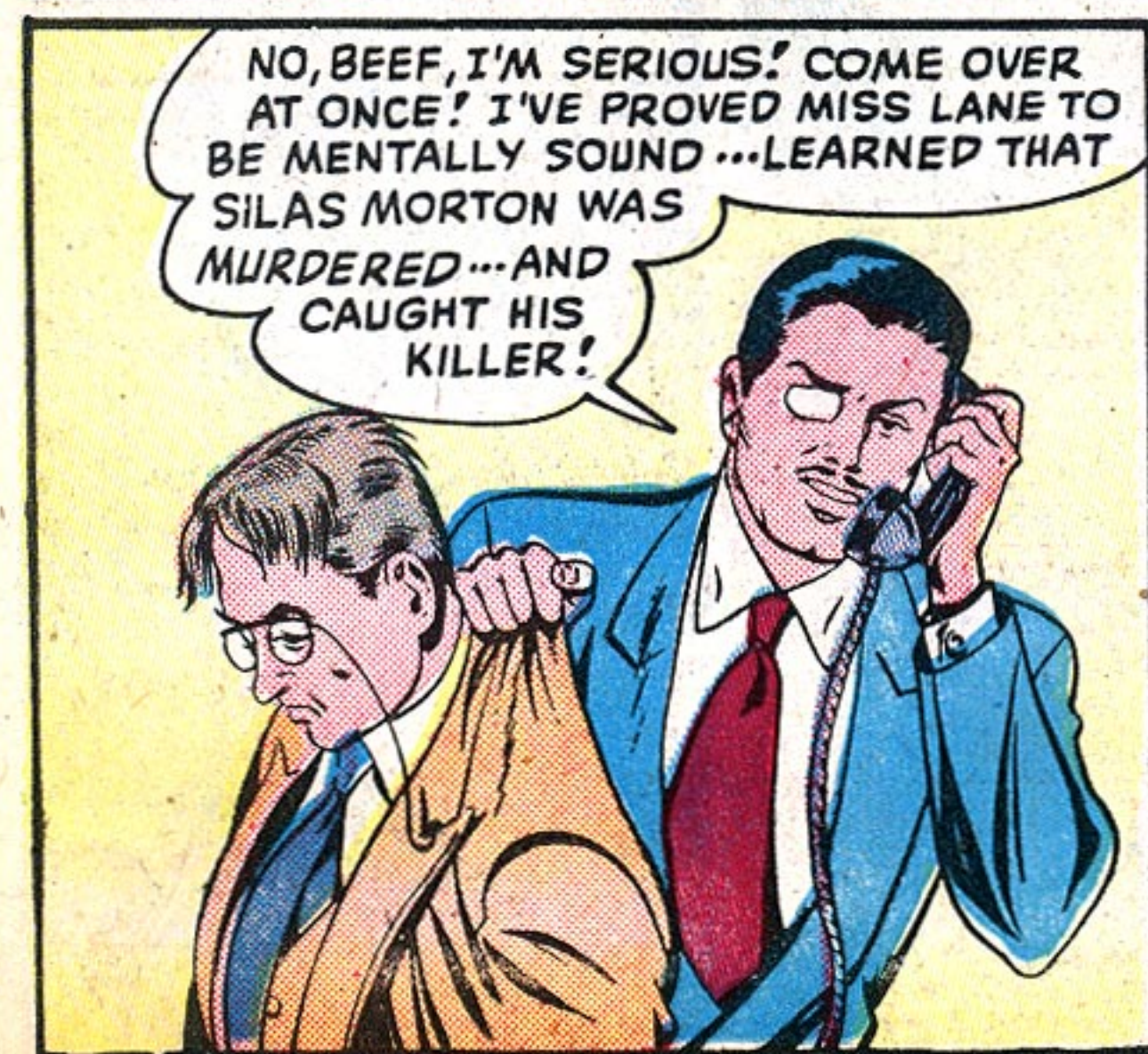






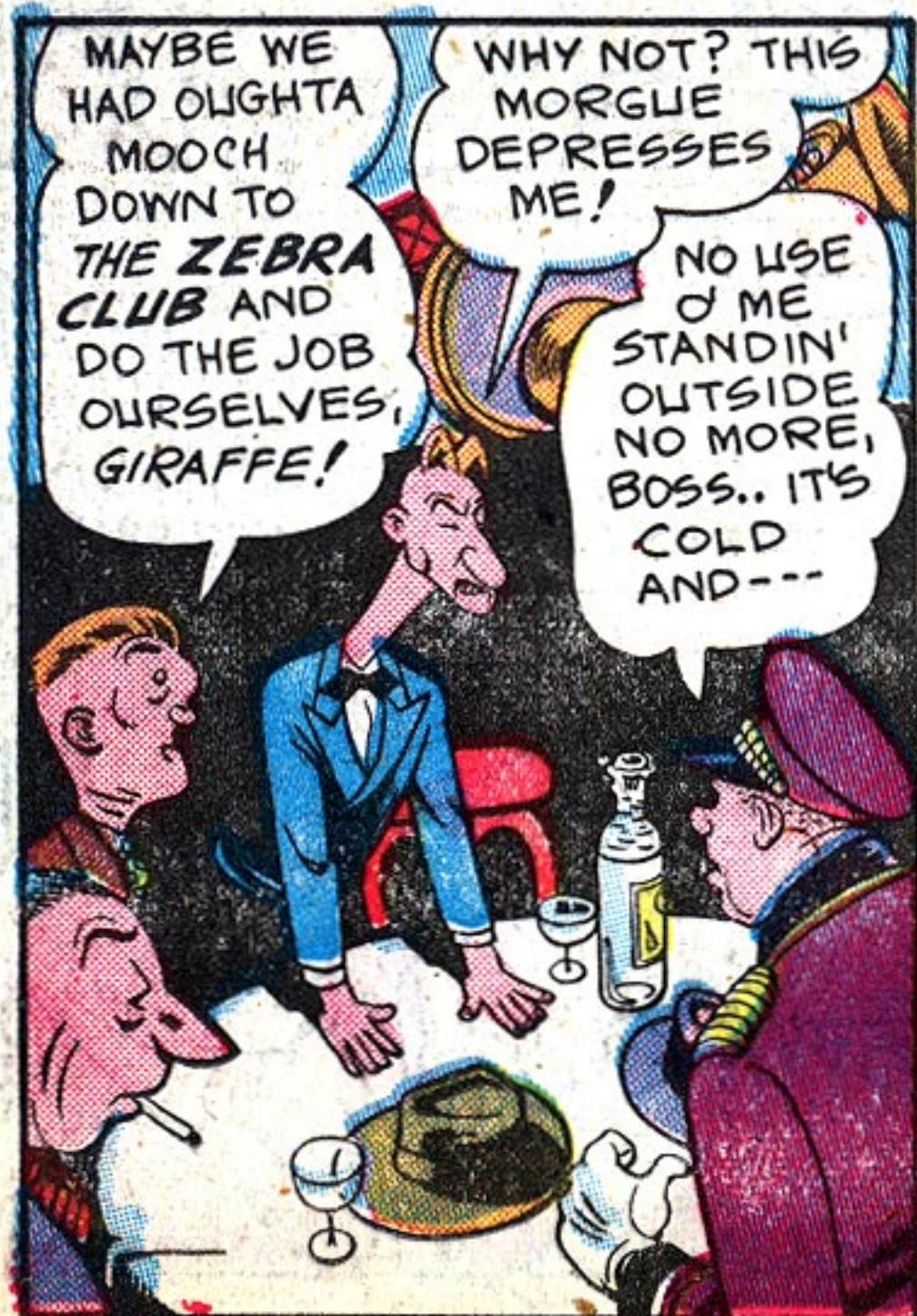
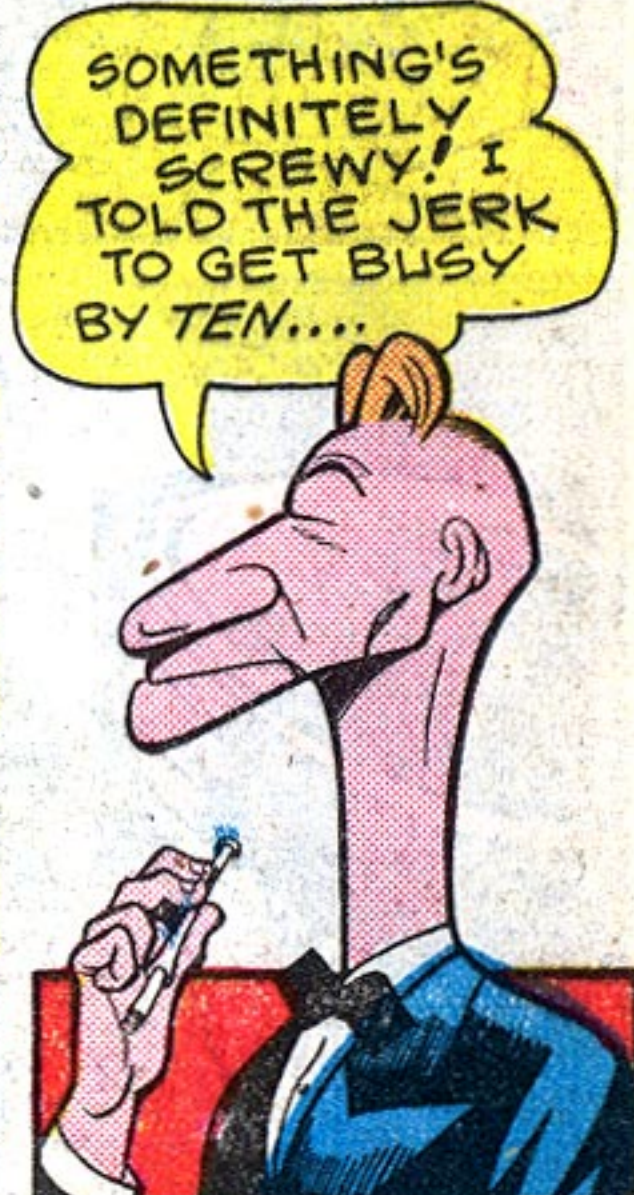
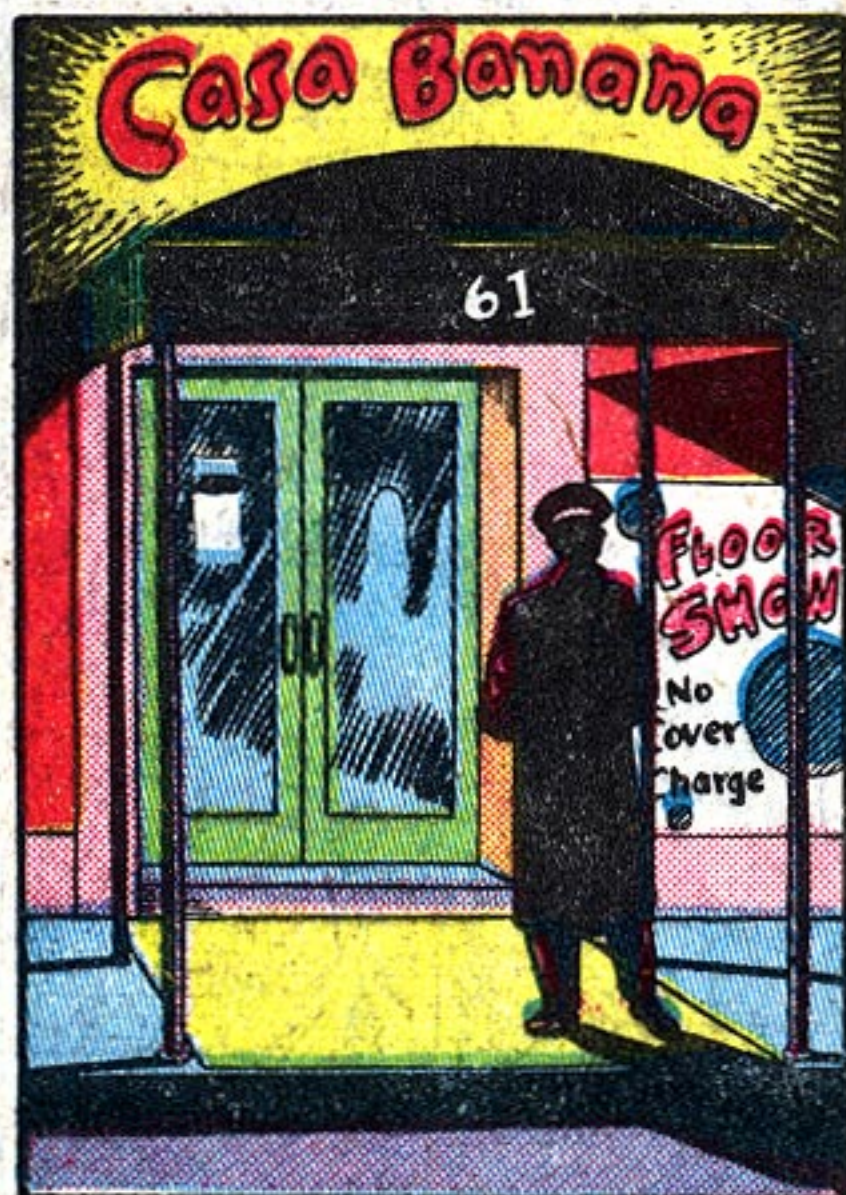


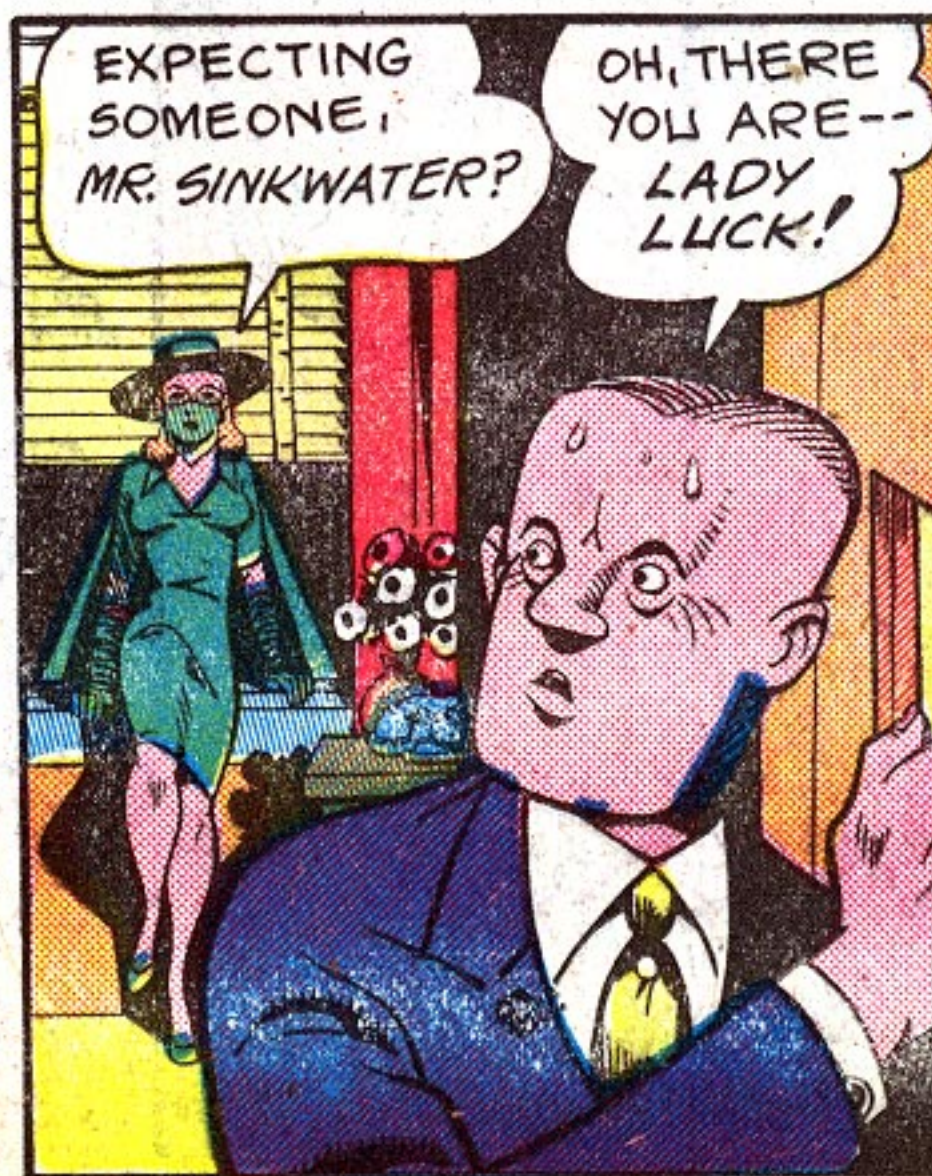
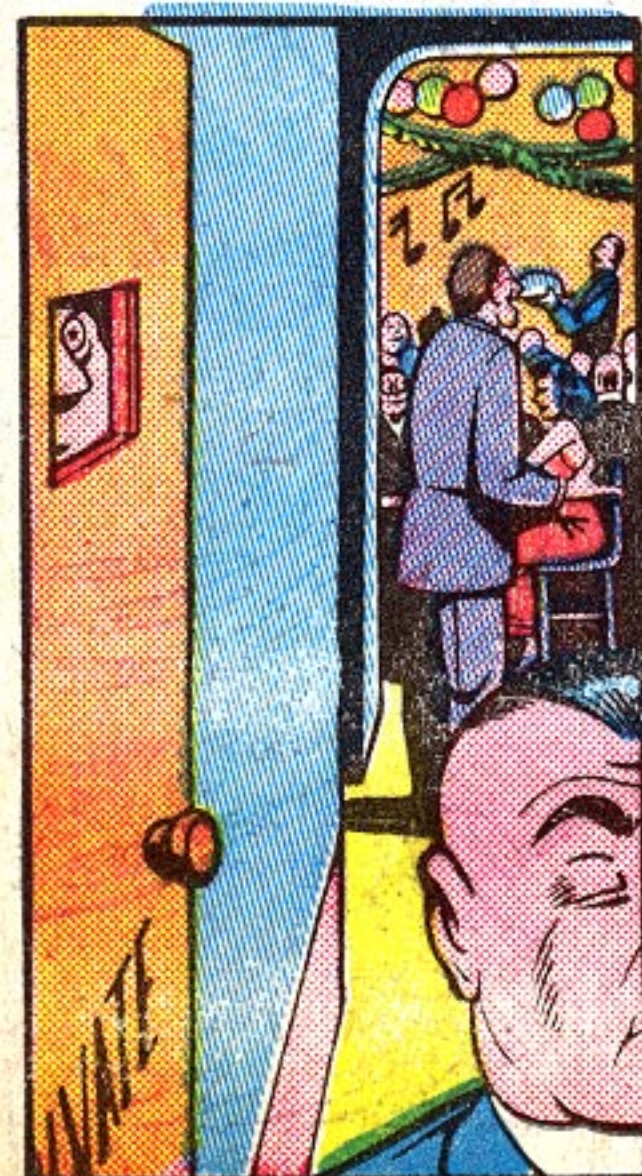
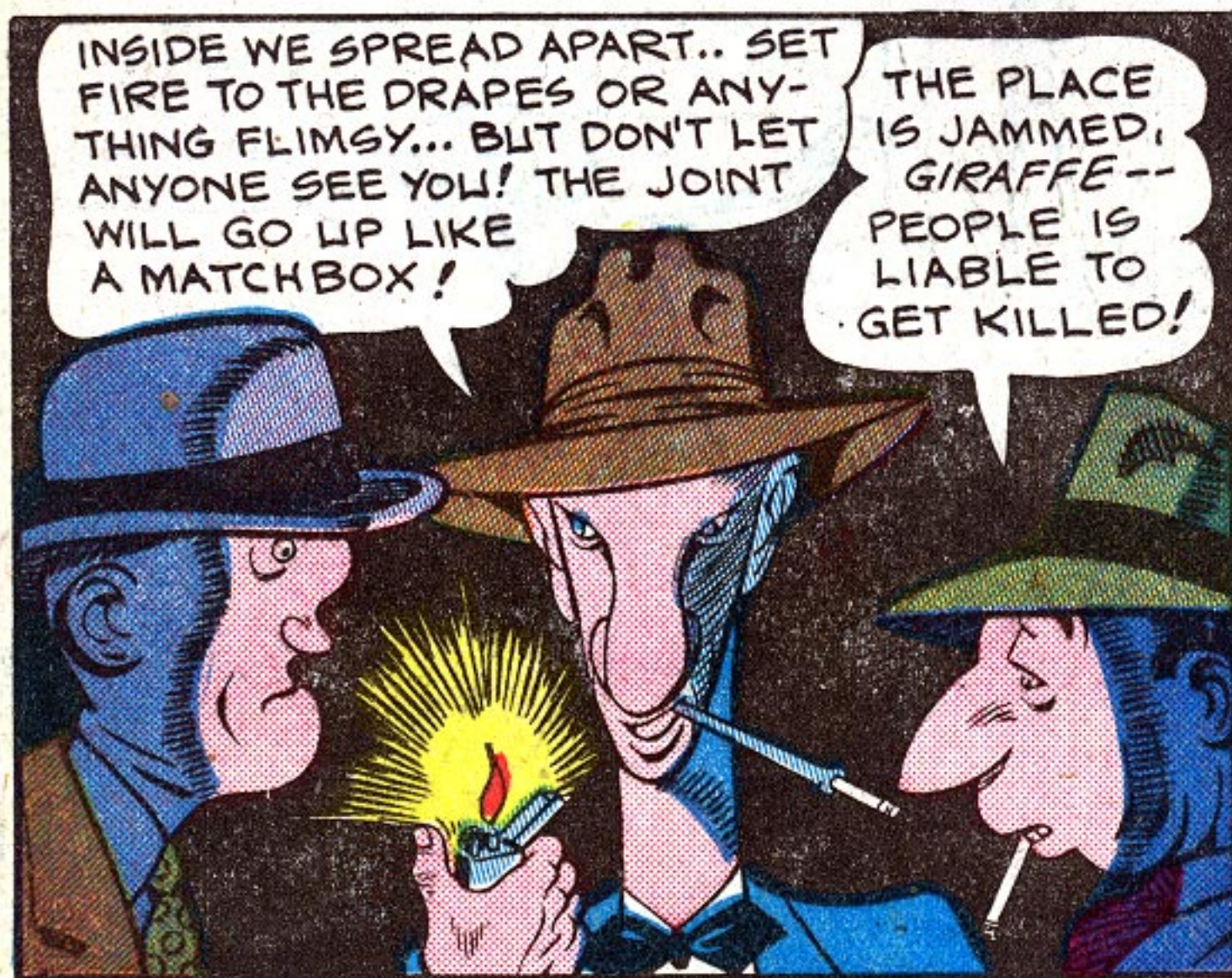
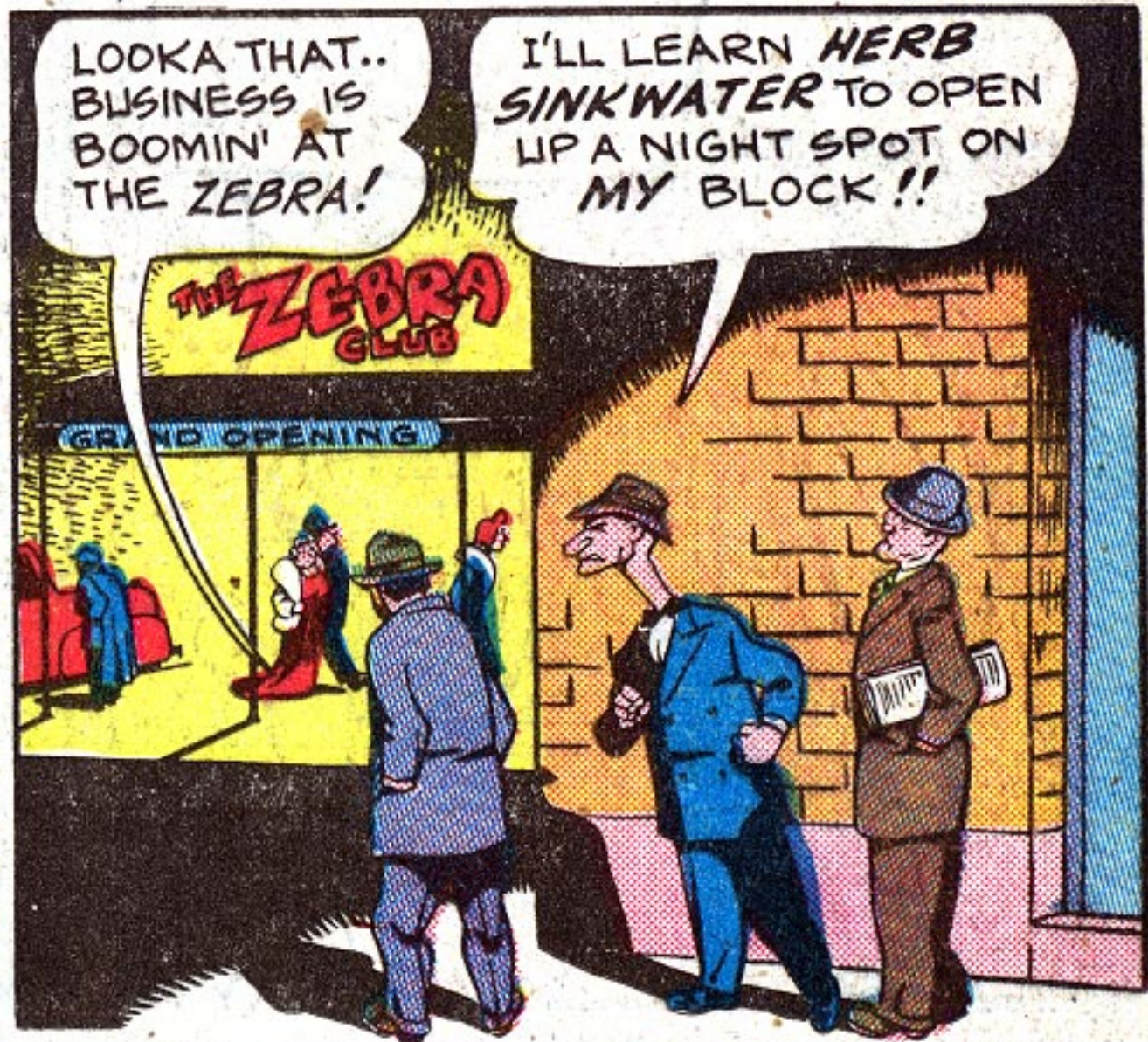


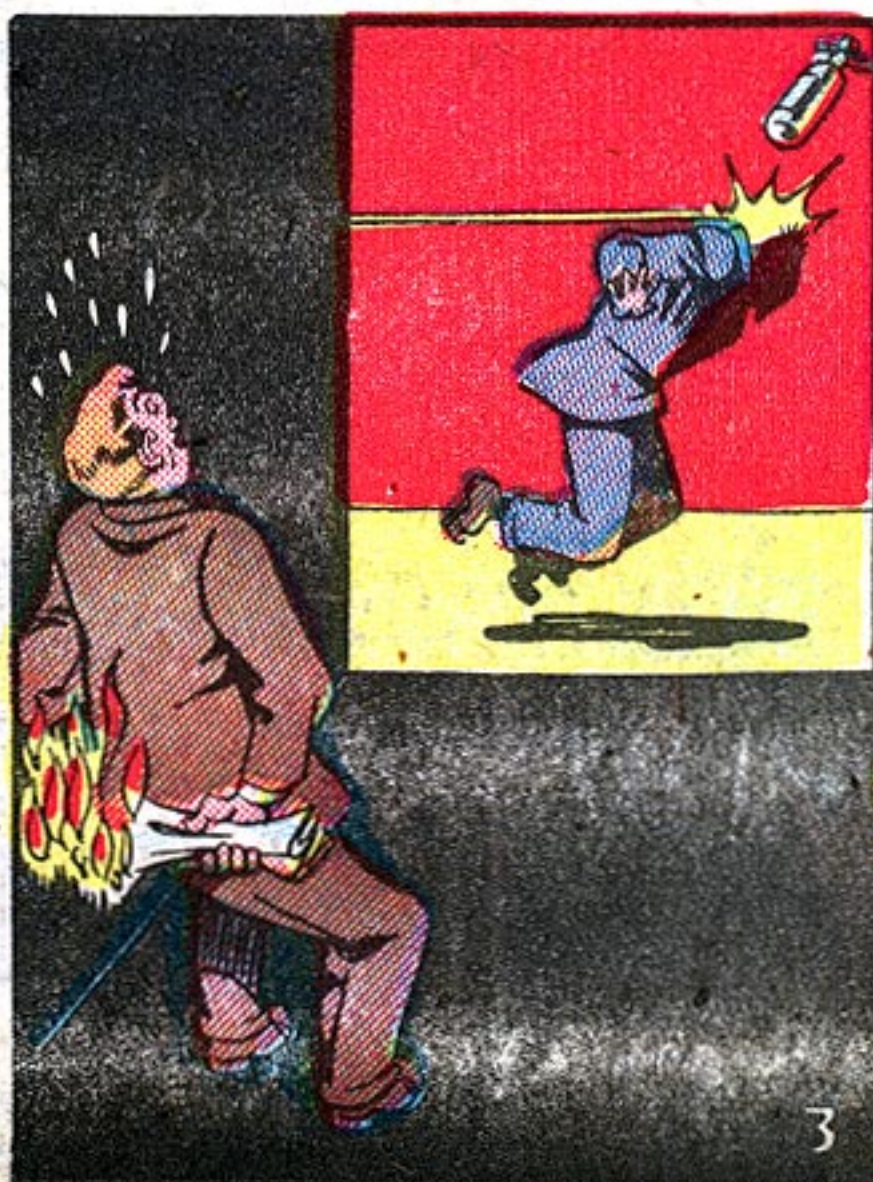
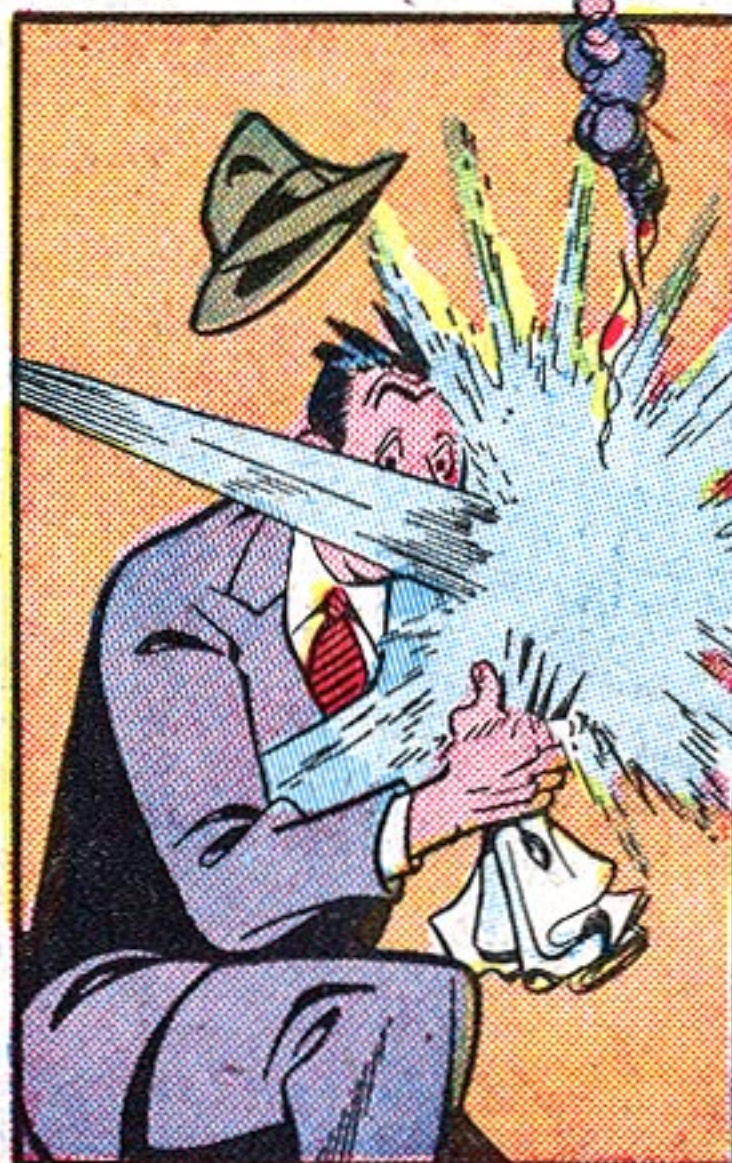
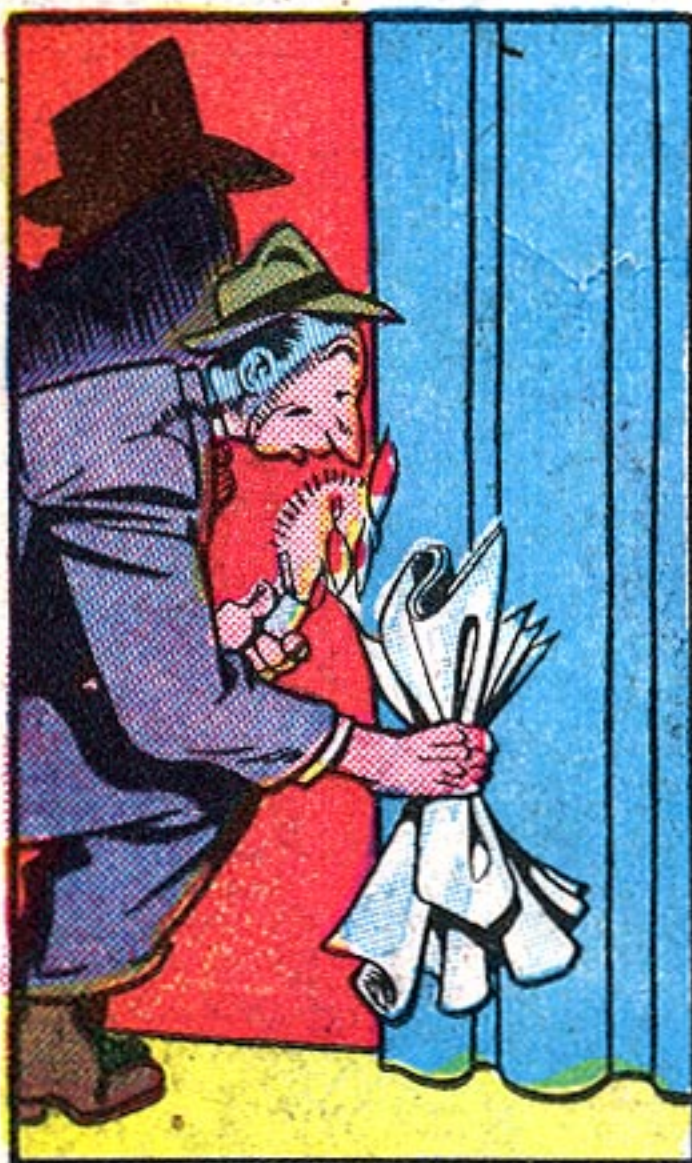
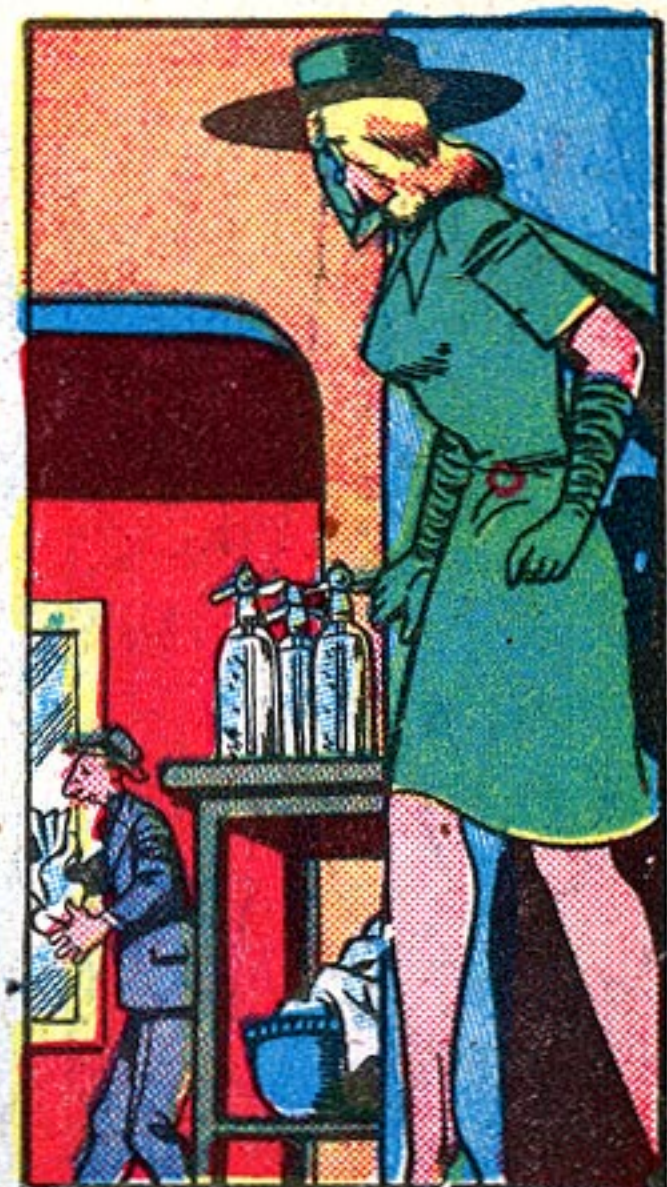
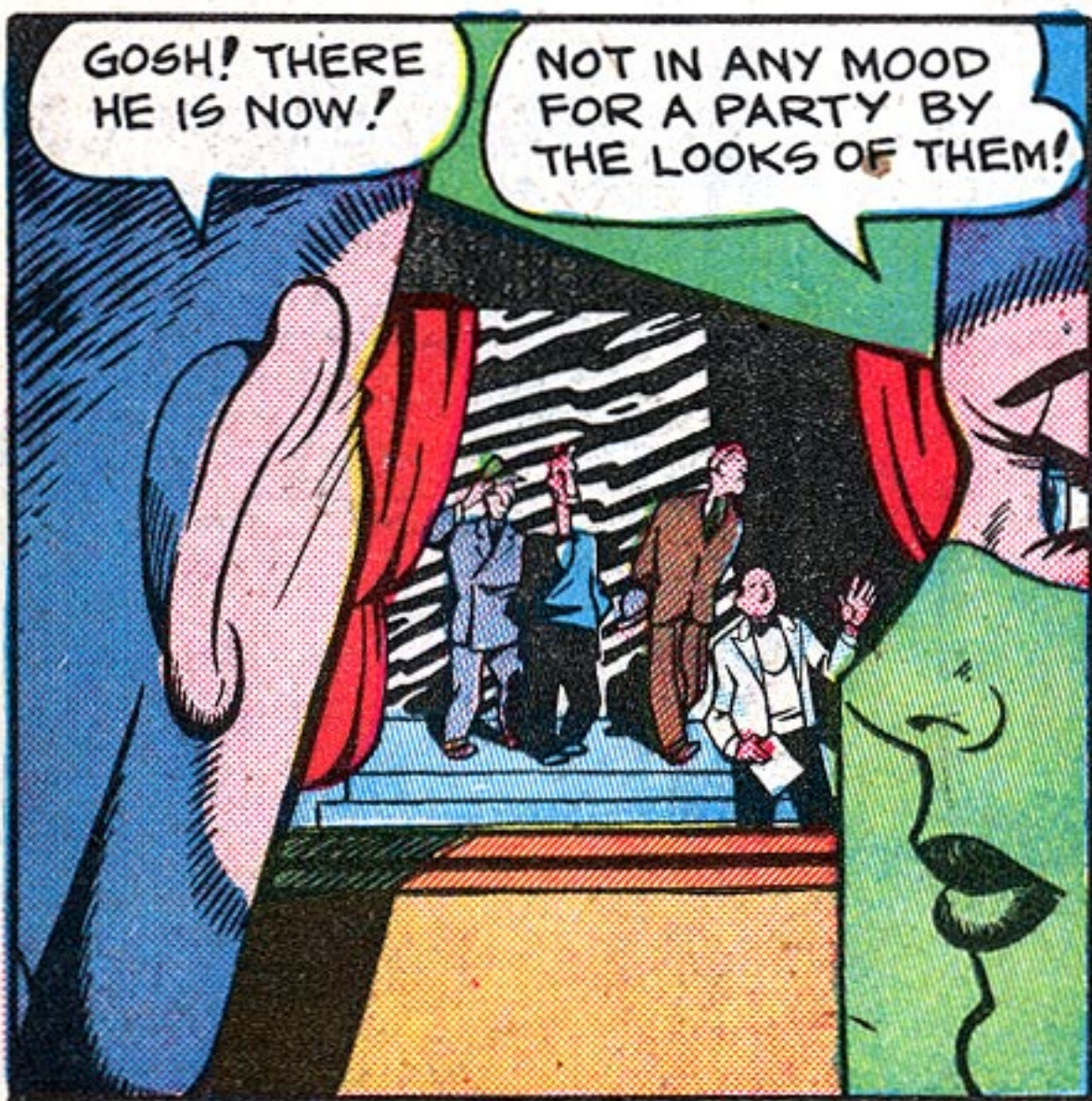


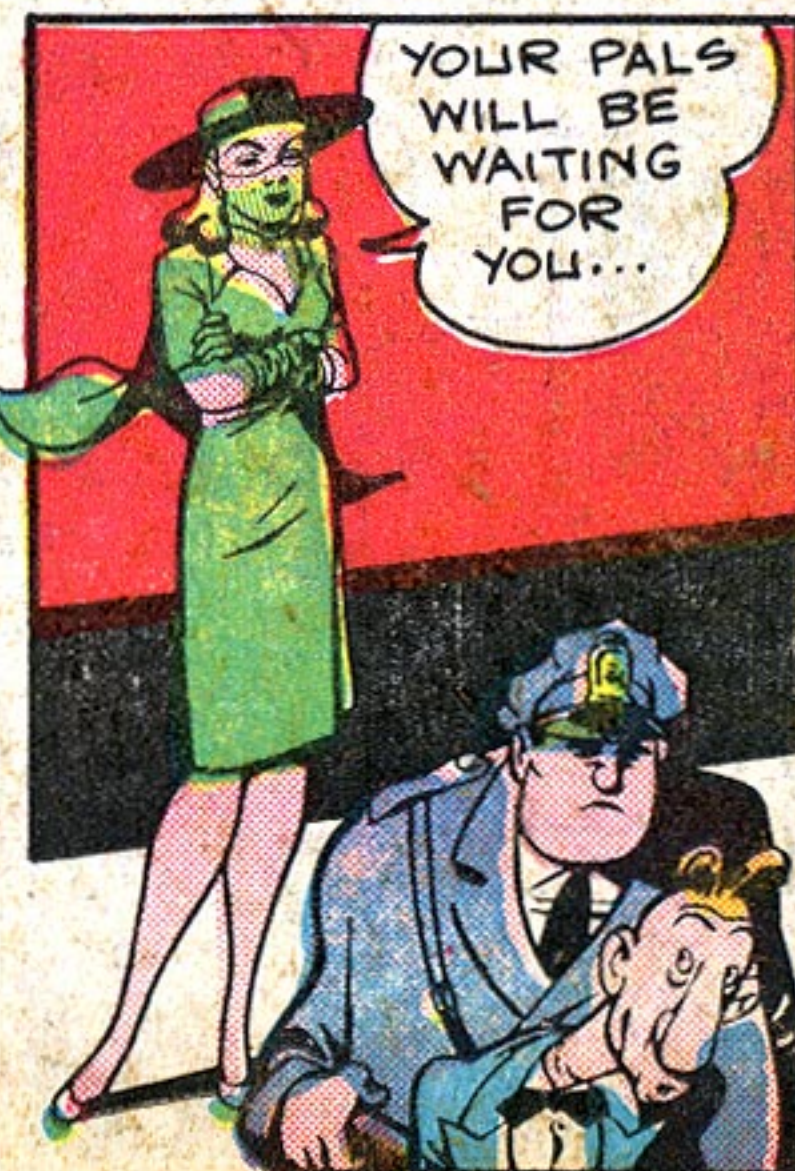
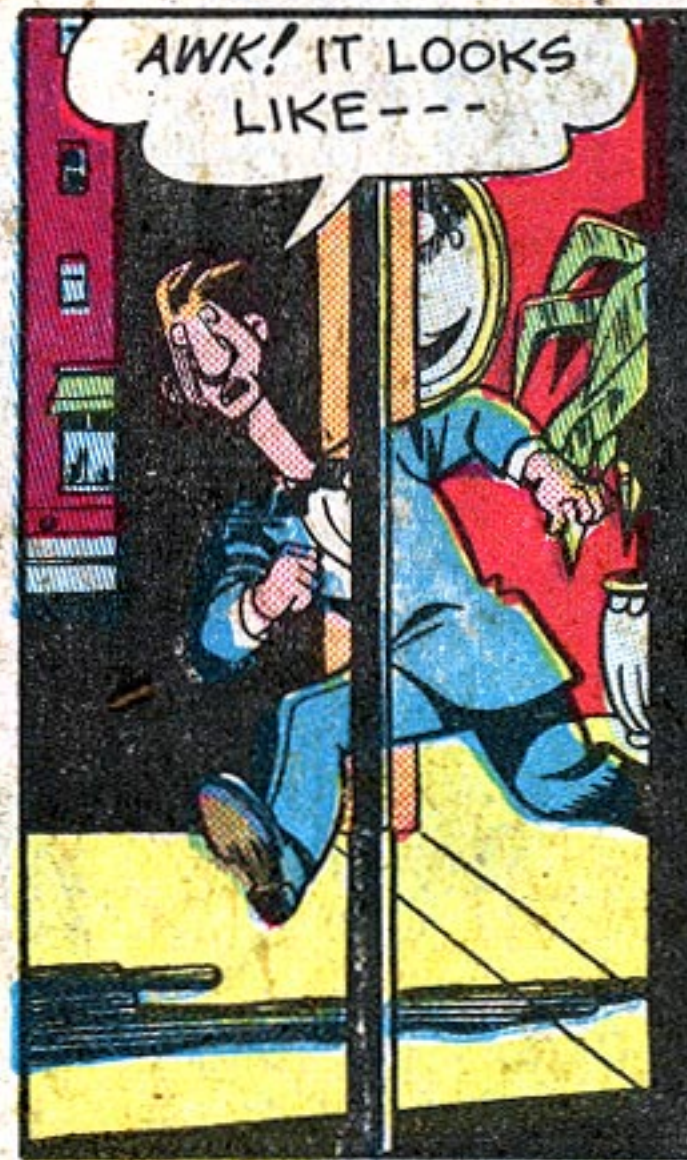
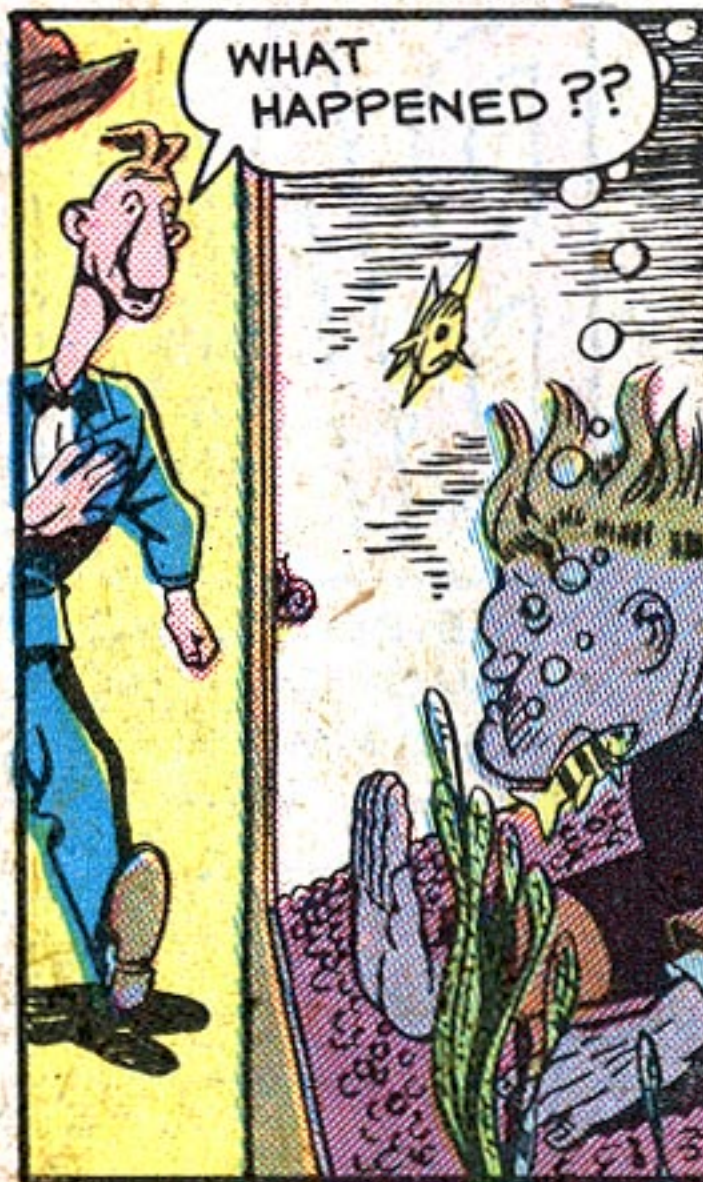
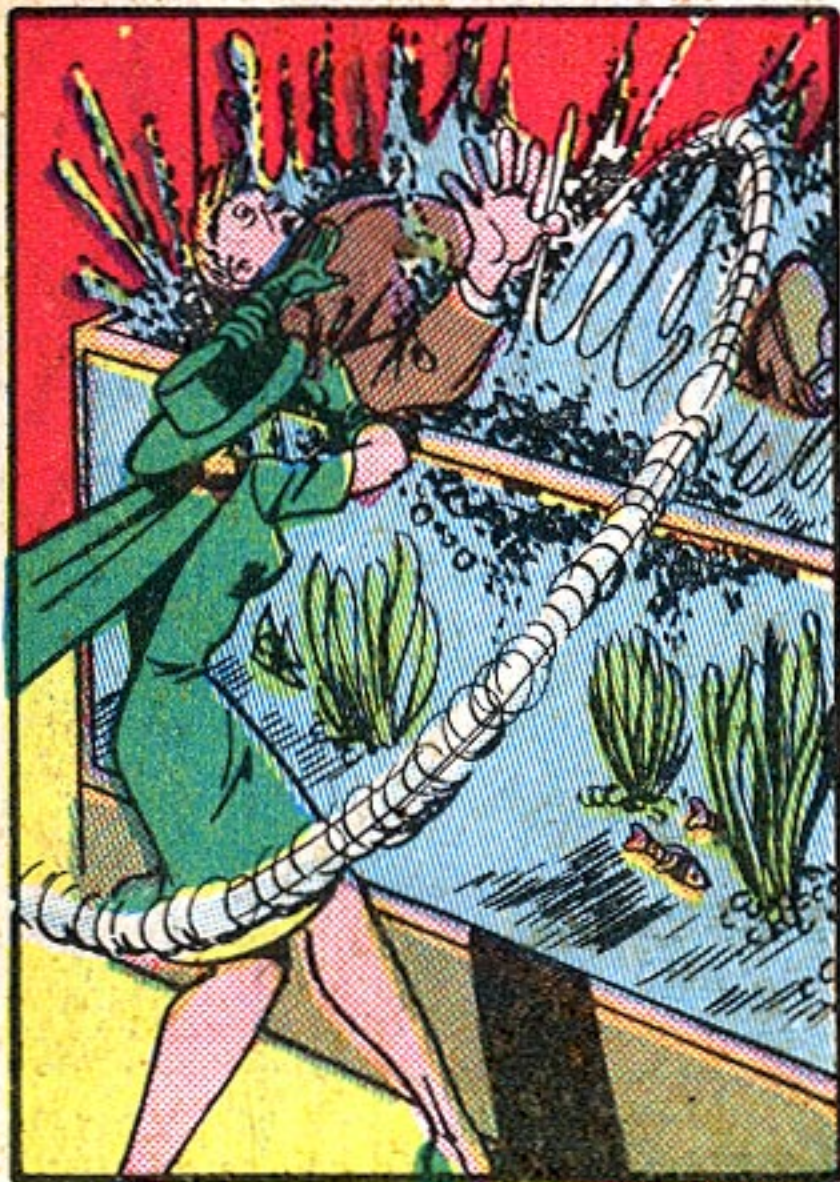
Lady Luck

By Klaus Nordling

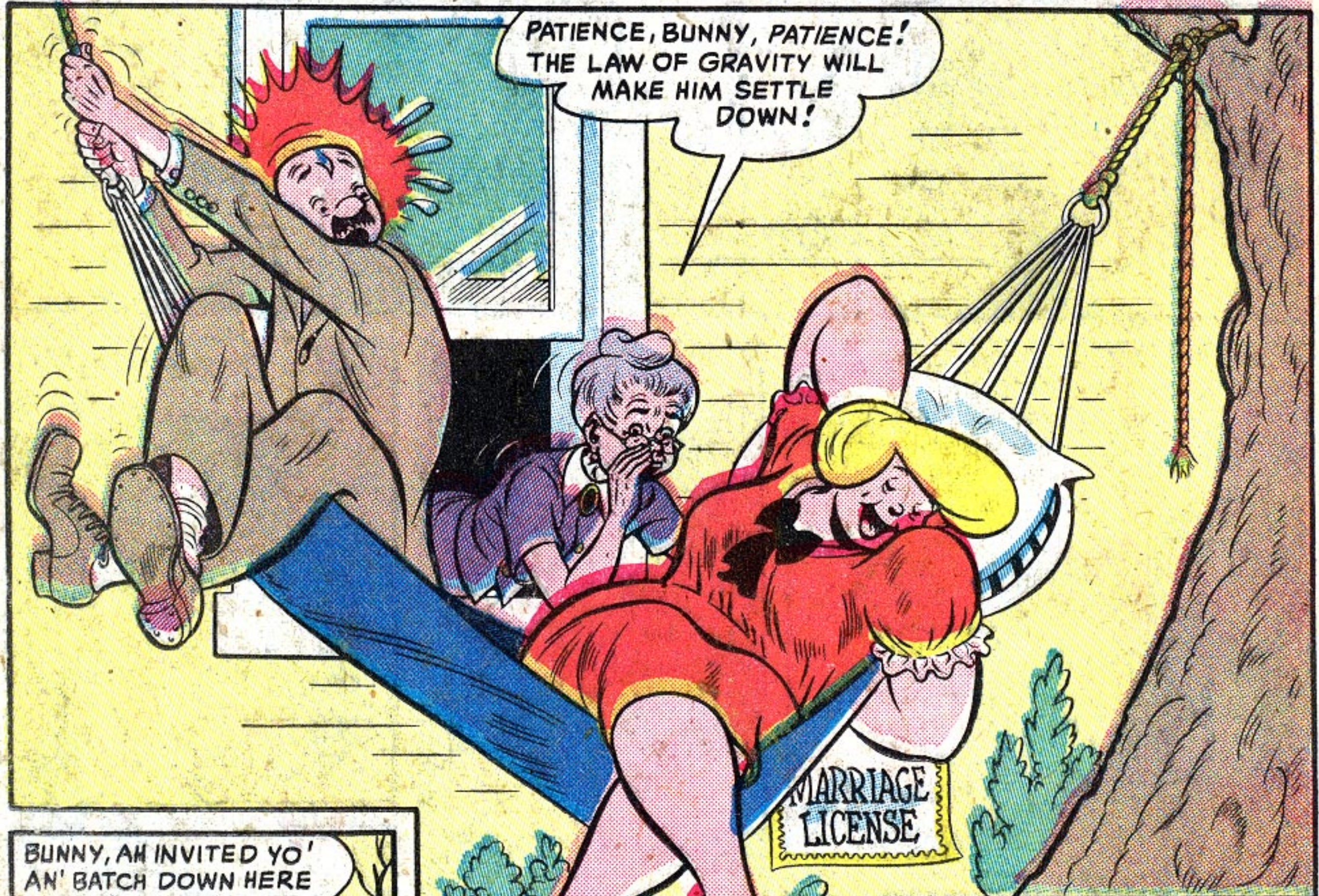








BATCH BACHELOR



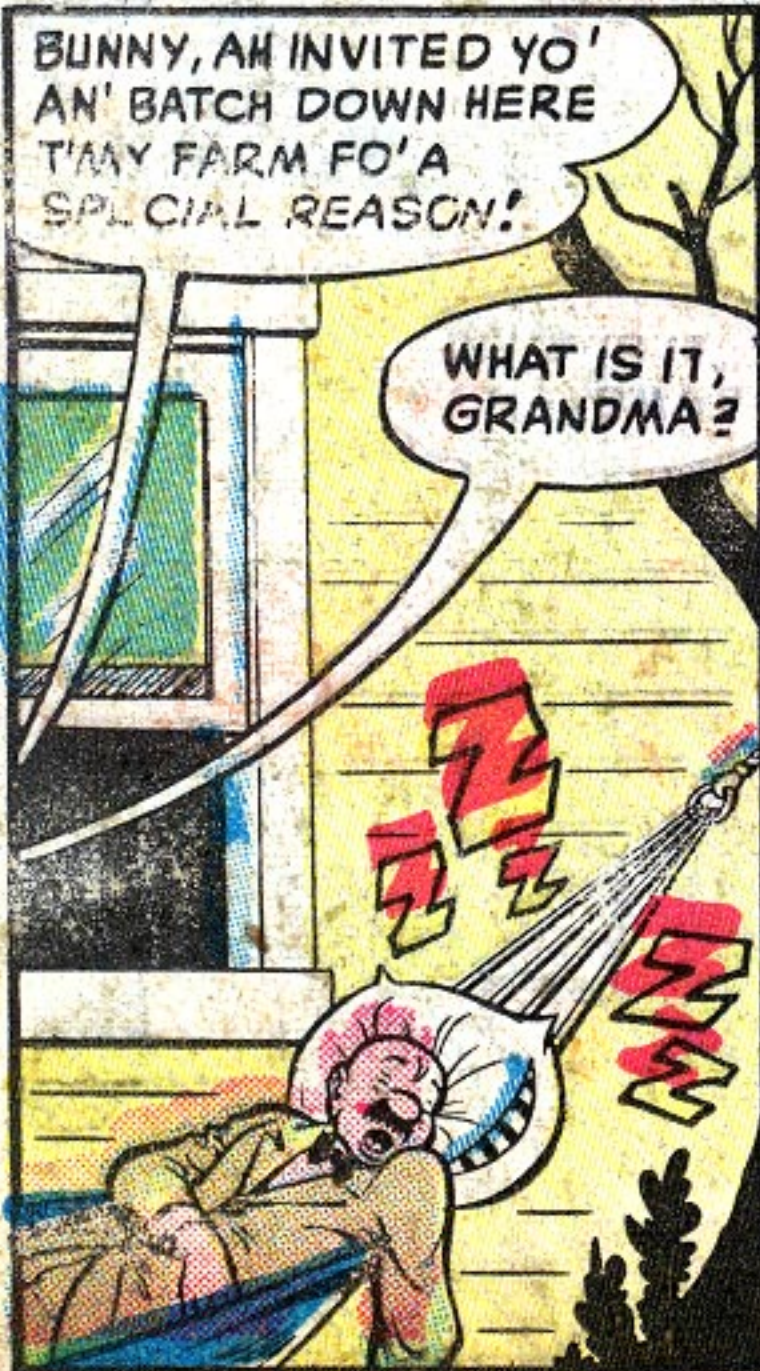
BUNNY, AH INVITED YO'
AN' BATCH DOWN HERE
T'MY FARM FO' A
SPLCIAL REASON!

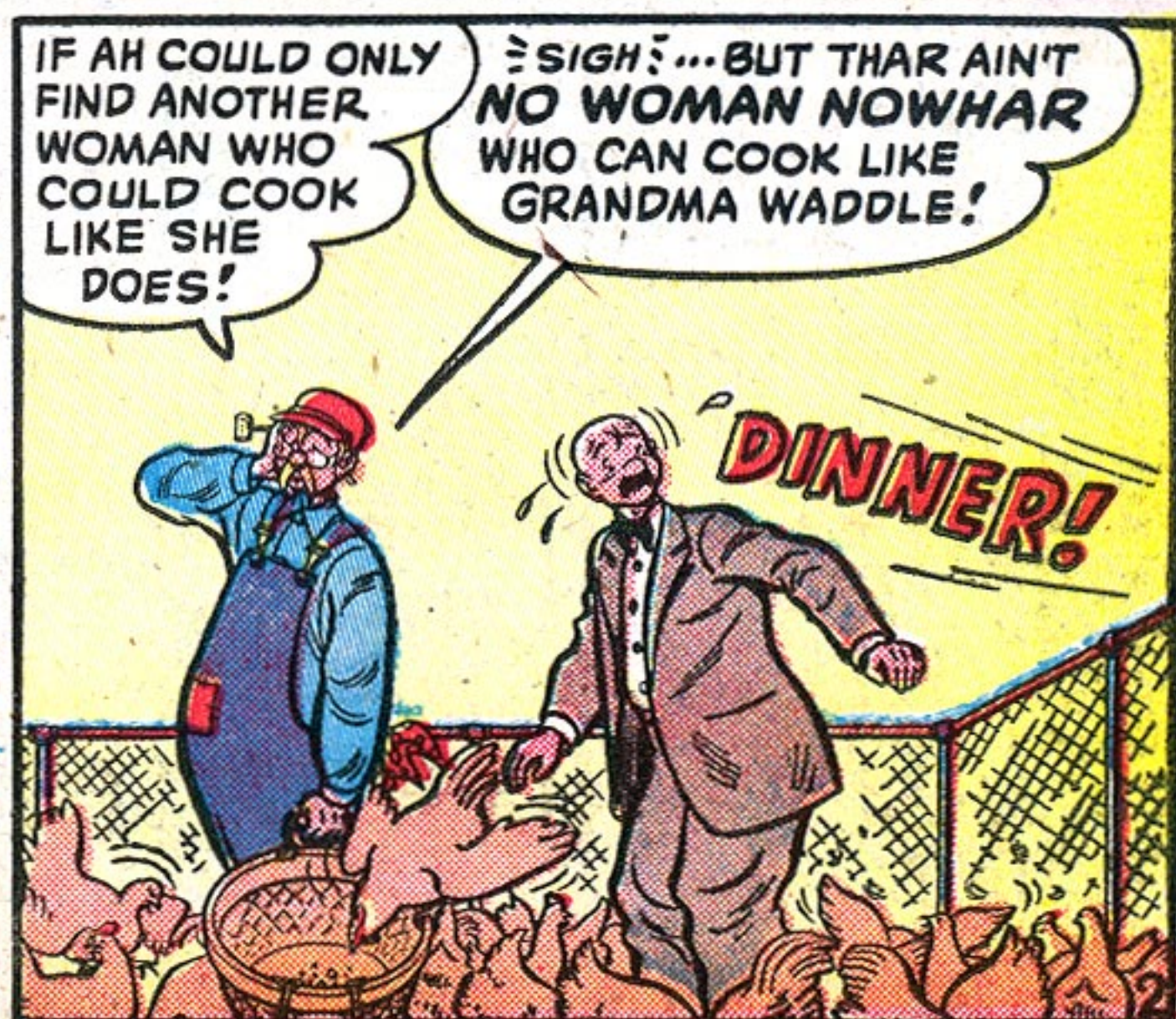
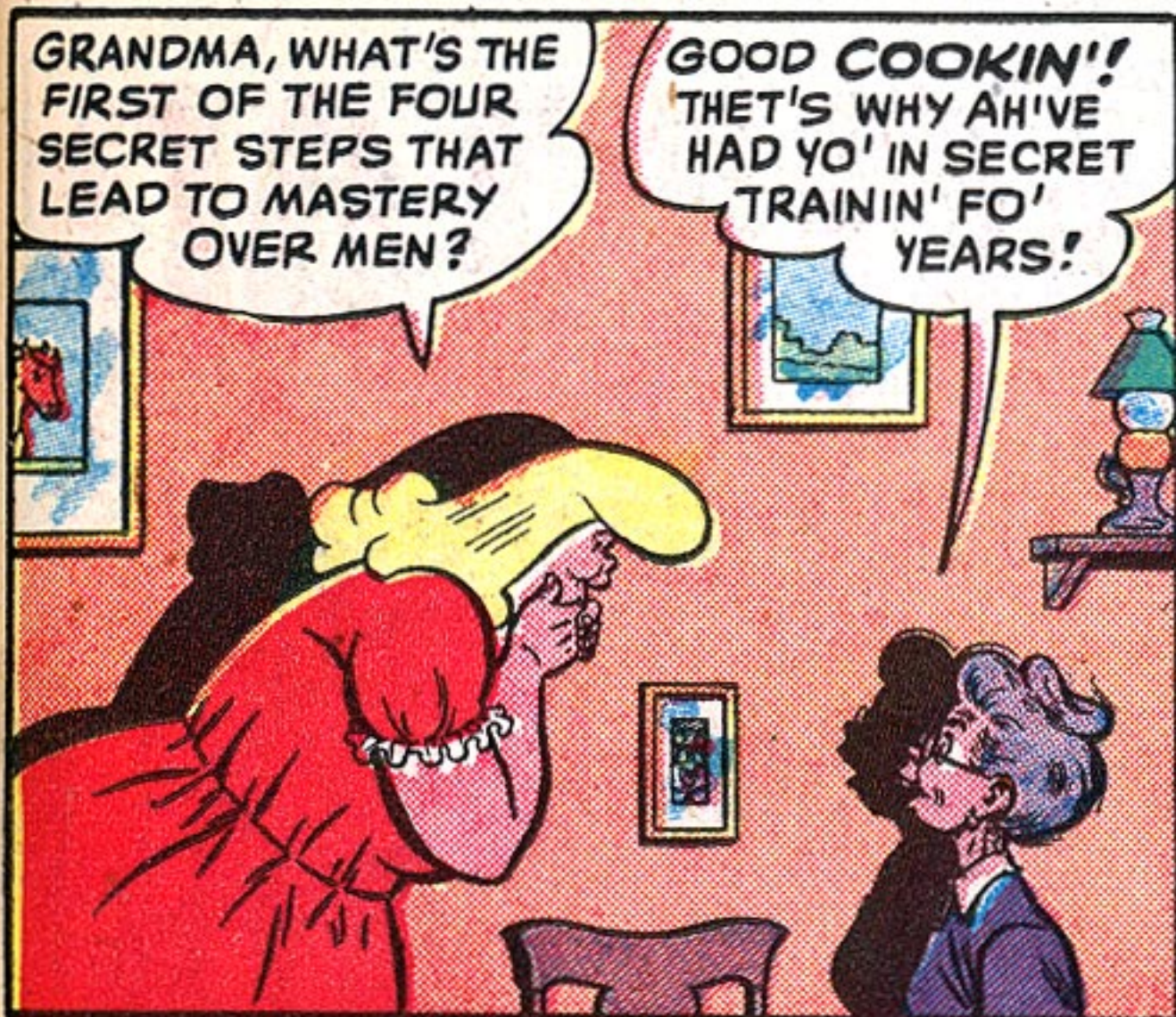
WHAT IS IT,
GRANDMA?

AH'M GONNA SHOW YO'TH'
FOUR SECRET STEPS
A GIRL MUST TAKE
T'CAPTURE HER MAN
FO' KEEPS!

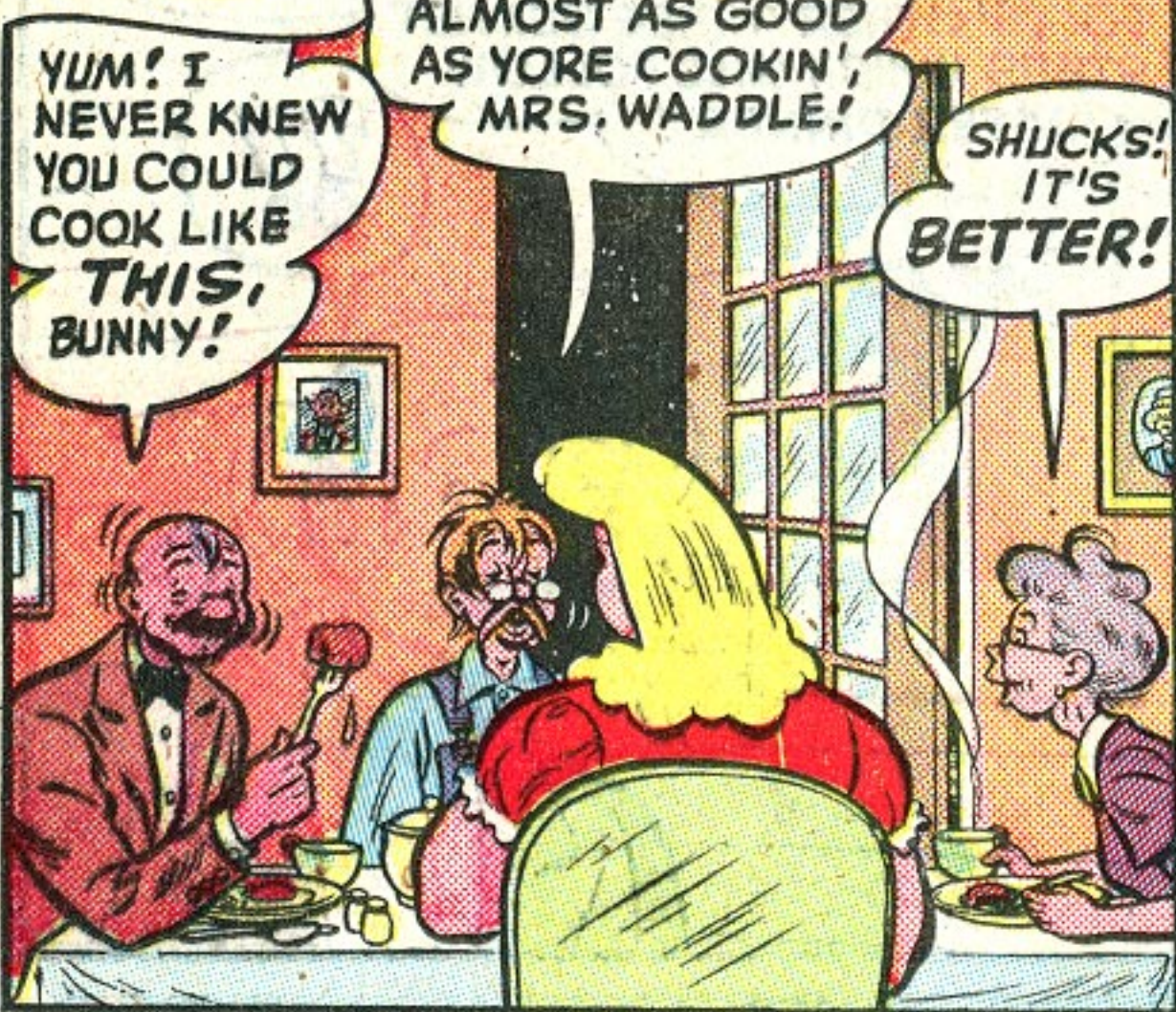
OH, GOODY!
YOU MEAN
THAT I CAN
CAPTURE
BATCH AND
MAKE HIM A
HELPLESS,
MISERABLE,
WRITHING
PRISONER
OF LOVE?

YES!
PROVIDIN',
OF COURSE,
THET HE
DON'T
SUSPECT
WHAT
WE'RE
UP TO!





Dinner...



YUM! I NEVER KNEW YOU COULD COOK LIKE **THIS, BUNNY!**

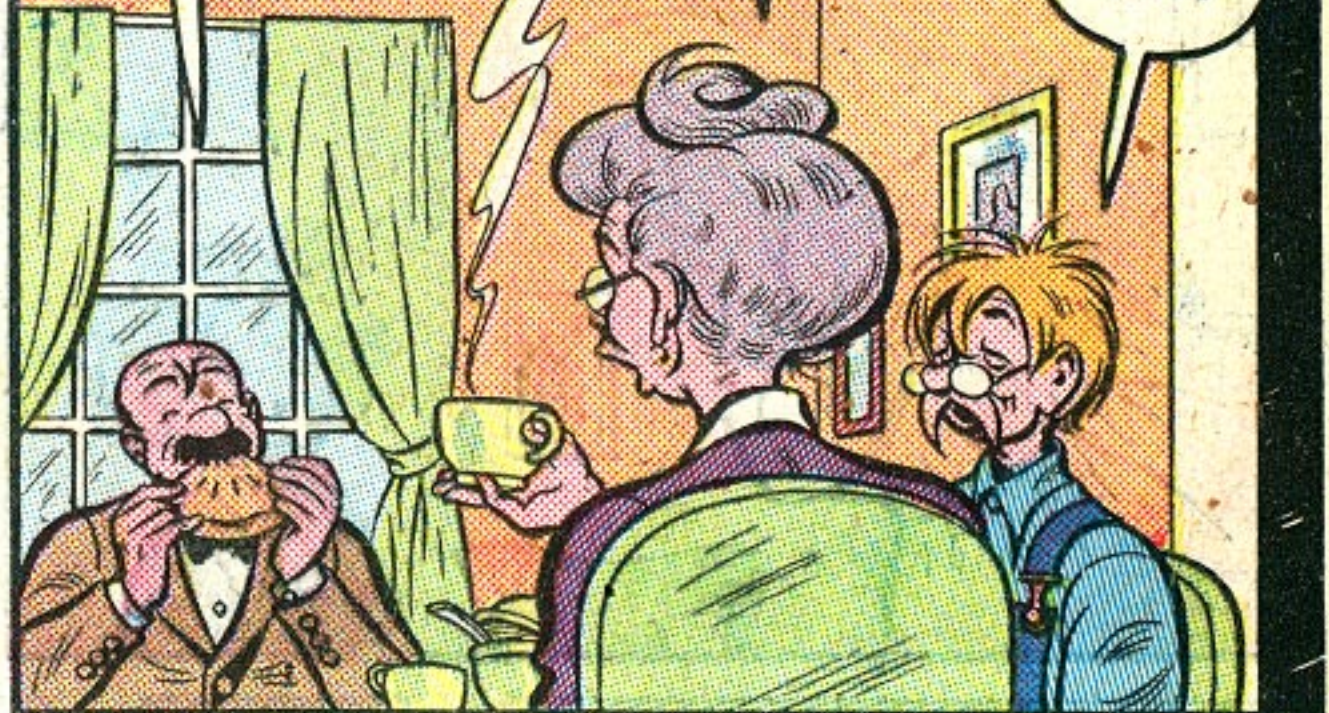
DOG MY CATS! IT'S ALMOST AS GOOD AS YORE COOKIN', MRS. WADDLE!

SHUCKS! IT'S **BETTER!**

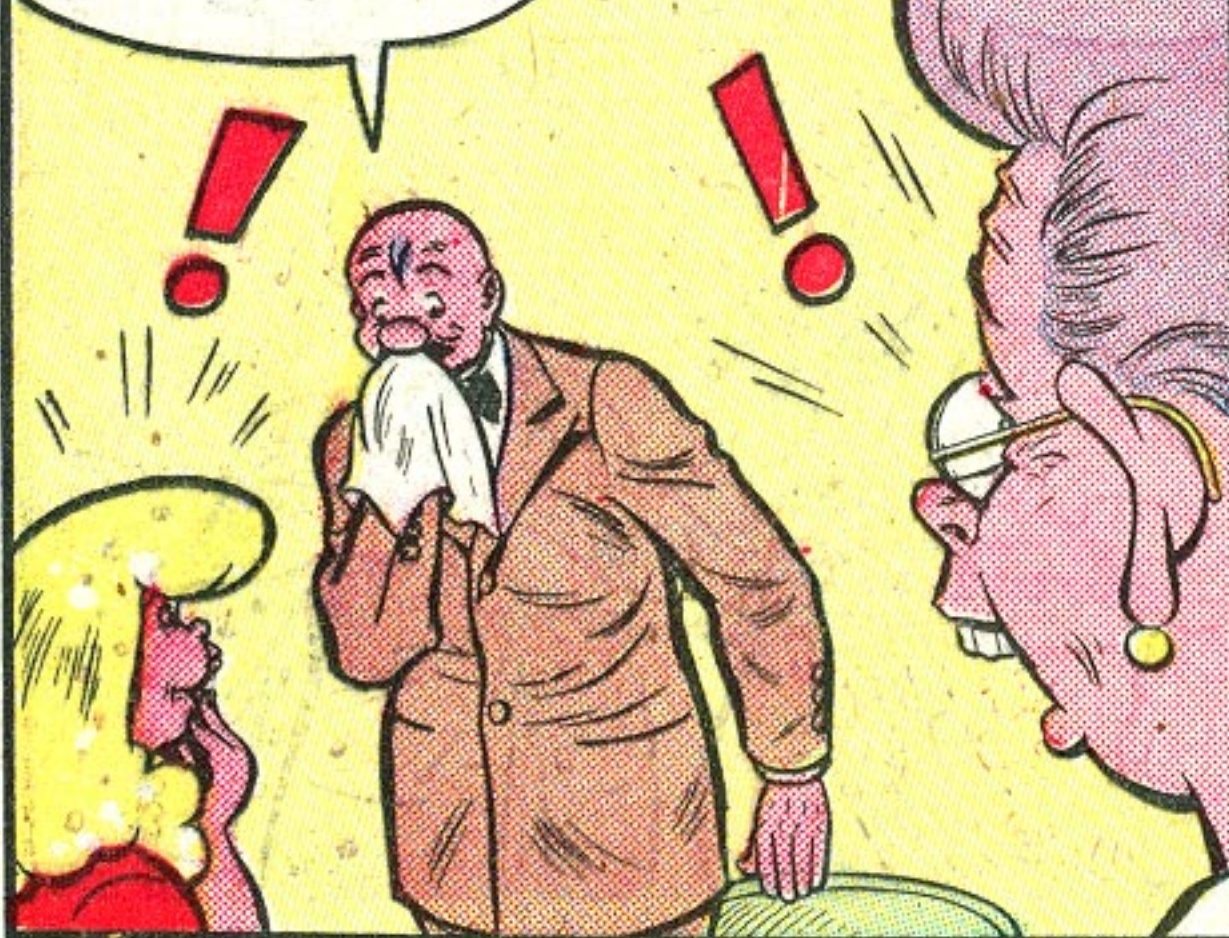
I CAN'T STOP EATING! THIS IS THE MOST DELICIOUS PIE I'VE EVER TASTED!

IT'LL BE A MIGHTY LUCKY MAN AS GITTS BUNNY FO' A WIFE! **MIGHTY LUCKY!**

AH'LL SAY!

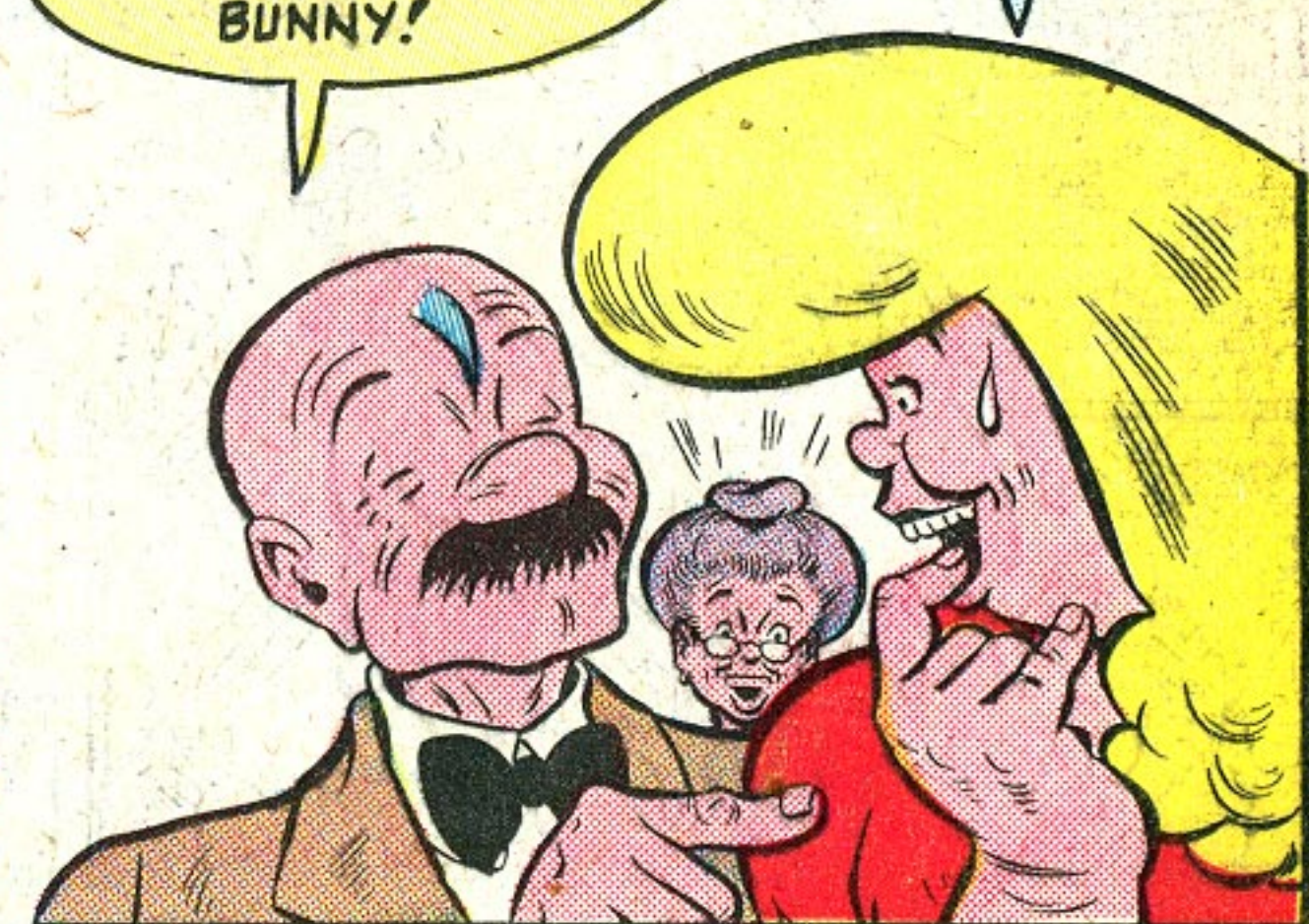


BUNNY, MAY I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU **IN PRIVATE?**



YOU'RE ALL THROUGH SCRUBBING FLOORS AT THE FIVE AND TEN, BUNNY!

YES, YES! GO ON!

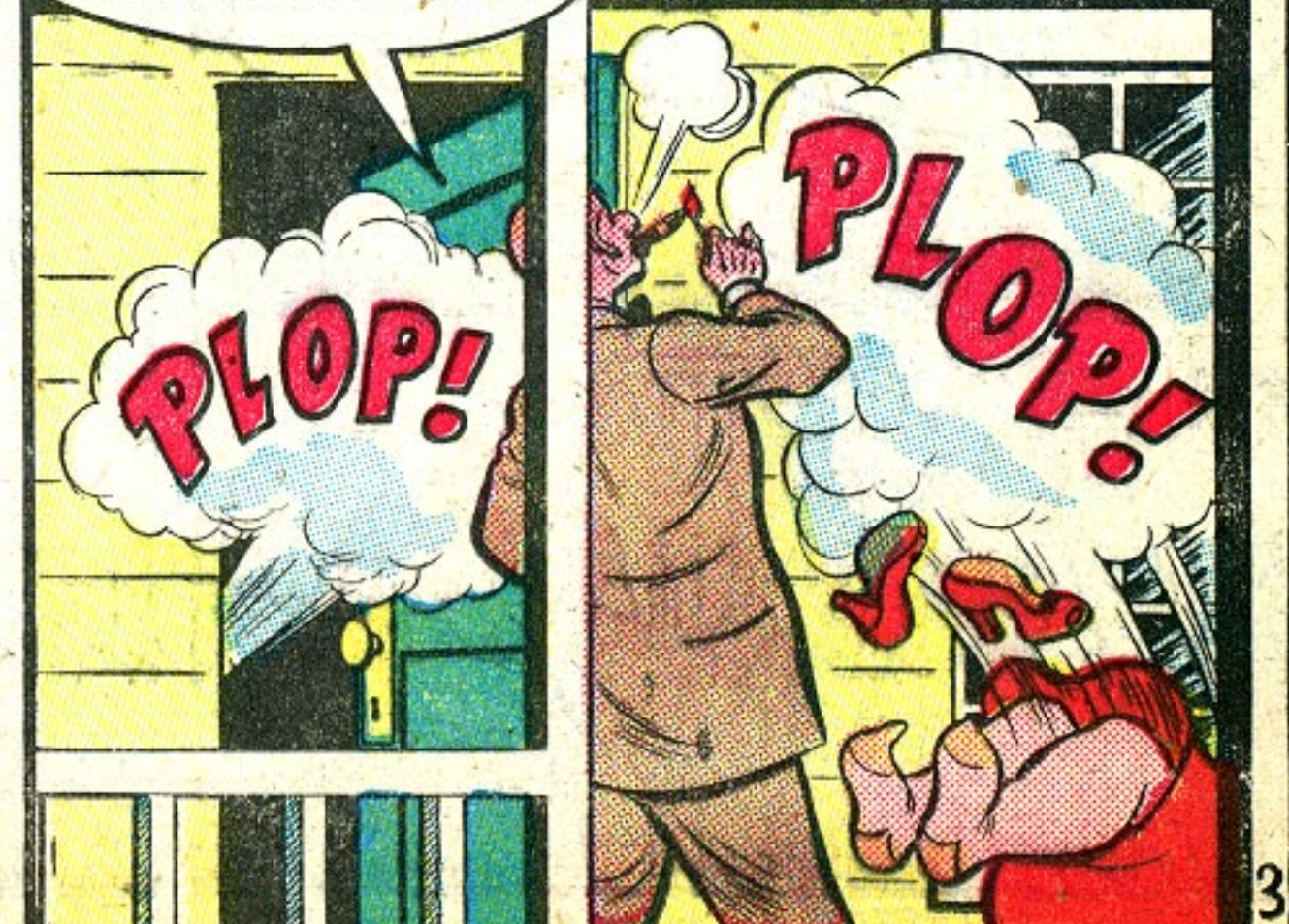


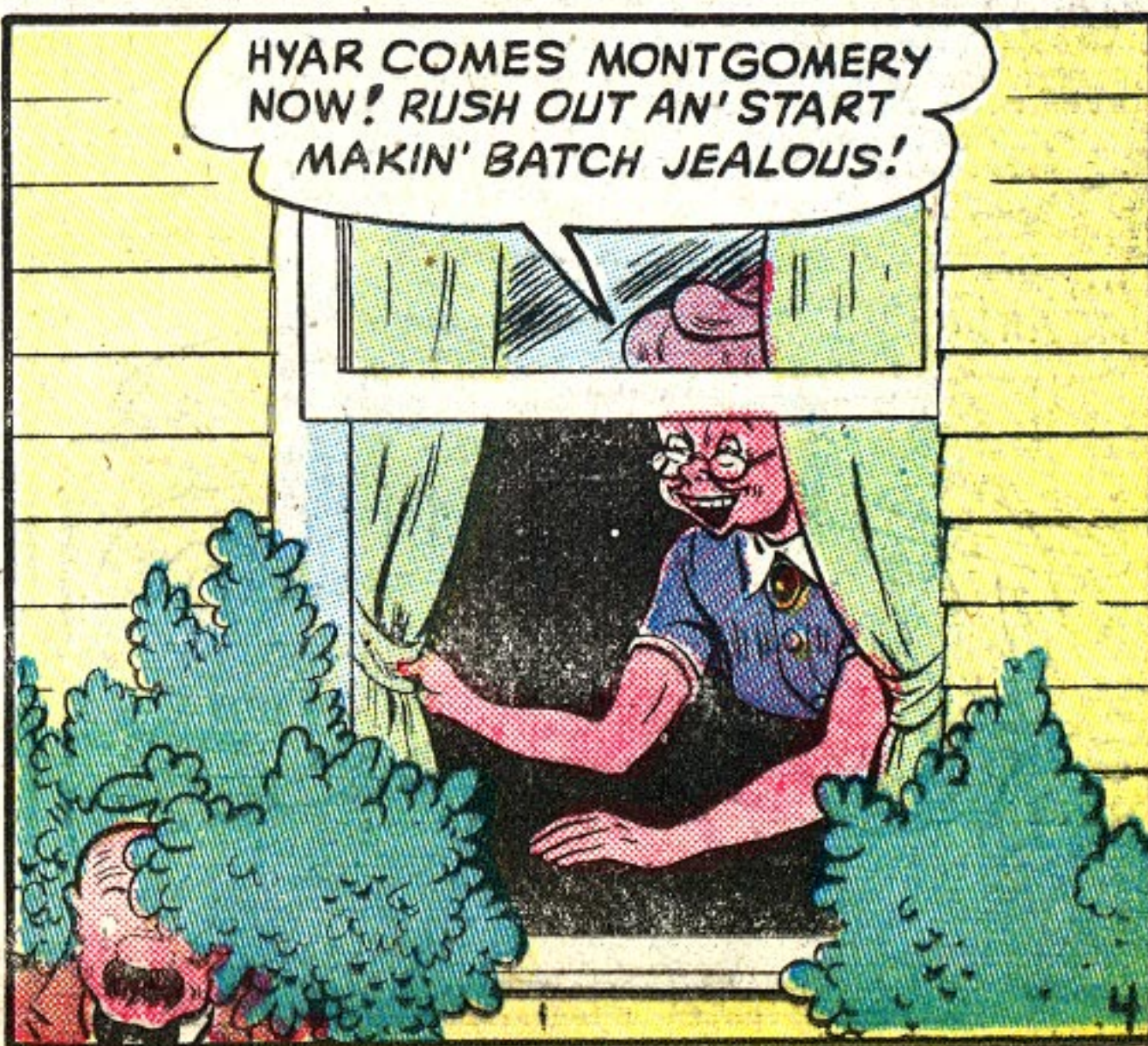
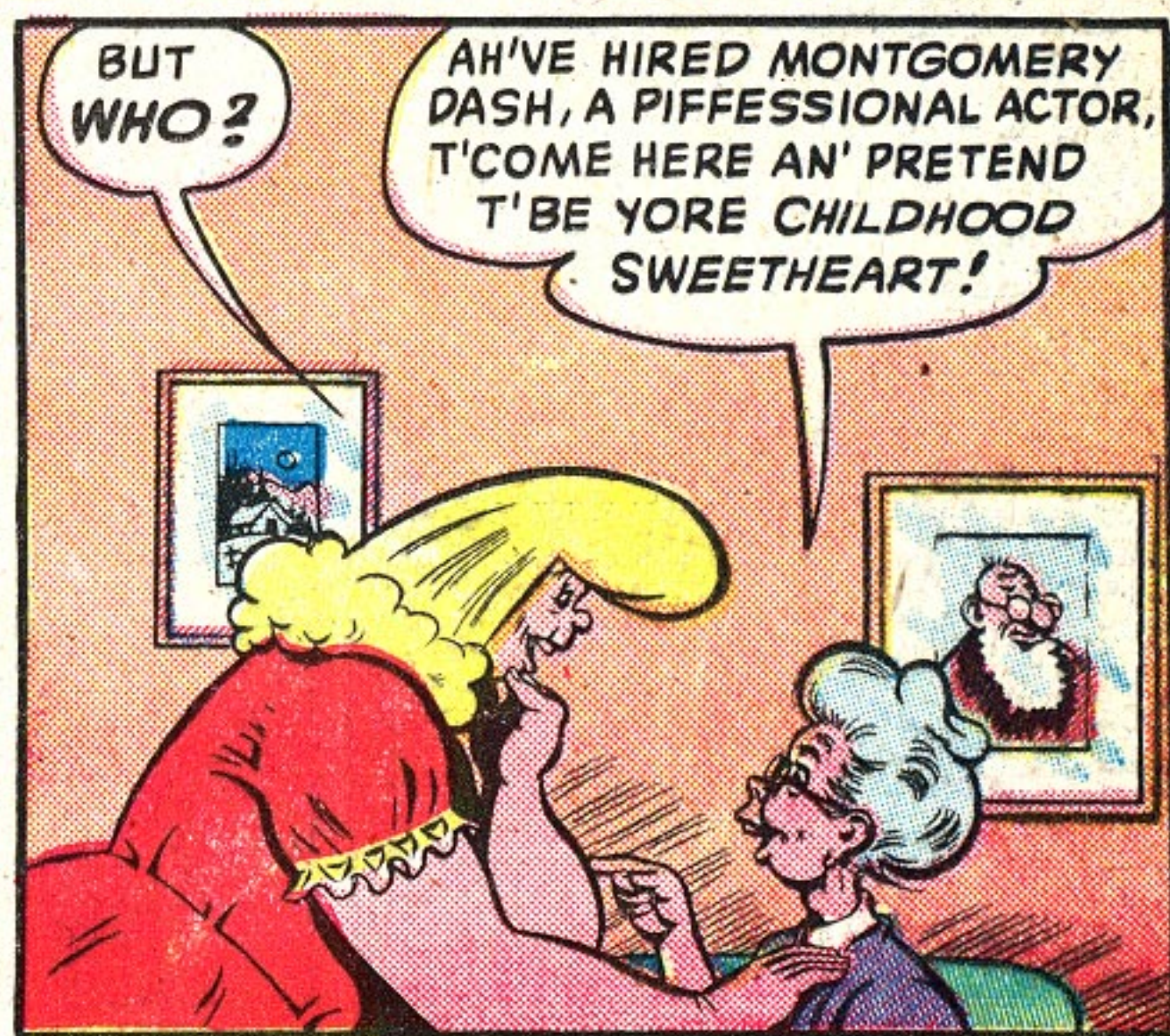
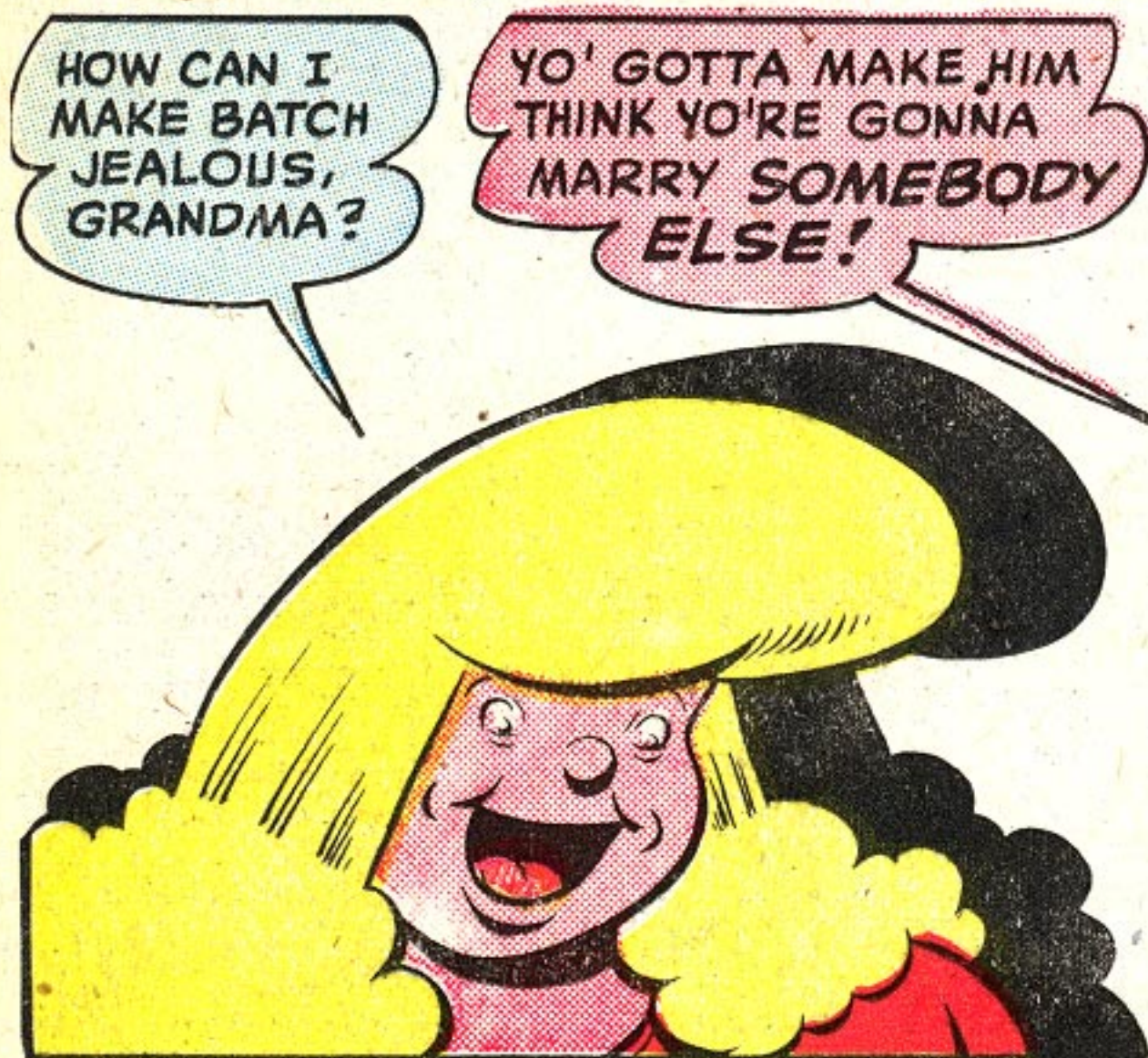
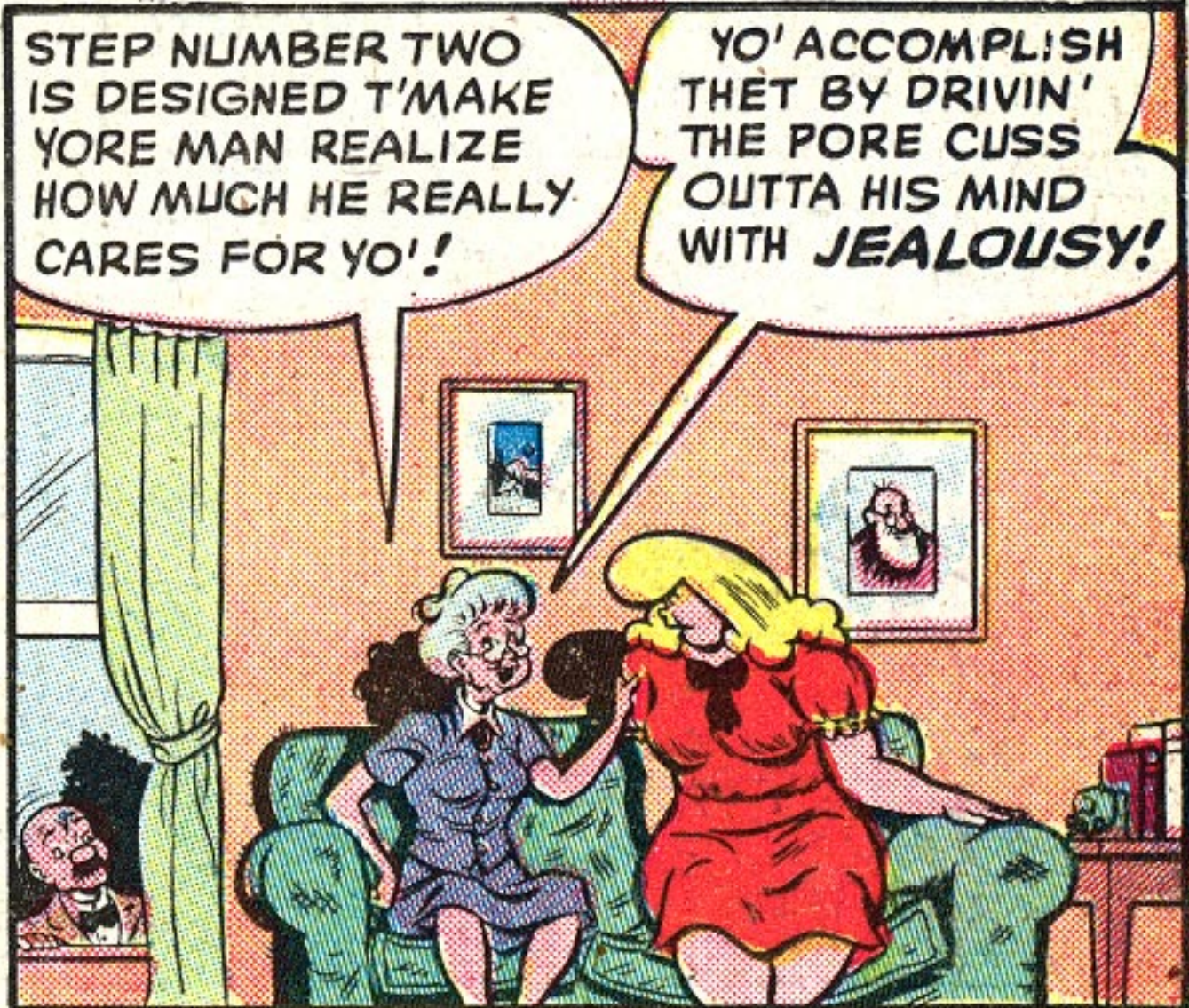
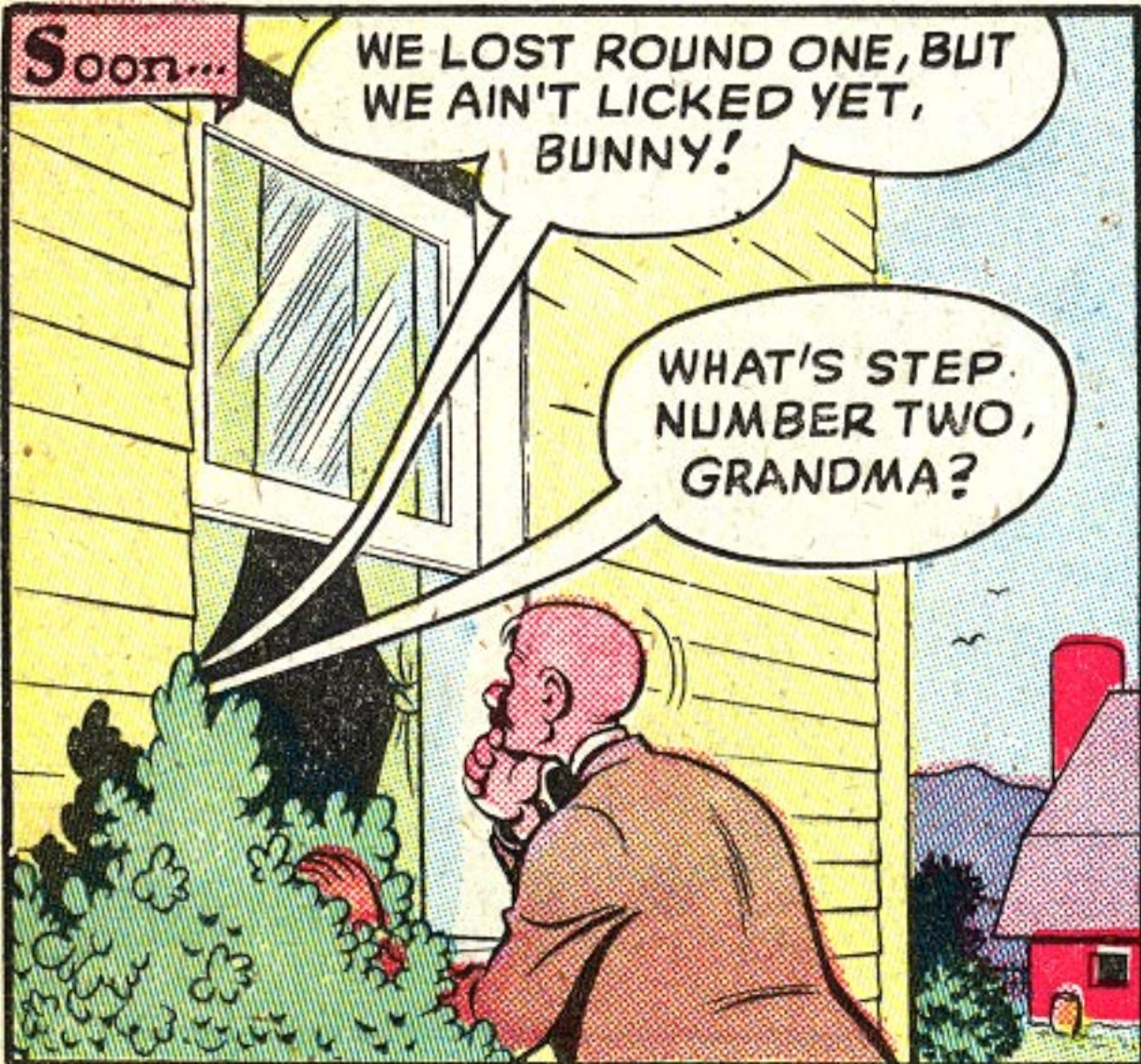
FROM NOW ON I WANT TO EAT YOUR COOKING **THREE TIMES A DAY, LITTLE GIRL!**

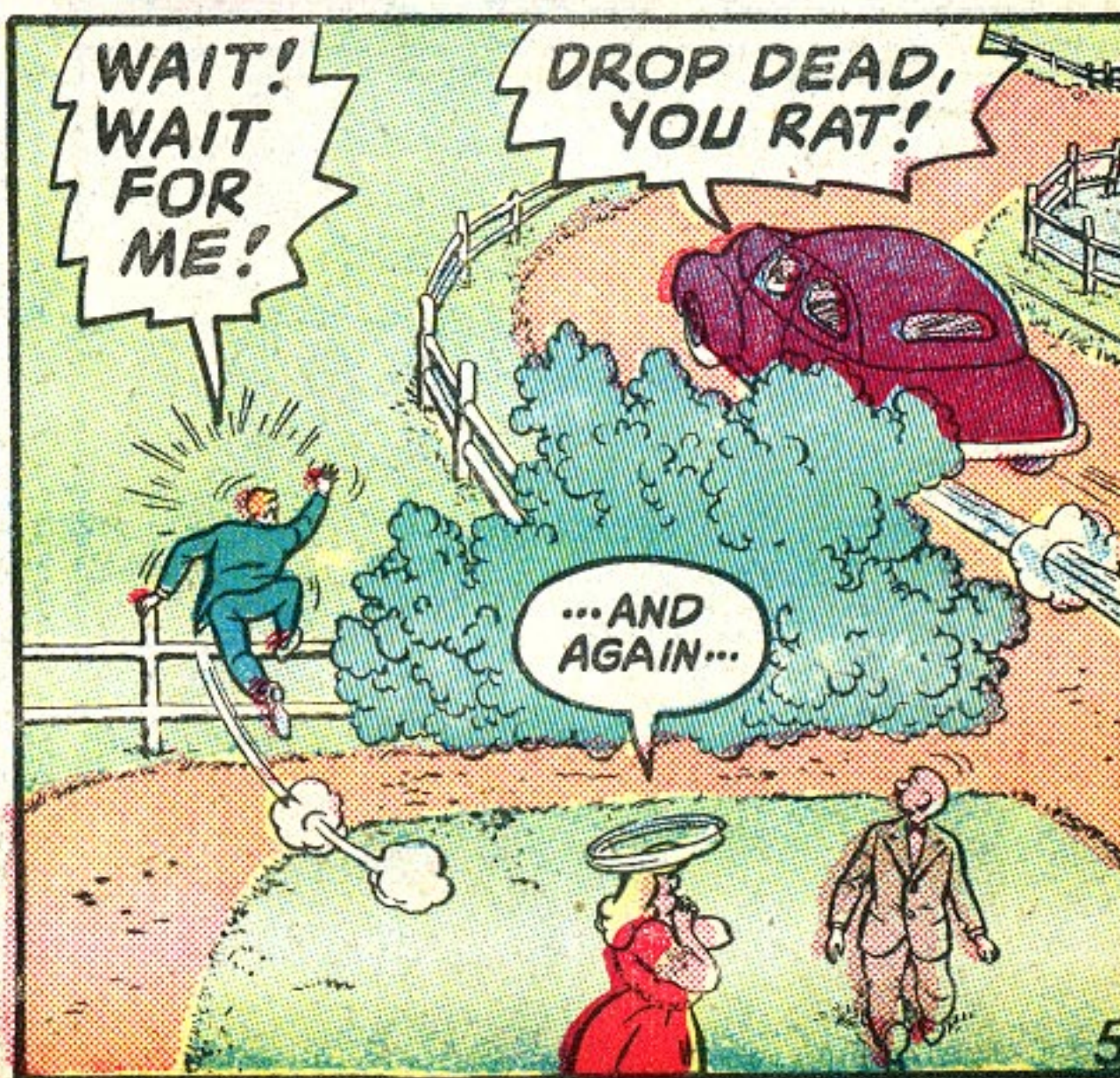
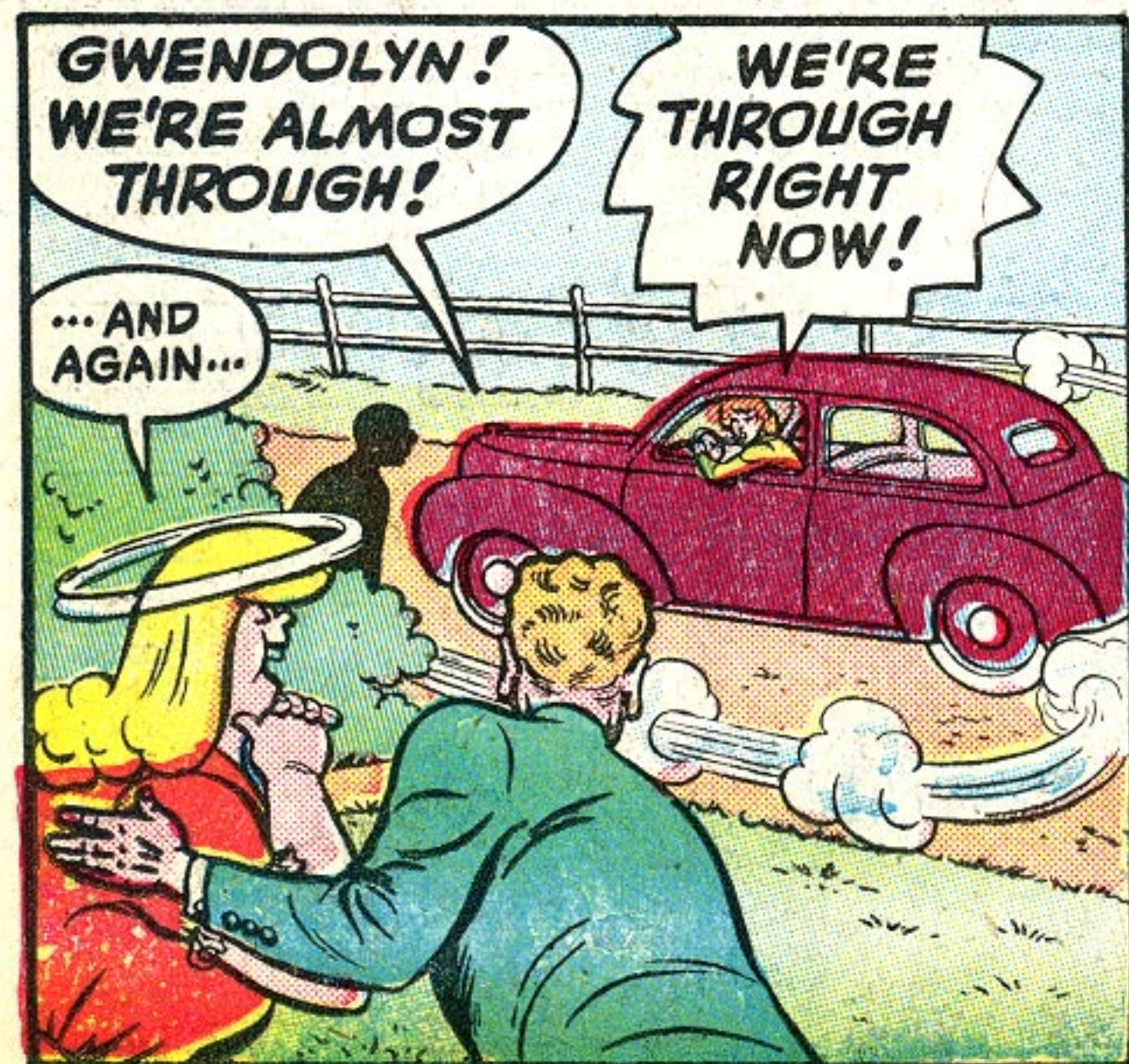
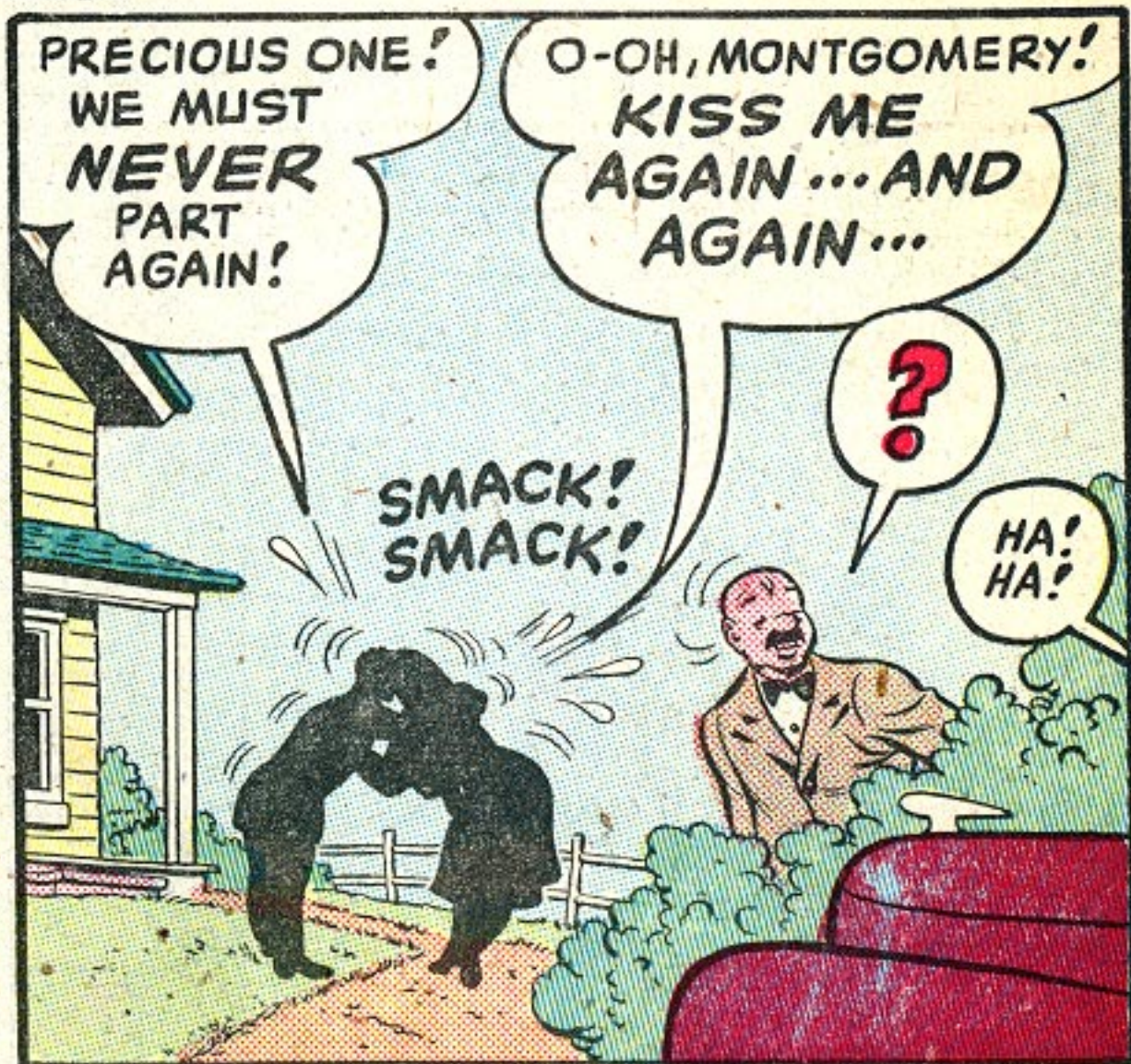
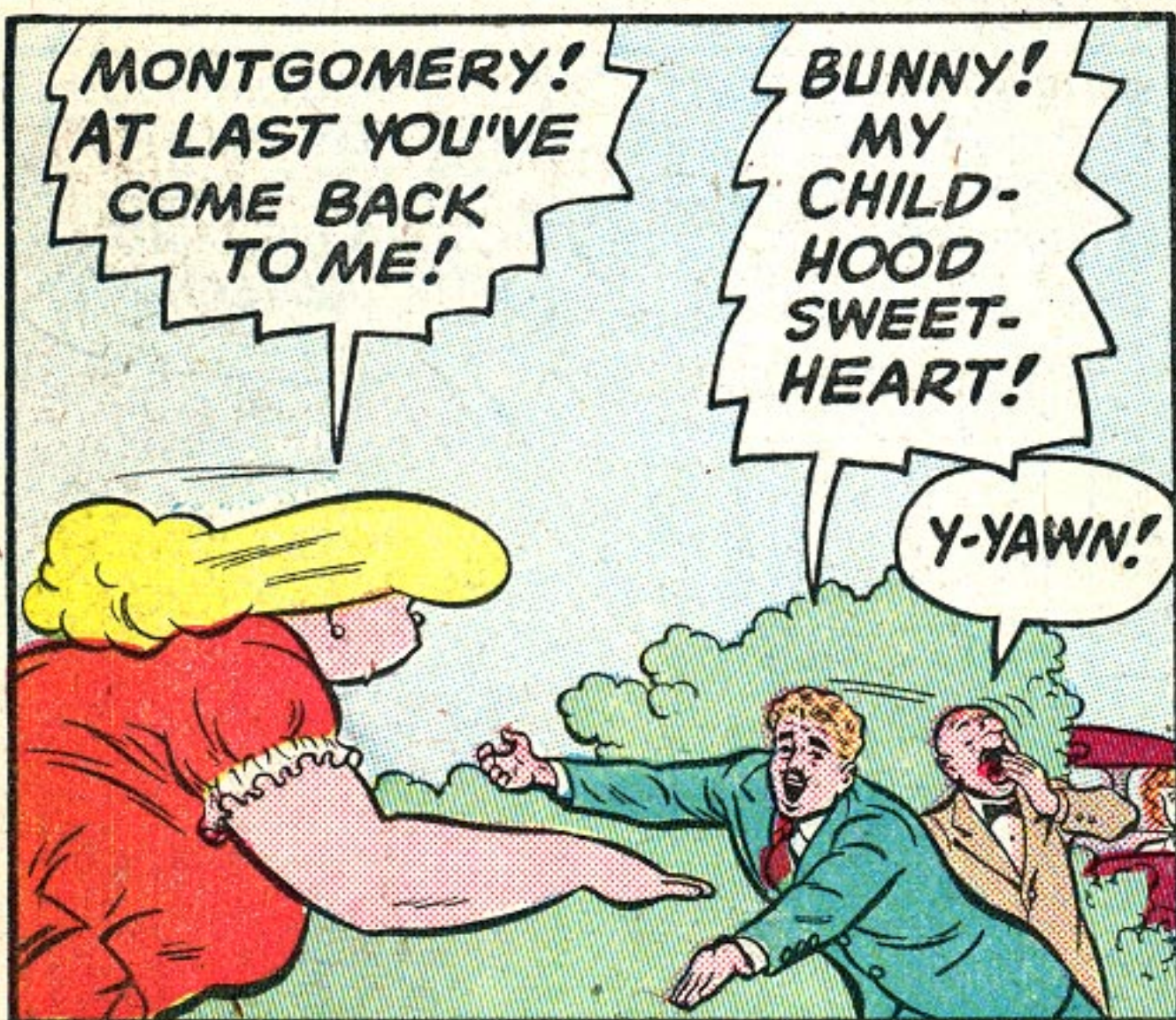
OH, **BATCH!**

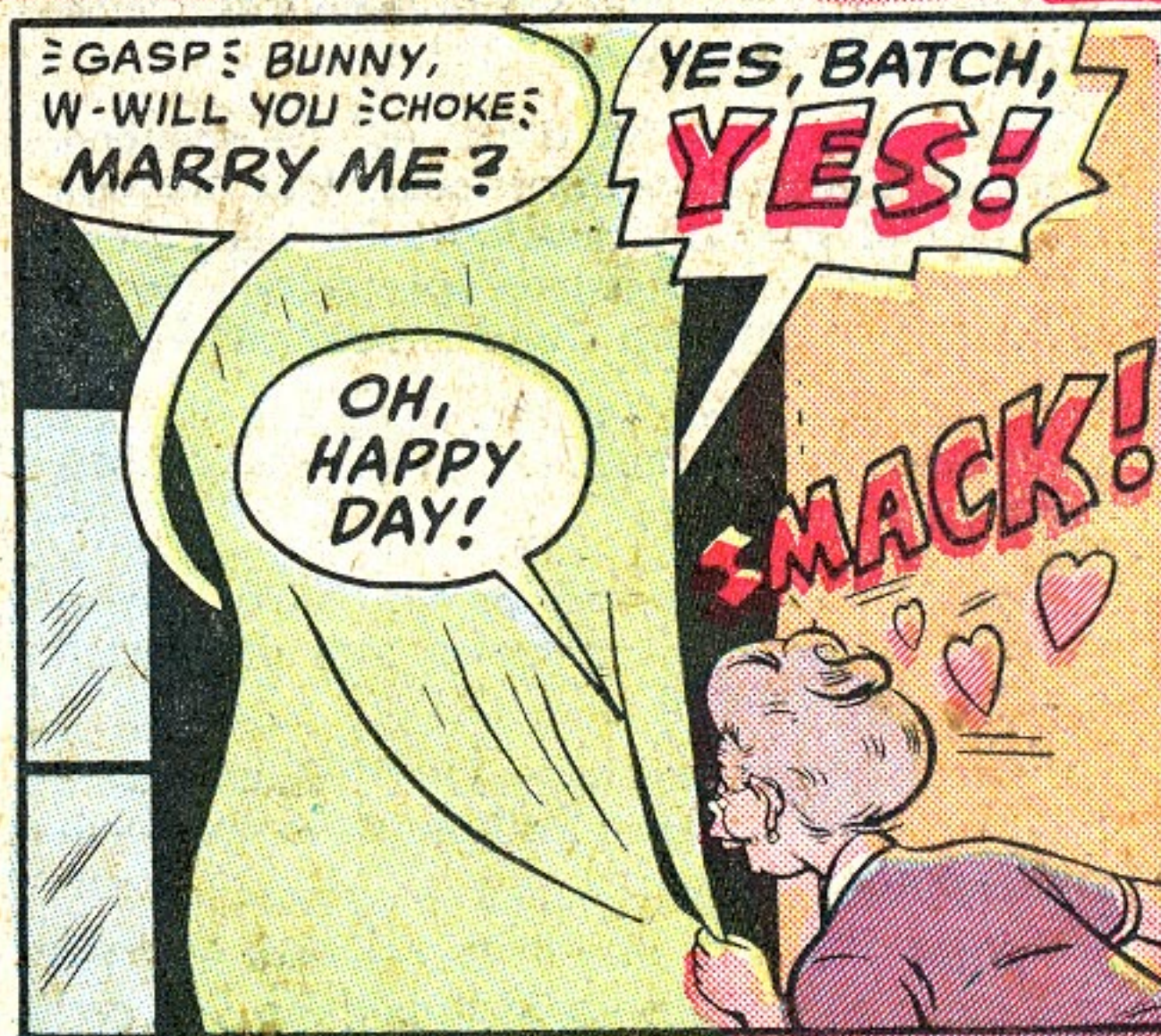
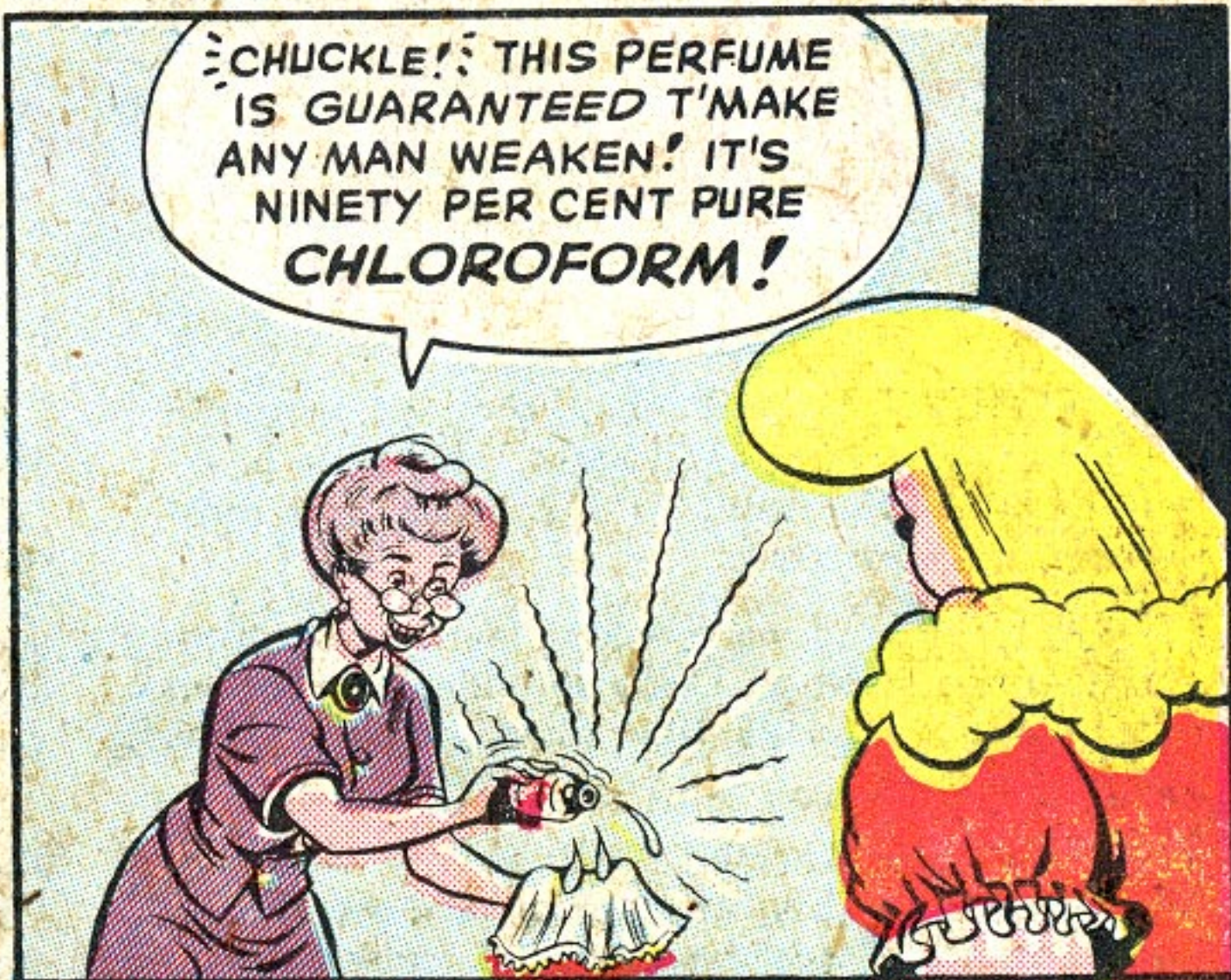
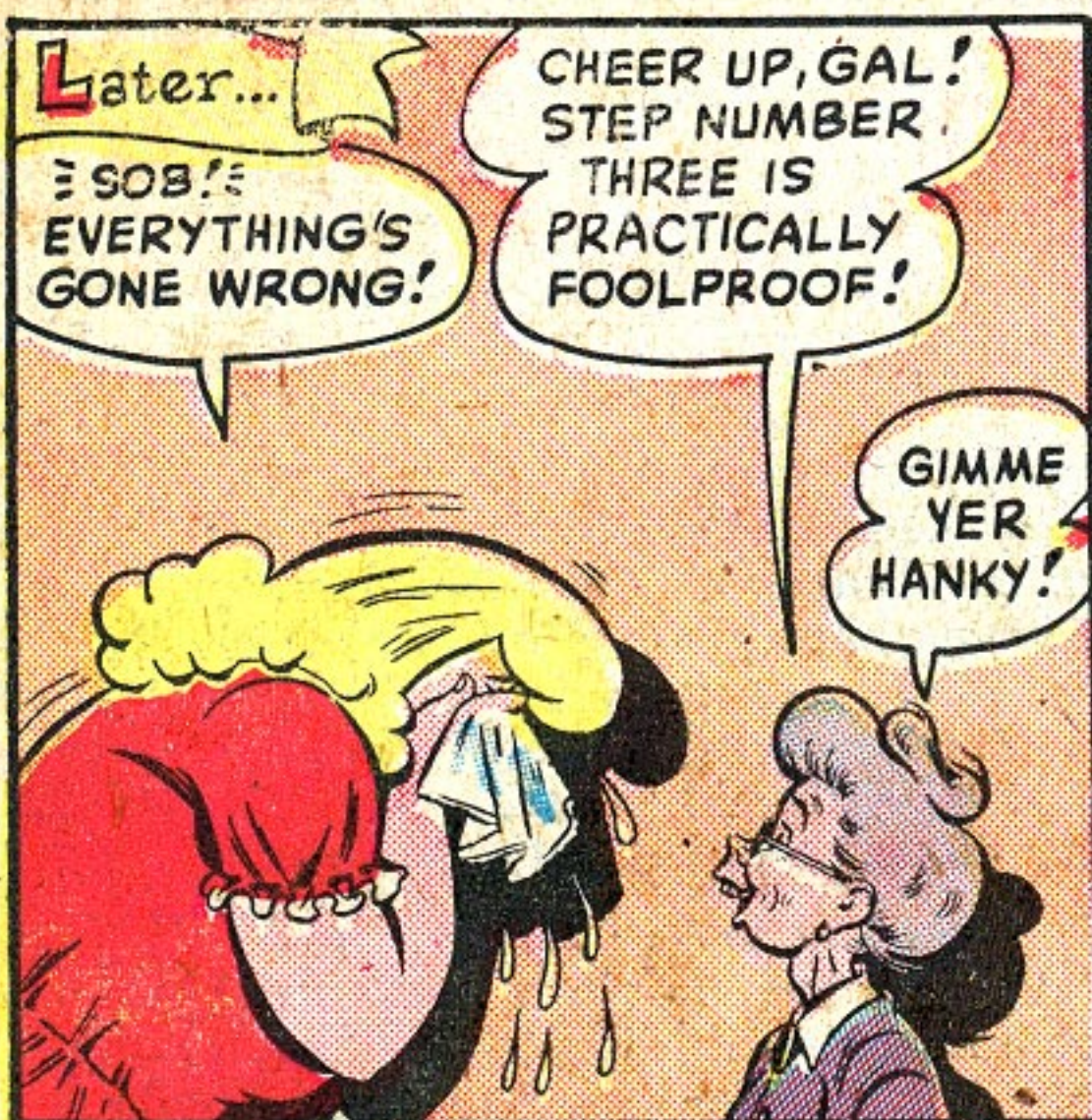


I'LL GET YOU A CHEF'S JOB AT THE RESTAURANT WHERE I EAT! I KNOW THE MANAGER!









Sniffer Snoop's FADEOUT

"GABBY," Doc Wackey shouted triumphantly, holding up a glass, "this little beaker contains the result of my latest and most successful experiment."

Gabby, the talking monkey, leaned over from his vantage point on Doc's shoulder and sniffed disdainfully. "Looks like plain water to me, Doc," he said.

"Bah!" Roc snorted, "it's merely that you cannot see. In this bit of glassware are dozens of transparent tadpoles," he said, "rendered invisible by a special diet fed to them since childhood—er—tadpole-hood."

"Don't take my word for it," he snapped, catching Gabby's doubtful look, "look through this pair of specially developed infra-red glasses." He picked up a pair of spectacles from his laboratory bench and slipped them on Gabby.

"Don't help a bit," Gabby complained, "all I can see is spots in front of my eyes: and the spots have tails."

Doc Wackey jumped up and down impatiently. "They're the tadpoles, you undersized gcrilla," he shouted.

"Don't blow your wig, Doc," Gabby said, taking off the glasses. Sure I see them, but what good are they?"

"What good are they?" Doc screamed. "Do you mean to tell me—how stupid can you get! As a matter of fact," he concluded weakly, "I haven't figured out any use for them. They lose their invisibility a few hours after I stop feeding them the special solution. I just fed them."

"Speaking of feeding," Gabby said brightly, "I think I'll dash out to the kitchen and eat a couple of visible bananas, unless you've been tampering with them, too."

"I'm a bit hungry from my labors, myself," Doc said. "I'll join you."

As they entered the kitchen, Doc absent-mindedly set the beaker down on the table and headed for the refrigerator. He had taken a couple of steps, when the back door opened and a hearty voice cried, "Fear not, Doc! Crime's double nemesis, Sniffer Snoop and Hotfoot, are here to protect you."

"Oh," Doc groaned, "I might have known as soon as I opened the icebox, old beagle nose would follow the trail and arrive in time to spoil my appetite."

Sniffer, preceded by Hotfoot, swung through the doorway and glanced about the kitchen. He spied the beaker on the table and said, "The walk over here made me thirsty; that water looks good." He picked the beaker up and drained its contents in one swallow. "Whew," he sputtered, "what kind of water is that? It tastes like a deserted goldfish bowl."

Doc Wackey looked up from the icebox as the detective set the glass back on the table. "You flounder-head," he stormed, "you've drunk up the only specimens of transparent tadpoles I have!"

"Tadpoles?" Sniffer questioned weakly, turning a mild shade of green. "You mean those little wiggly things that turn into frogs? I don't feel so good," he gulped miserably. "I think I'm poisoned."

Doc Wackey's angry glare turned to amazement. "Sniffer!" he shouted. Horrified, Doc watched as the pale detective's face faded from view. Hotfoot whimpered at the sight of his master's clothes and his pipe suspended in the air with no visible means of support.

"Too bad his disappearance is only temporary," Gabby observed.

"You say this is only temporary, Doc," Sniffer said, regaining a bit of invisible composure.

"I didn't know it would affect human beings," Doc replied, "but it never lasts more than a couple of hours on tadpoles, so it shouldn't on you."

"Great!" Sniffer gloated. "Only a great detective like me would think to take advantage of this, but I'll just have time to track down Macabre Monty and bring him to justice."

Sniffer paused at the doorway, his deerstalker's cap pointing toward the little bear. "Hotfoot," came his voice, "you stay here with Doc and Gabby. I'm going out after criminals and I can't have any visible companions. I'm," he chuckled, "out of this world."

"He sure is," Gabby said, "or at least he soon will be."

"Oh dear," Doc Wackey moaned, as Sniffer slipped out, "now he'll get himself into real trouble. I better call Dave and get him over here."

Soon after Doc's telephone call, Dave Clark pulled up to Doc's house and dashed inside. "Now let's get the whole story, Doc," he said

"You mentioned something about a formula that makes tadpoles invisible."

"Yes," Doc moaned, "and Sniffer accidentally drank it and became invisible, too. He's going to try to bring in Macabre Monty, the killer."

Dave whistled, tilting his hat to the back of his head. "That's a large order. The police have been trying to get a line on Monty since that bank job when he shot two guards."

"The worst part of it," Doc said, "is that he thinks he's entirely invisible. The formula only works on the cells of the body, and I forgot to tell him that his clothes are still visible to everyone."

"Just like Sniffer to go off half-cocked," Dave chuckled. "I'll bet he'll create quite a stir, looking like the Headless Horseman on foot."

"Hotfoot," Dave said to the little white bear, "we have a job for you. Do you think you can follow Sniffer's trail? Maybe we can catch up with him before he scares someone half to death."

The little bear nodded his head eagerly and bounded to the door. Gabby sulked a bit at being ignored, but followed the rest as they went outside into the darkness. Hotfoot immediately took up the trail, and led them down the street and toward the outskirts of town.

The trail took a sharp left turn, and up a narrow, little-used dirt road. Through towering fir trees, dim lights of a hilltop cottage could be seen. "Hmm," Dave muttered thoughtfully, "that's the old Ransom cottage. It's been deserted for a couple of years." Hotfoot confidently took up the scent again, leading them up the narrow winding path to the front walk of the little cottage.

Dave halted for a moment, holding onto the impatient Hotfoot, to let the panting Doc catch up with them. He looked on the porch to see the portly Sniffer Snoop walk up and rap loudly on the door.

Almost immediately the front door of the cottage sprang open, spilling brilliant light over Sniffer's tweeds. It was a weird sight: a bundle of upright clothes, with a deerstalker's cap floating over them and calabash pipe suspended about six inches below the cap.

Impatient, Sniffer rapped louder. The door opened a crack and a nervous voice begged, "Go away, we don't want any. Go haunt some other place."

"My good man," Sniffer said importantly, "I'm a detective on an—er—important case. I seem to have lost my way in the darkness, and I saw your lights. Could you direct me to the village?"

"Oh, a dick," the voice laughed nervously, "I guess that's one of your disguises."

Then a harsh voice came from within the house, saying, "What's the matter, Legs?"

"It's a bull," Legs answered, "but he ain't got no head."

"Don't let that worry you," the voice answered, "most of them never use theirs anyway. Show him in."

"O.K., Monty," Legs said hysterically, "if you want it that way—but I'm tellin' you he's a ghost or something. People don't go walkin' around at night without no heads. It ain't normal."

As Sniffer walked into the house, Doc and Gabby caught up with Dave, who held up his hand for silence. "It seems our friend Sniffer has stumbled onto something in his nebulous way," he said. "I think from now on, Midnight better handle this."

Dave Clark raced around to the back of the cottage, at the same time adjusting the mask which transformed him into Midnight, terror of criminals. He kicked open the back door and sprang lithely into the room.

Cowering behind two chairs were Legs and Macabre Monty, who held a pistol in his shaking hand, trying to draw a bead on the clothes of Sniffer Snoop. The latter's cap pointed directly at the gunman.

"Midnight," Monty rasped, "I never thought I'd be glad to see you! Take me away from this haunted joint. I'll confess to the Seventh National Bank job. Call the cops."

Midnight grinned, and took the gun from the unnerved Monty's grasp. "It looks like you finally got your man, Sniffer," he said, "but you had to be invisible to do it."

"What are you doing here, Midnight?" Sniffer asked. "I just came here to ask directions to town, and these two gentlemen became frightened. I haven't been able to remember anything since I drank something at Doc Wackey's."

Midnight took Sniffer by the arm and led him to the cracked looking glass hanging on the wall. The chubby detective took one look at himself in the mirror, and would have collapsed without the support of Midnight. "Now I remember!" he choked. "I—I'm invisible, and these two thugs are Macabre Monty and Legs."

Later, Dave Clark deposited the quartet of friends back at Doc Wackey's laboratory home, after declining an invitation to join them. "My broadcast is on in five minutes," he said, "and I'll have to break every speed law in the county to get there on time."

"Better be careful what you drink at Doc's place, from now on Sniffer," he warned the now visible detective pleasantly, putting his car into gear. "Someday he might discover a formula to make you a detective."

The JESTER

THE GREAT MONGOLIE thought he'd fleece his audiences by giving his magic act a sharper angle! But Chuck Lane, as THE JESTER, came along and made the magician's NEW SCHEME look like OLD HAT!



OH, DEAR, LOOK WHAT I DID, RICHARD! I BROKE THE BAND ON MY TIARA! NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO WEAR IT TO THE CONCERT TOMORROW NIGHT!

IT'S NOTHING, CLARA! I'LL DROP IT OFF AT SQUIFFANY'S ON MY WAY TO THE OFFICE TOMORROW! THEY'LL REPAIR IT BY EVENING!



The next morning...

WE CAN REPAIR IT, BUT IT WILL COST YOU TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS!

YES! UNFORTUNATELY, THAT'S MORE THAN THE MR. CARLSON TIARA ITSELF IS WORTH!

YOU'RE JOKING! I PAID FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS FOR IT! WHY, YOU SOLD IT TO ME YOURSELF LAST SPRING!



THE ORIGINAL OF THIS, YES! BUT THIS IS A CHEAP IMITATION!

YOU'RE LYING! YOU'RE TRYING TO CHEAT ME! I'LL HAVE YOU ARRESTED! I'LL CALL THE POLICE!





HELP! POLICE!

PLEASE, SIR! CONTAIN YOURSELF! THERE'S NO NEED TO GET SO EXCITED!

D'YOU NEED HELP, SIR? OFFICER CHUCK LANE AT YOUR SERVICE!



I TELL YOU, THIS MAN'S TRYING TO ROB ME! I DEMAND YOU ARREST HIM THIS INSTANT!

MR. CARLSON, PLEASE! THIS IS ALL UNNECESSARY!

JUST A MOMENT! LET'S ALL GO INSIDE! THEN YOU CAN TELL ME WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT!



Minutes later...

... AND YOU KNOW THAT SQUIFFANY'S WOULD NEVER STOOP TO A STUNT LIKE THAT, OFFICER! WE'RE A REPUTABLE FIRM!

HE'S RIGHT, MR. CARLSON! I'M AFRAID YOU'VE BEEN THE VICTIM OF A CLEVER THIEF!

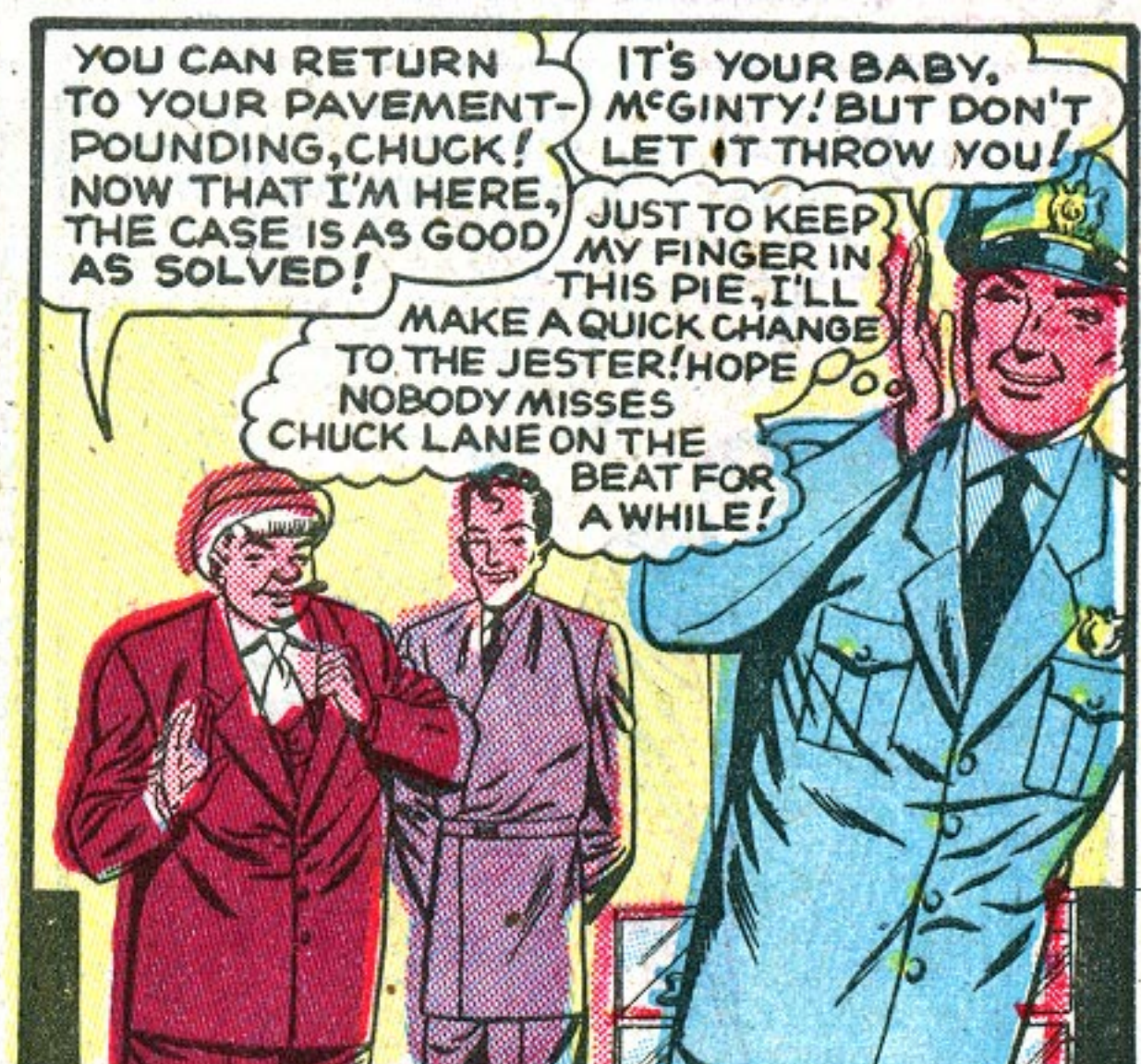
DID SOMEONE PAGE ME!



SOMEONE HERE CALLED THE LARCENY SQUAD! THEY SENT DOWN THEIR ACE MAN, MCGINTY HIMSELF!

I PUT IN THE CALL, SIR! JUST TO BE ON THE SAFE SIDE!

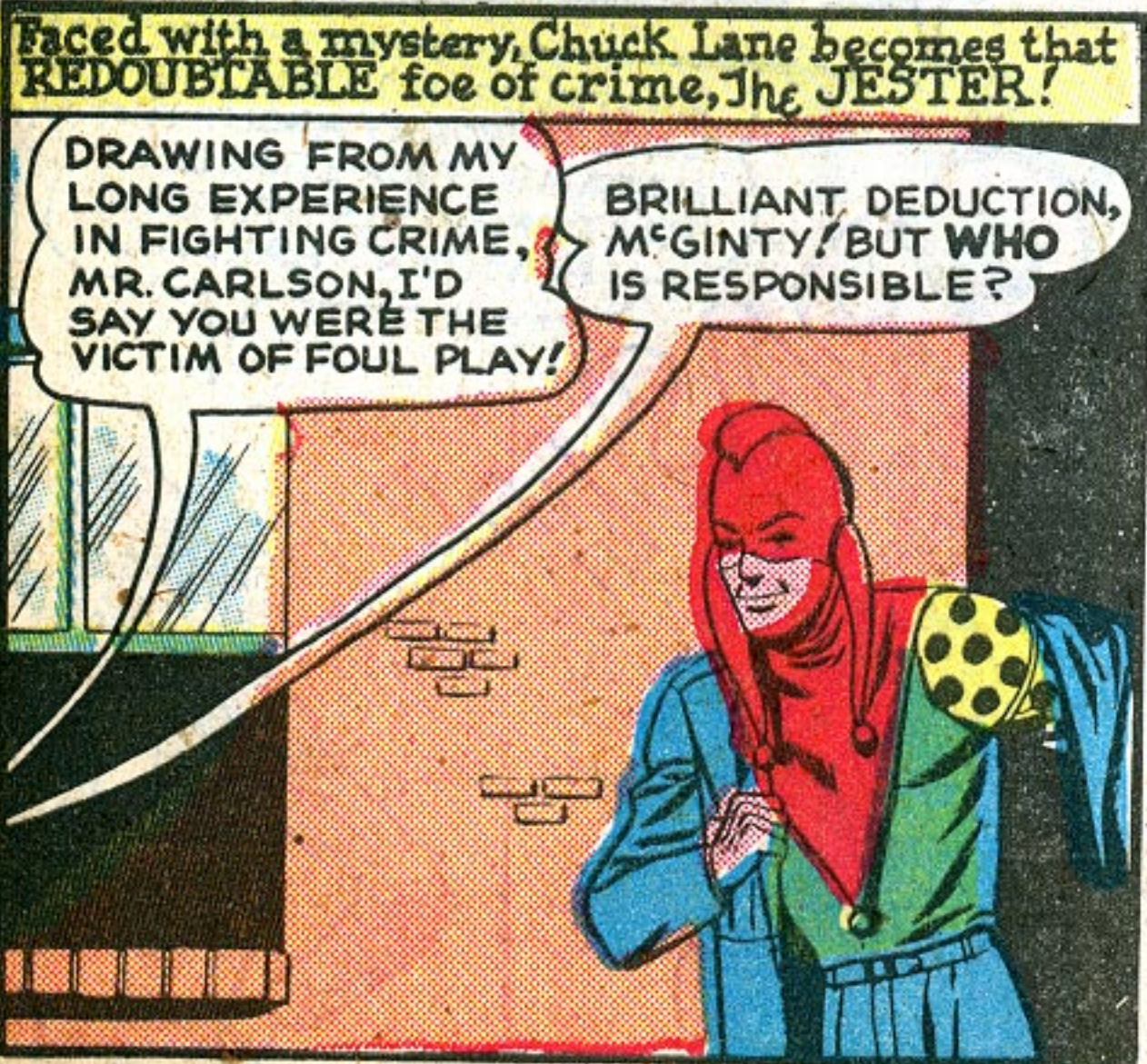
YOU DID THE RIGHT THING, PHILIP!



YOU CAN RETURN TO YOUR PAVEMENT-POUNGING, CHUCK! NOW THAT I'M HERE, THE CASE IS AS GOOD AS SOLVED!

IT'S YOUR BABY, MCGINTY! BUT DON'T LET IT THROW YOU!

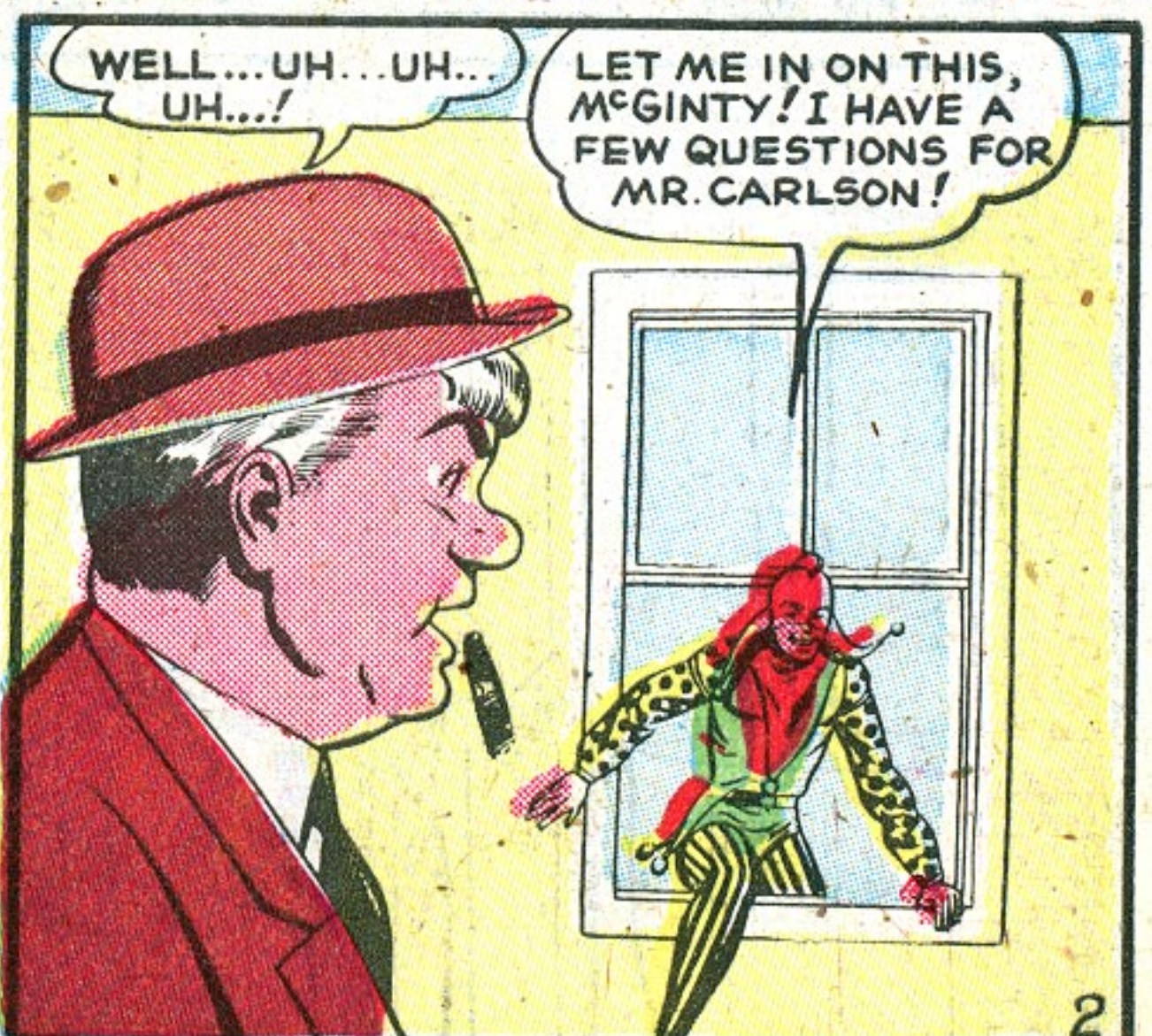
JUST TO KEEP MY FINGER IN THIS PIE, I'LL MAKE A QUICK CHANGE TO THE JESTER! HOPE NOBODY MISSES CHUCK LANE ON THE BEAT FOR A WHILE!



Faced with a mystery, Chuck Lane becomes that REDOUBTABLE foe of crime, the JESTER!

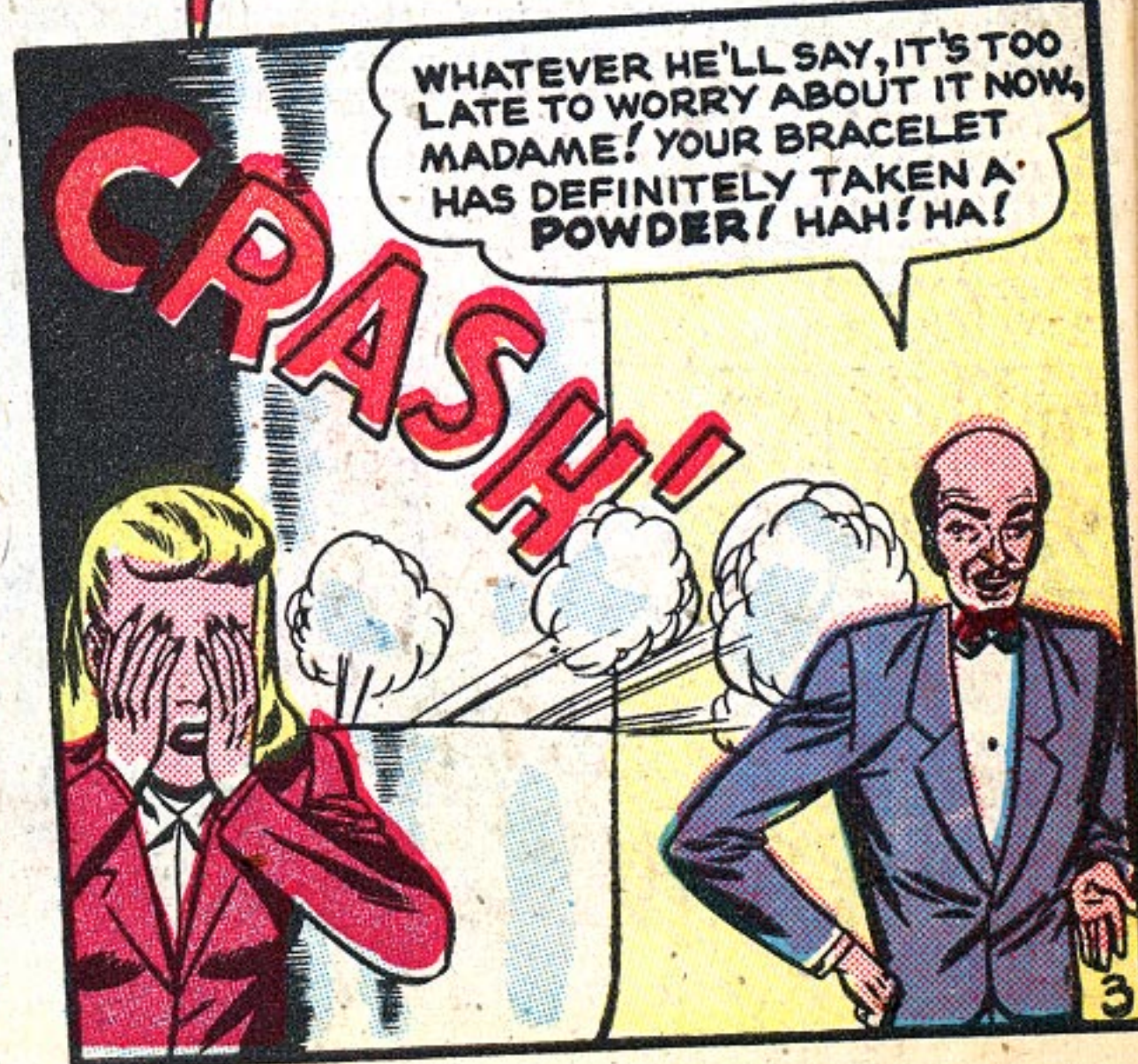
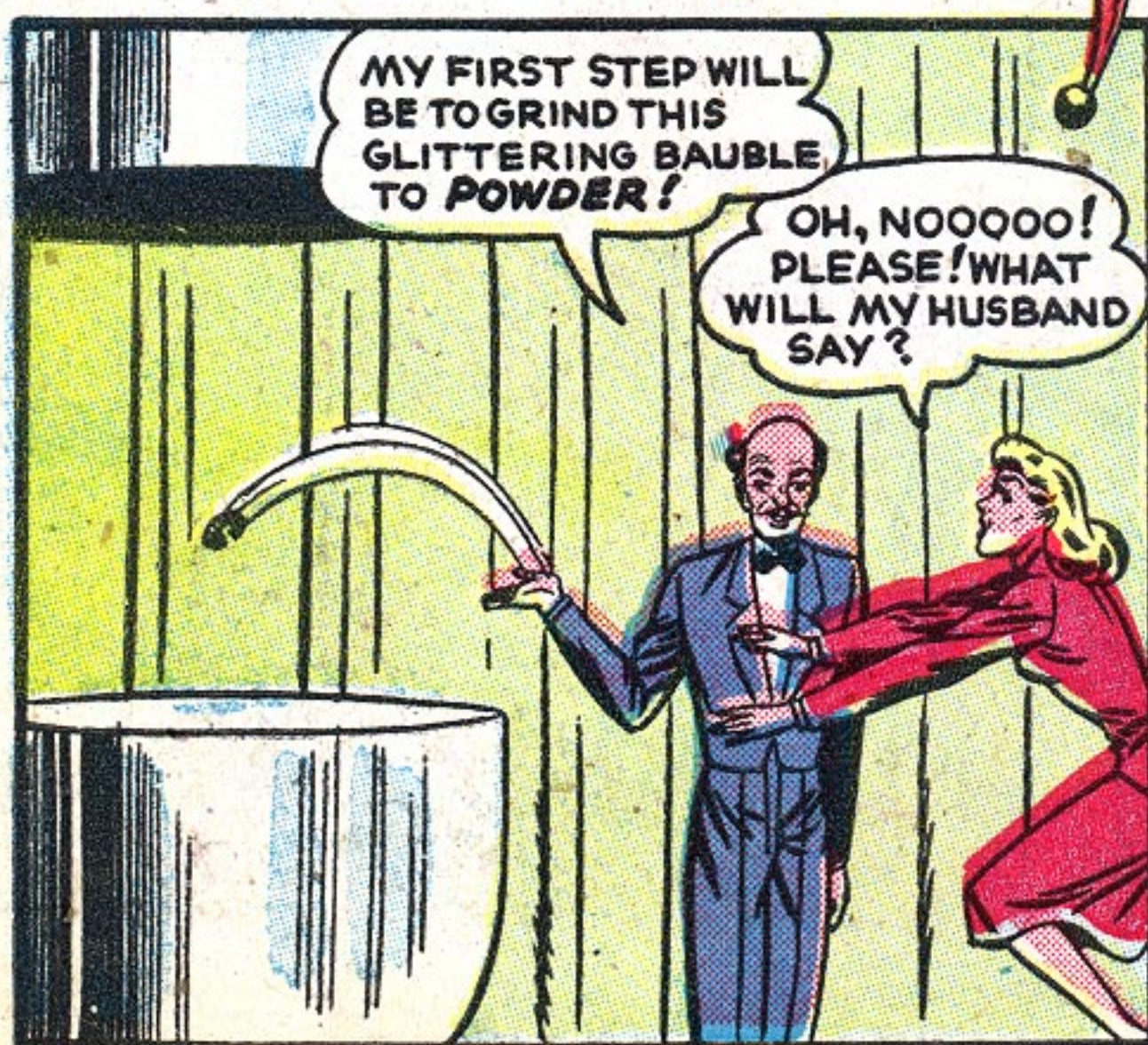
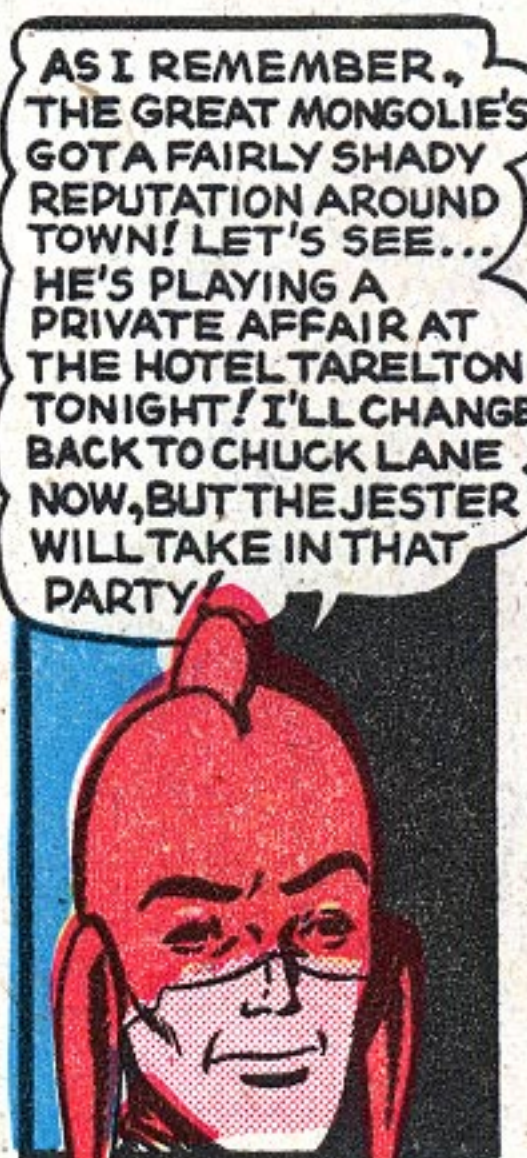
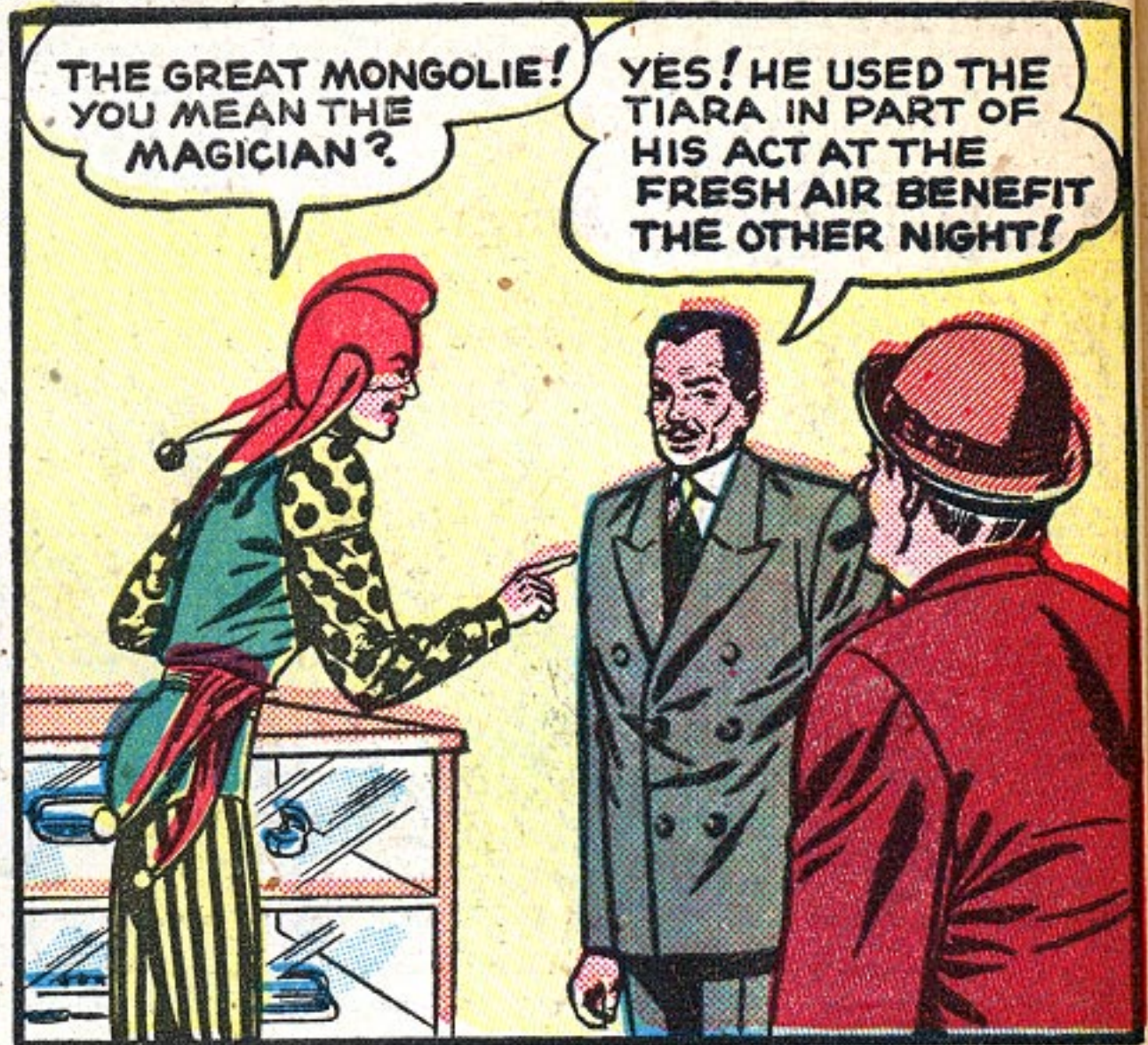
DRAWING FROM MY LONG EXPERIENCE IN FIGHTING CRIME, MR. CARLSON, I'D SAY YOU WERE THE VICTIM OF FOUL PLAY!

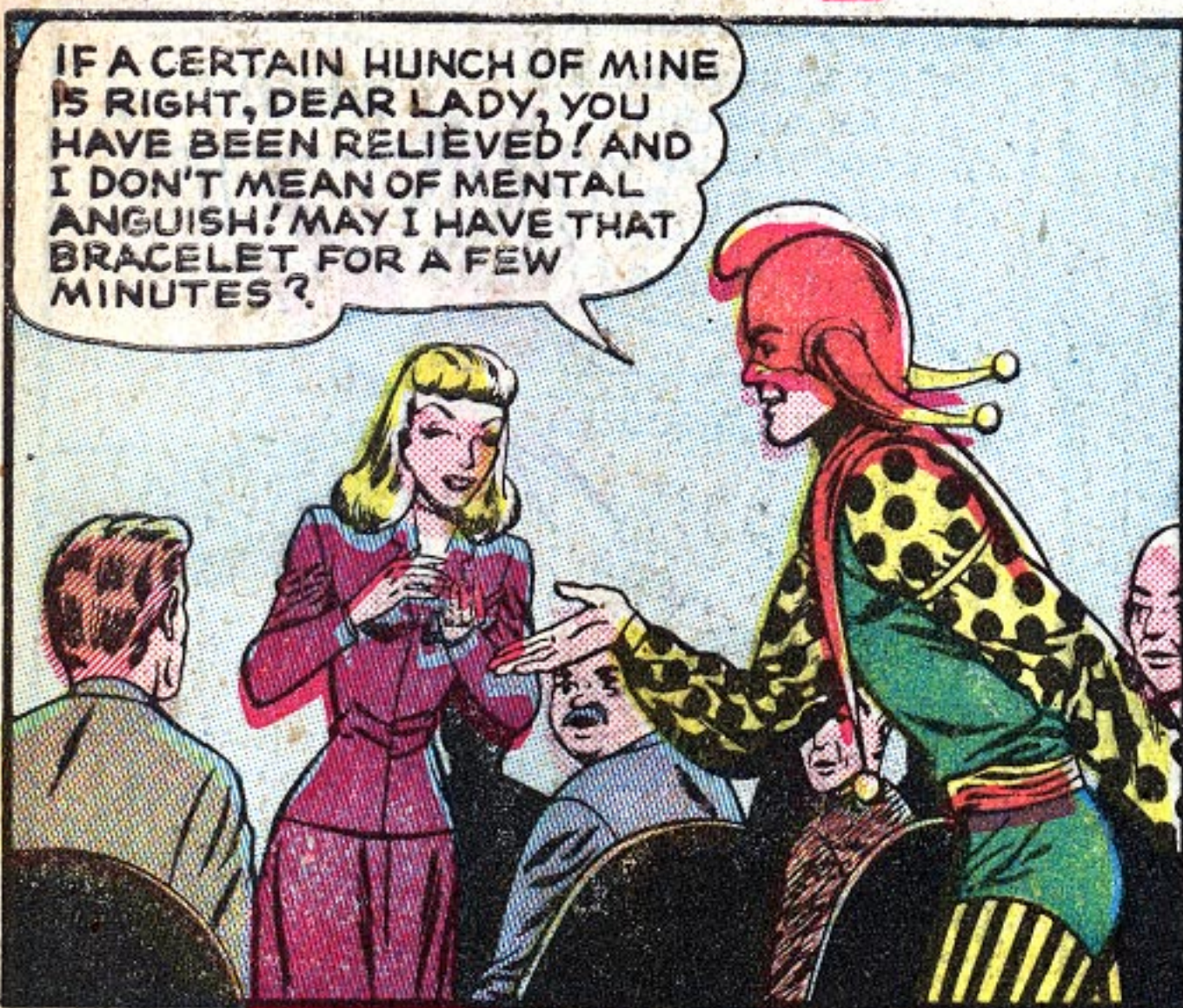
BRILLIANT DEDUCTION, MCGINTY! BUT WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?



WELL... UH... UH... UH...!

LET ME IN ON THIS, MCGINTY! I HAVE A FEW QUESTIONS FOR MR. CARLSON!





Later, the ballroom of the Hotel Tarelton...

NOW, FOR MY FINAL TRICK OF THE EVENING, THE ORIENTAL RUG ILLUSION! YOU SEE BEFORE YOU, AN ORDINARY RUG! NOTHING OVER IT, NOTHING UNDER IT! YET, WHEN I LIFT IT UP...



PRESTO! I REVEAL A LOVELY--! ULP! JESTER!

END YOUR ILLUSIONS, MY CLEVER MAGICIAN! I'M ON TO YOUR JEWELRY TRICKS!



WELL, HERE'S A TRICK FROM A NEW BAG!

HUH?



MEET QUINOPOLIS! HE HAS A HABIT OF POPPING UP OUT OF NOWHERE, BUT USUALLY IN THE RIGHT PLACES!

WHULP!



WHAT'S THE IDEA OF PULLIN' ME OFF THAT JEWELRY CASE WITH YOUR PHONE CALL, JESTER? I WUZ JUST ABOUT TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY!

YOUR DISCOVERY'S ALL WET, MCGINTY! HERE'S YOUR THIEF!



I WANT TO SEARCH MONGOLIE'S DRESSING ROOM FOR EVIDENCE! KEEP HIM HERE UNTIL I RETURN!

ARE YOU SEARCHING FOR YOUR GUN?

HUH?

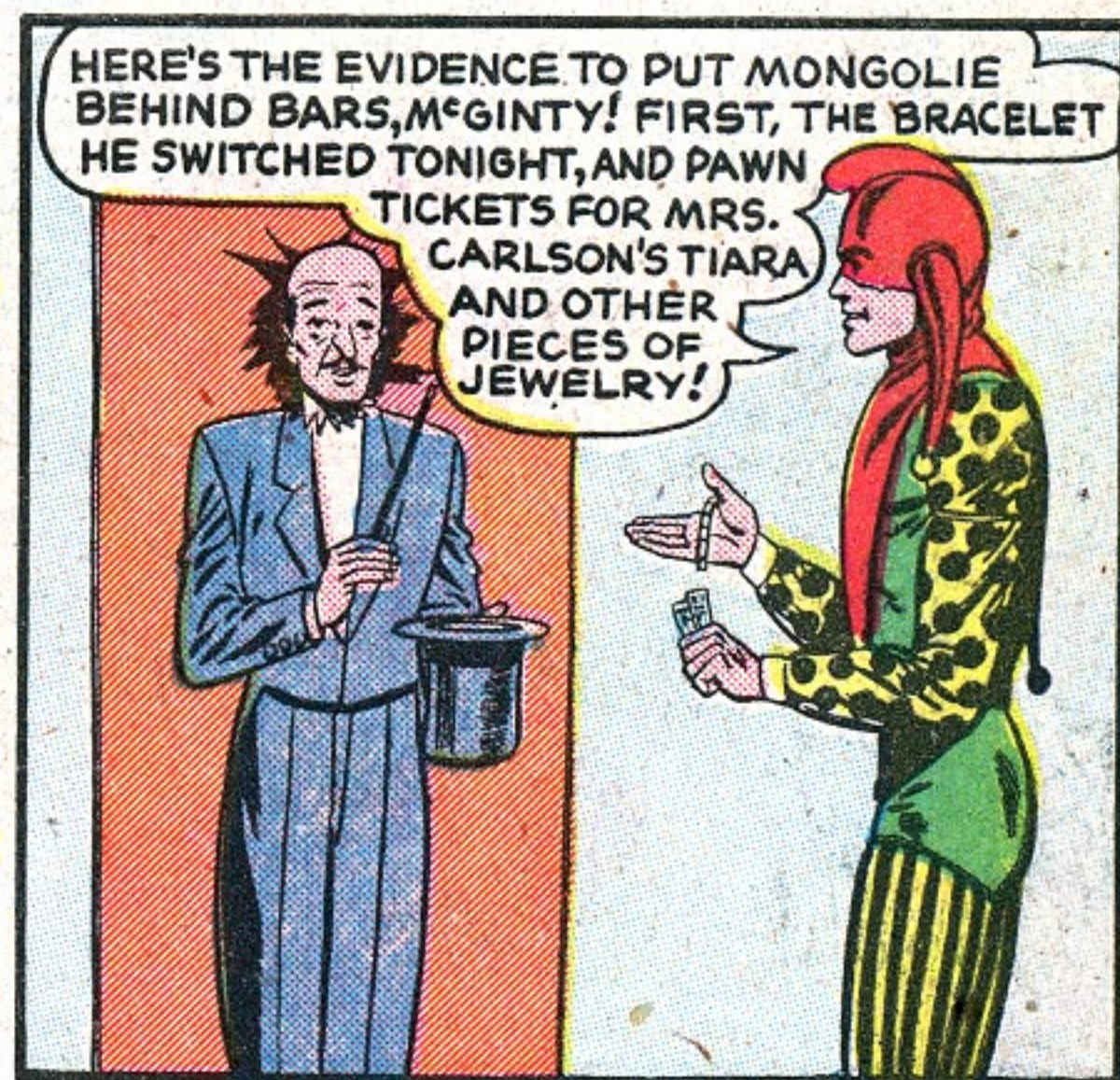
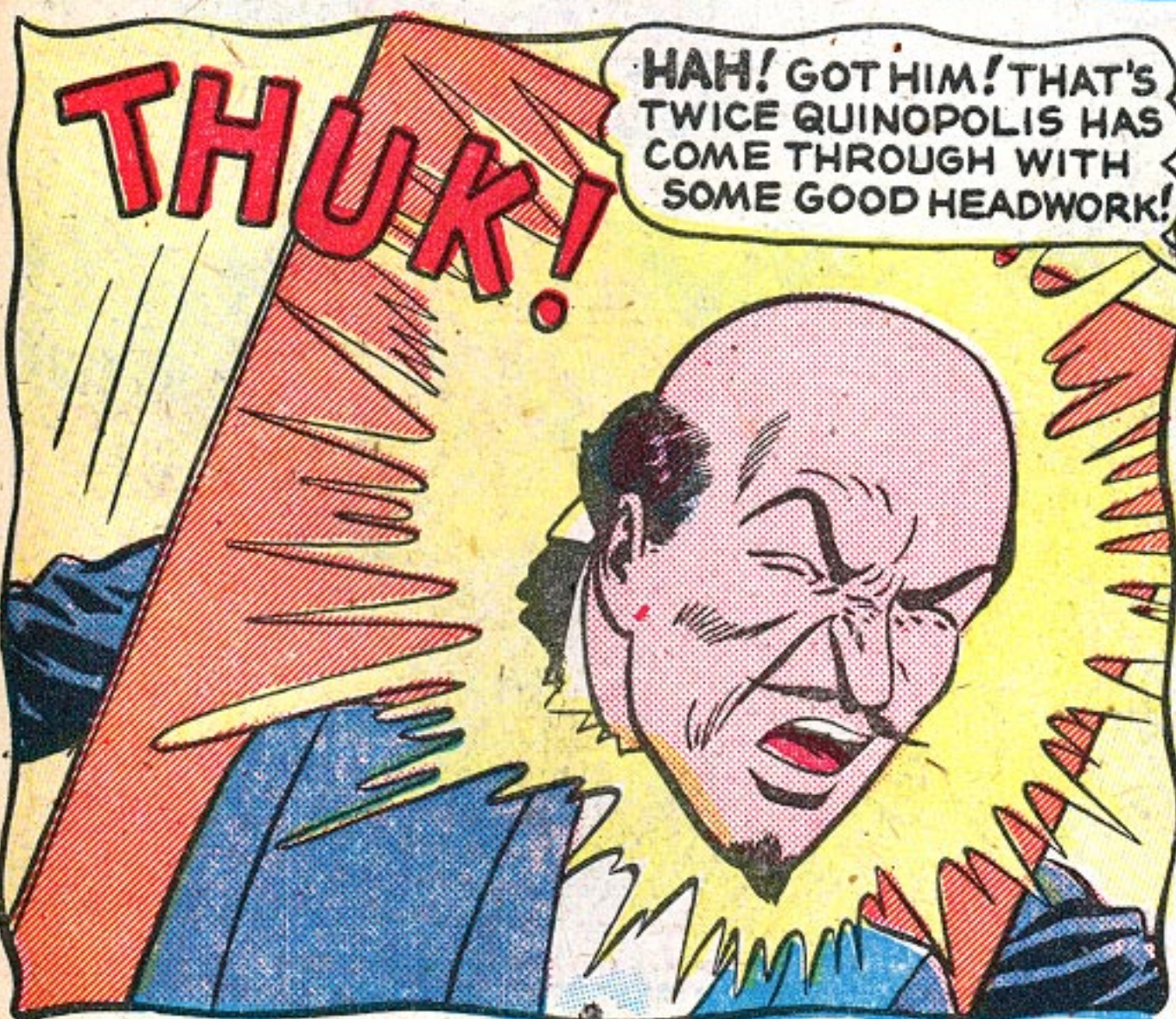
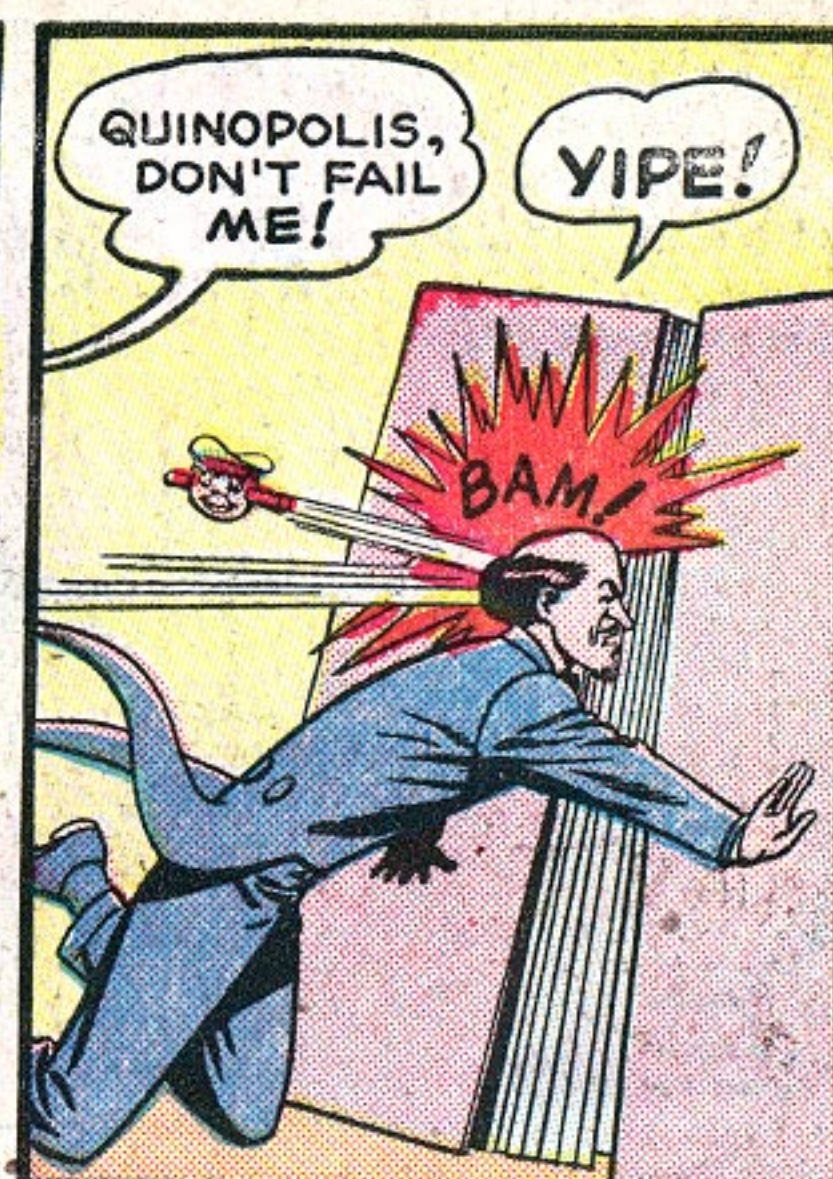
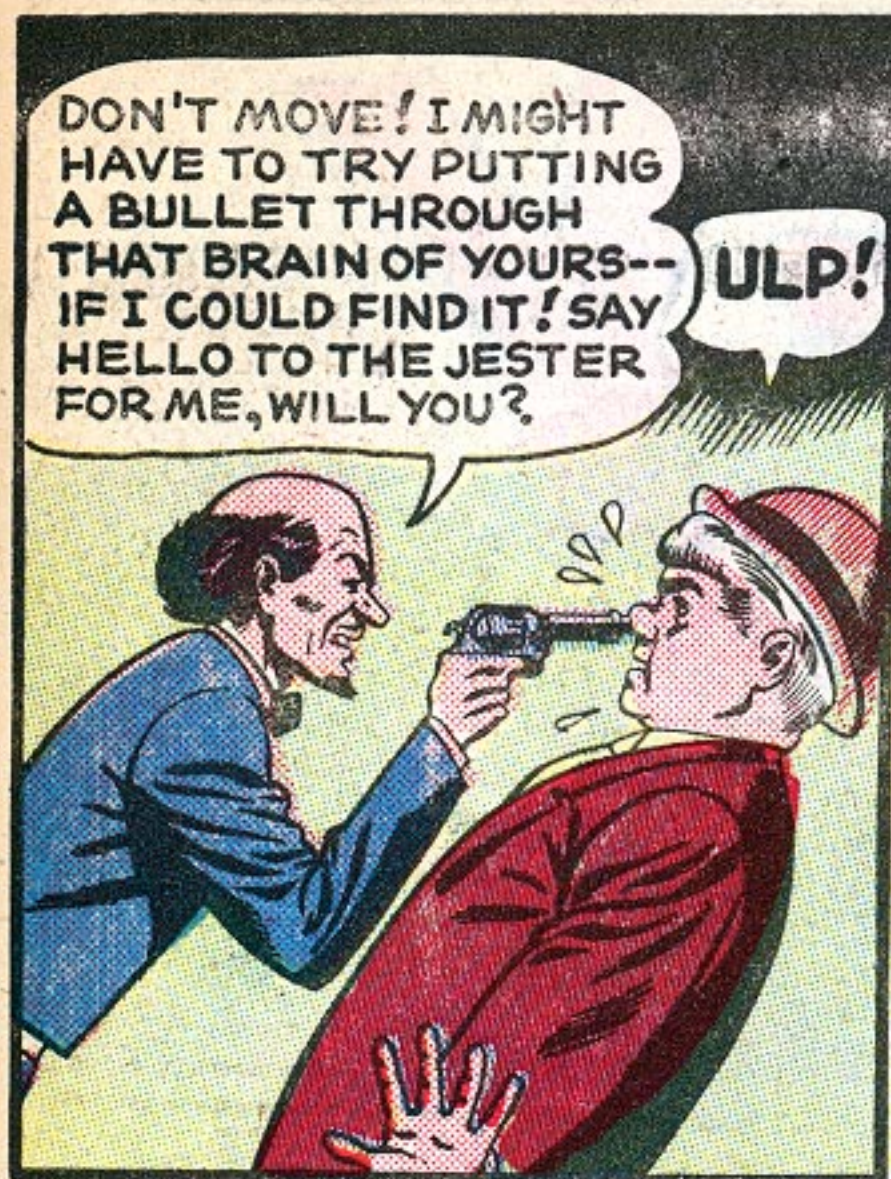


...IF SO, I HAVE ONE TOO!

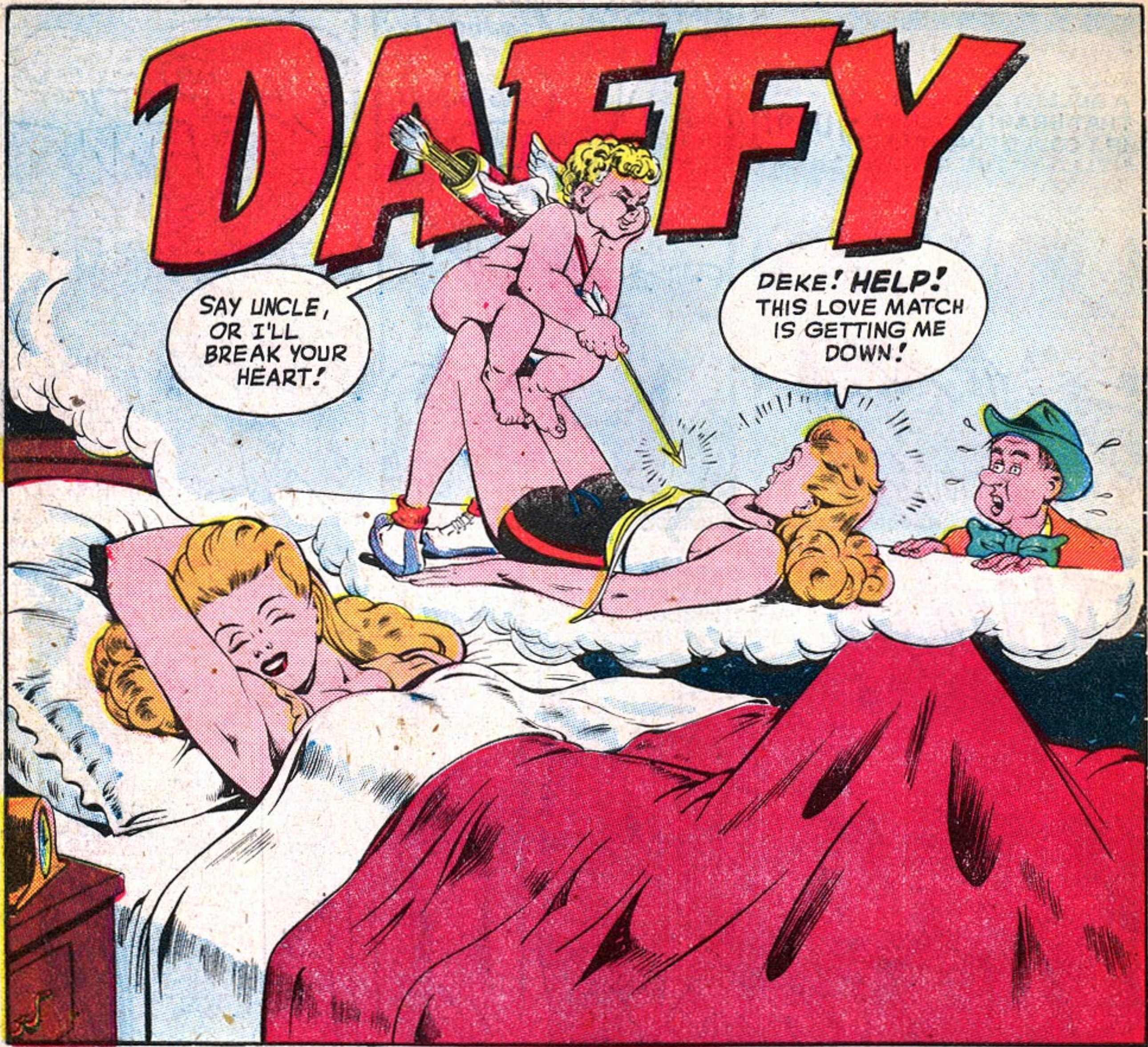
HEY!



SMASH COMICS

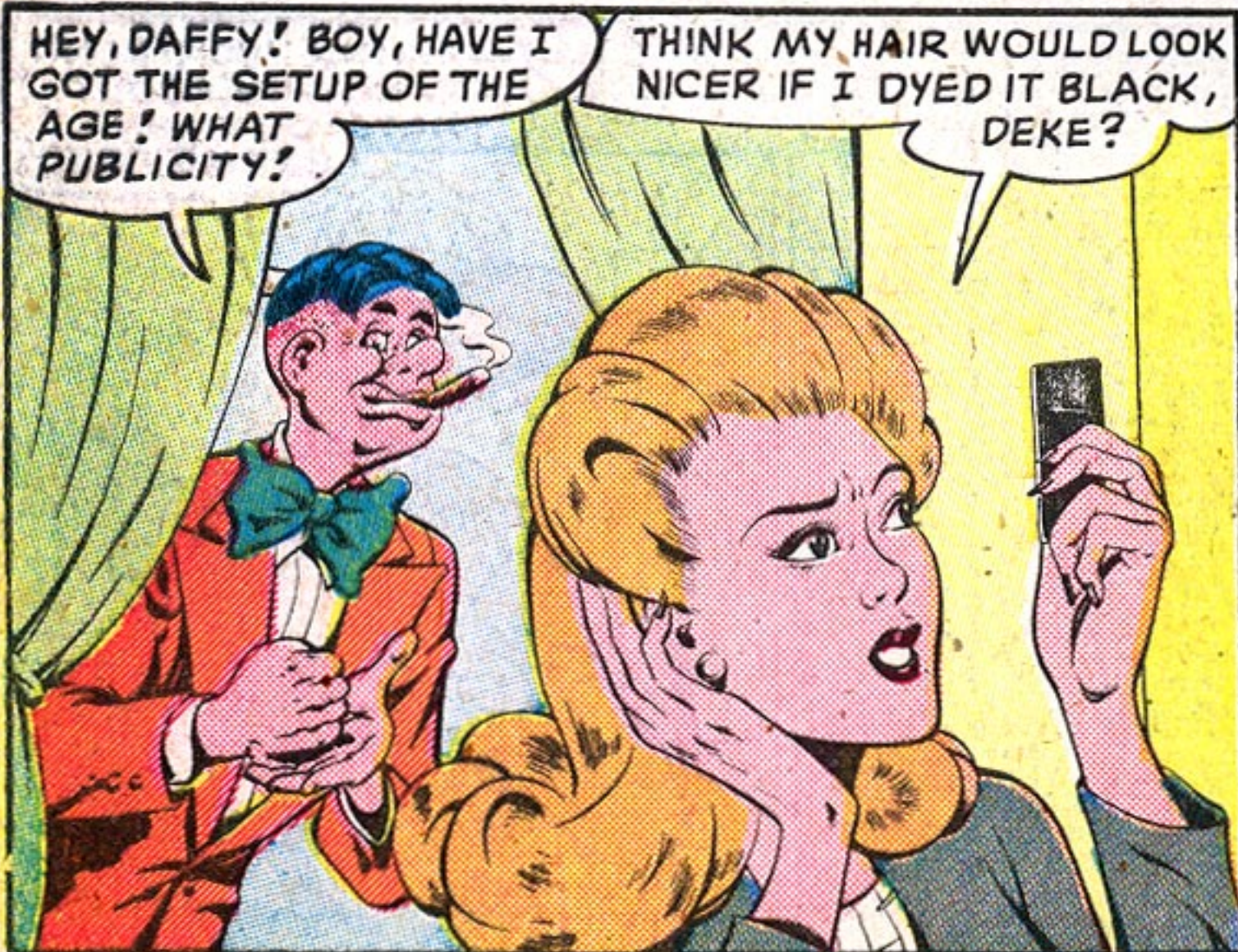


DAFFY



HEY, DAFFY! BOY, HAVE I GOT THE SETUP OF THE AGE! WHAT PUBLICITY!

THINK MY HAIR WOULD LOOK NICER IF I DYED IT BLACK, DEKE?



DO I LOOK MYSTERIOUS, DEKE?

HUH?





I'VE MATCHED YOU AGAINST TWO WOMEN AT THE SAME TIME, DAFFY! IT'S FOR THE COPPERTHWAIT CHARITY DRIVE! WHAT A STORY IT'LL MAKE!

DON'T BE VULGAR! ISN'T THIS A CUTE HAT?



I'M NOT INTERESTED IN WRESTLING ANY MORE, SO YOU CAN CANCEL THAT MATCH AS FAR AS I'M CONCERNED! RIGHT NOW I'D JUST LIKE SOME LONG-STEMMED ROSES!

DAFFY, HOW LONG HAVE YOU BEEN IN THIS FRAME OF MIND?



JEROME LOVES LONG-STEMMED ROSES!

WHO CARES WHAT JEROME LIKES... AND WHO IS JEROME?



JEROME IS THE MOST WONDERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD, DEKE! HE'S A REAL PROTECTOR OF WOMANHOOD!

YOU DON'T NEED A JEROME TO PROTECT YOU, DAFFY! THAT'S... AH... ONE REASON WHY I'M YOUR MANAGER!

AND I'D BETTER START FUNCTIONING IF I'M GOING TO SAVE THAT MATCH!



PARDON ME WHILE I SLIP INTO SOMETHING MORE FEMININE! JEROME THINKS A WOMAN SHOULD LOOK FEMININE!

JEROME! PHOOEY!



THAT MUST BE JEROME NOW! PLEASE LET HIM IN, DEKE!

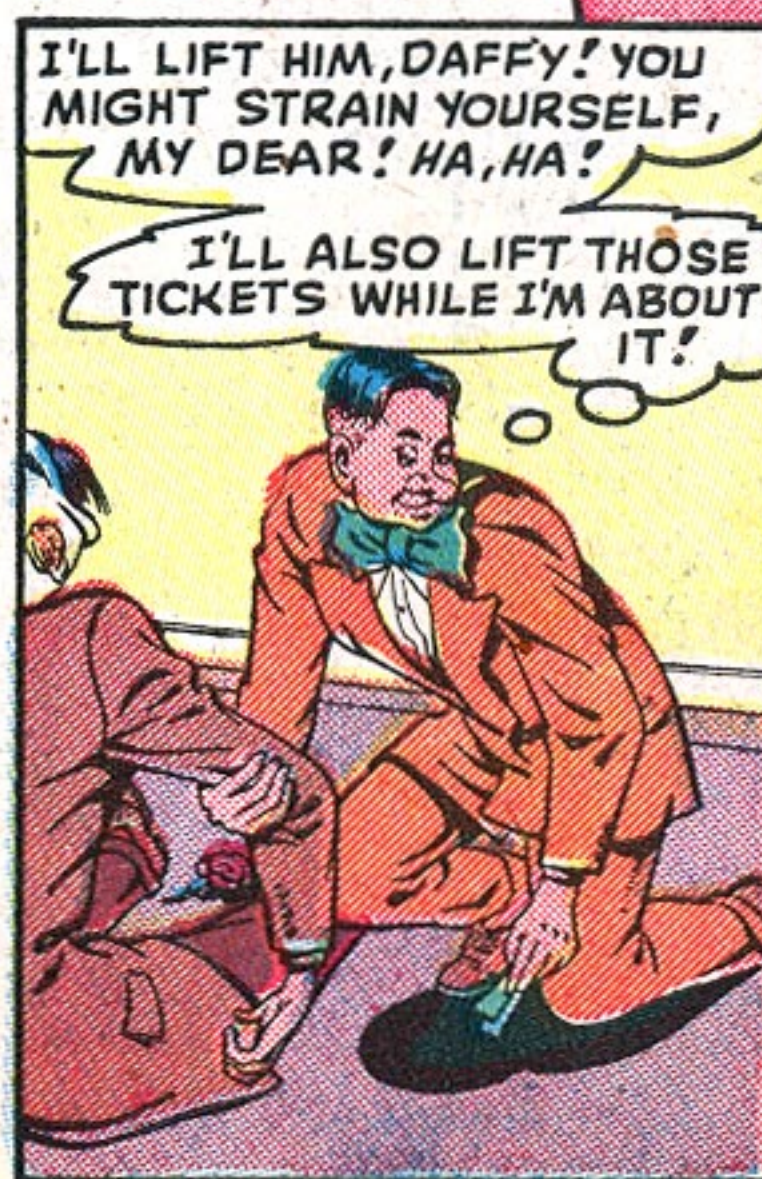
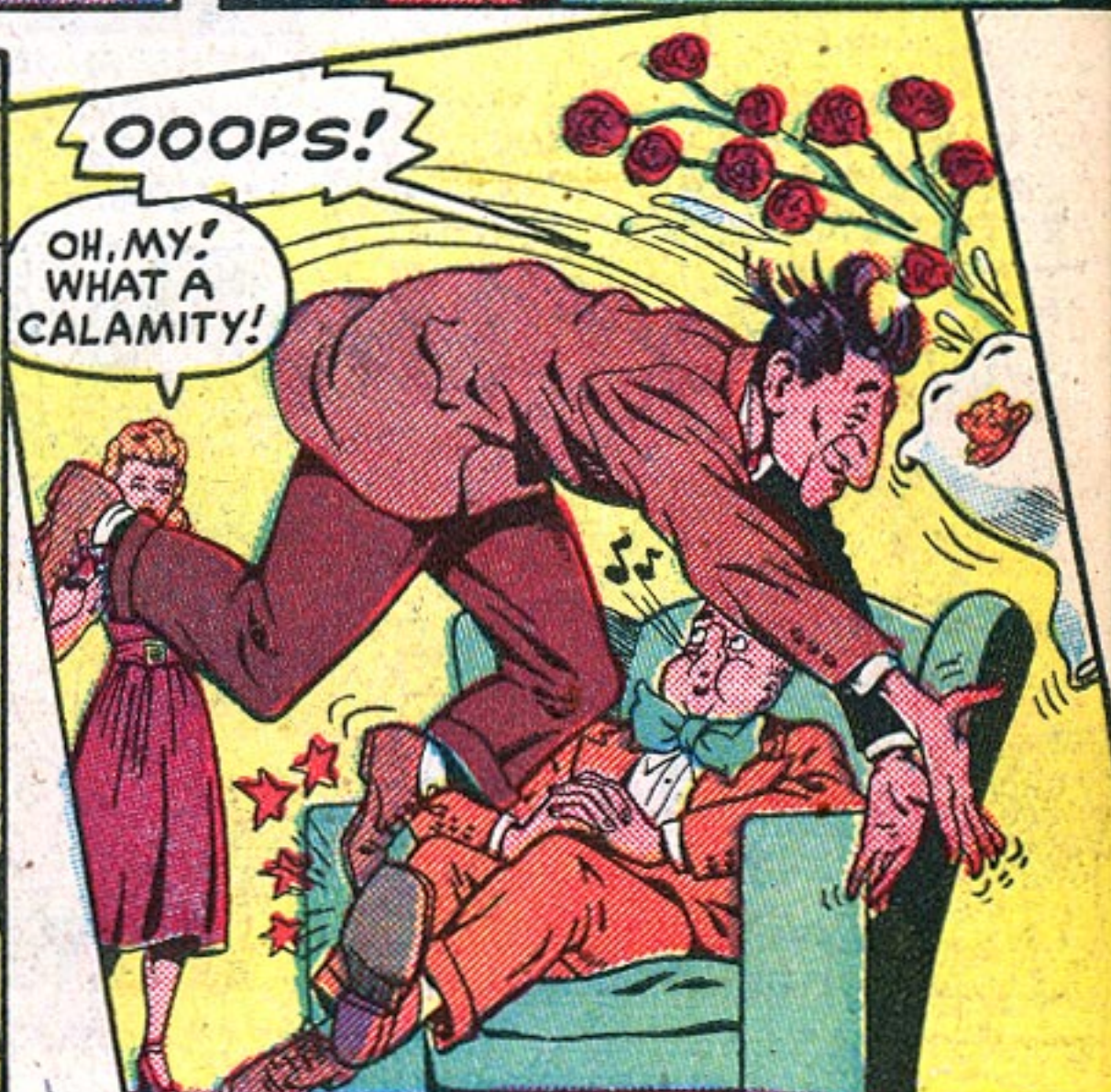
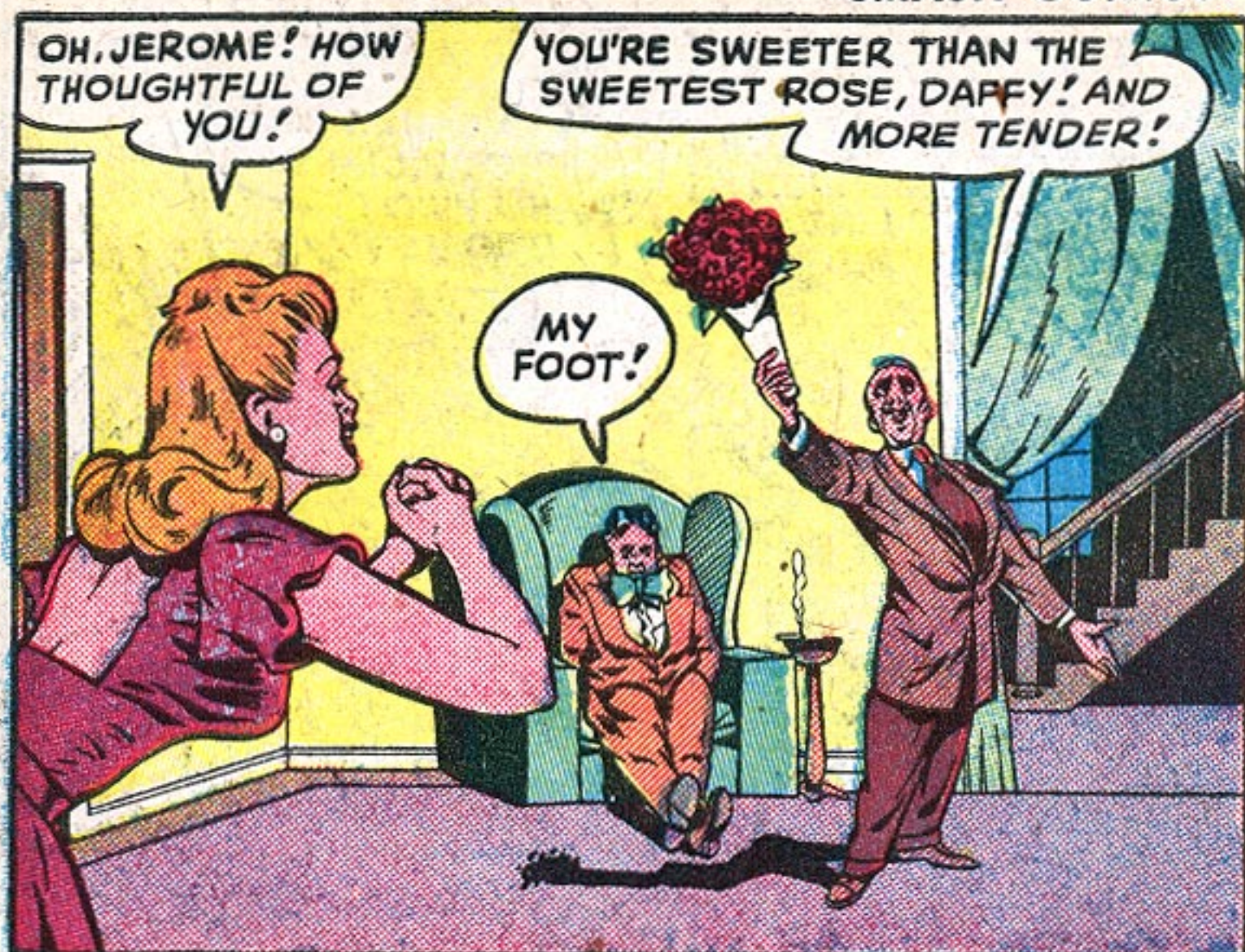
HMPH! NOW I'M A DOORMAN FOR SOME MUSHY JOE!

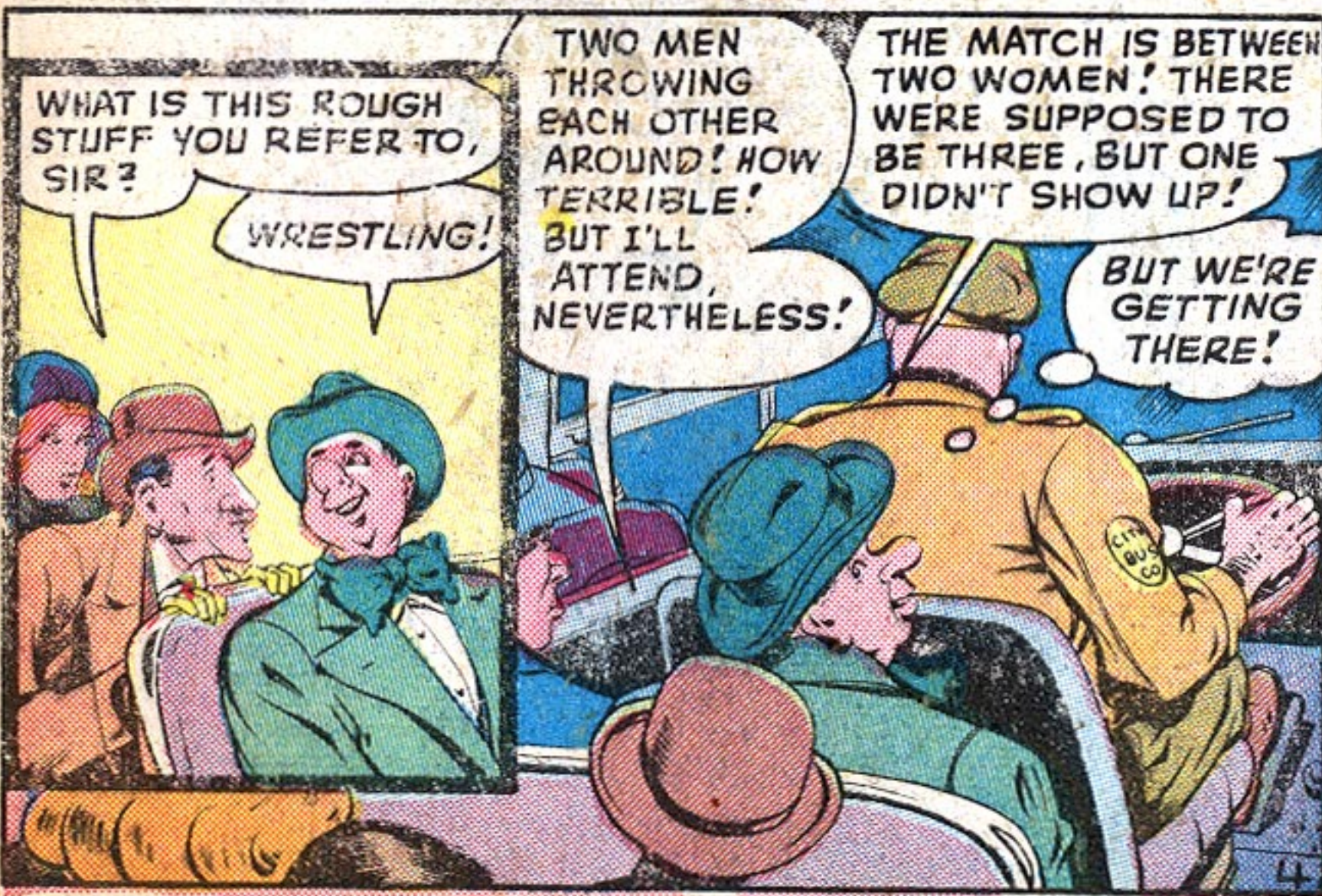
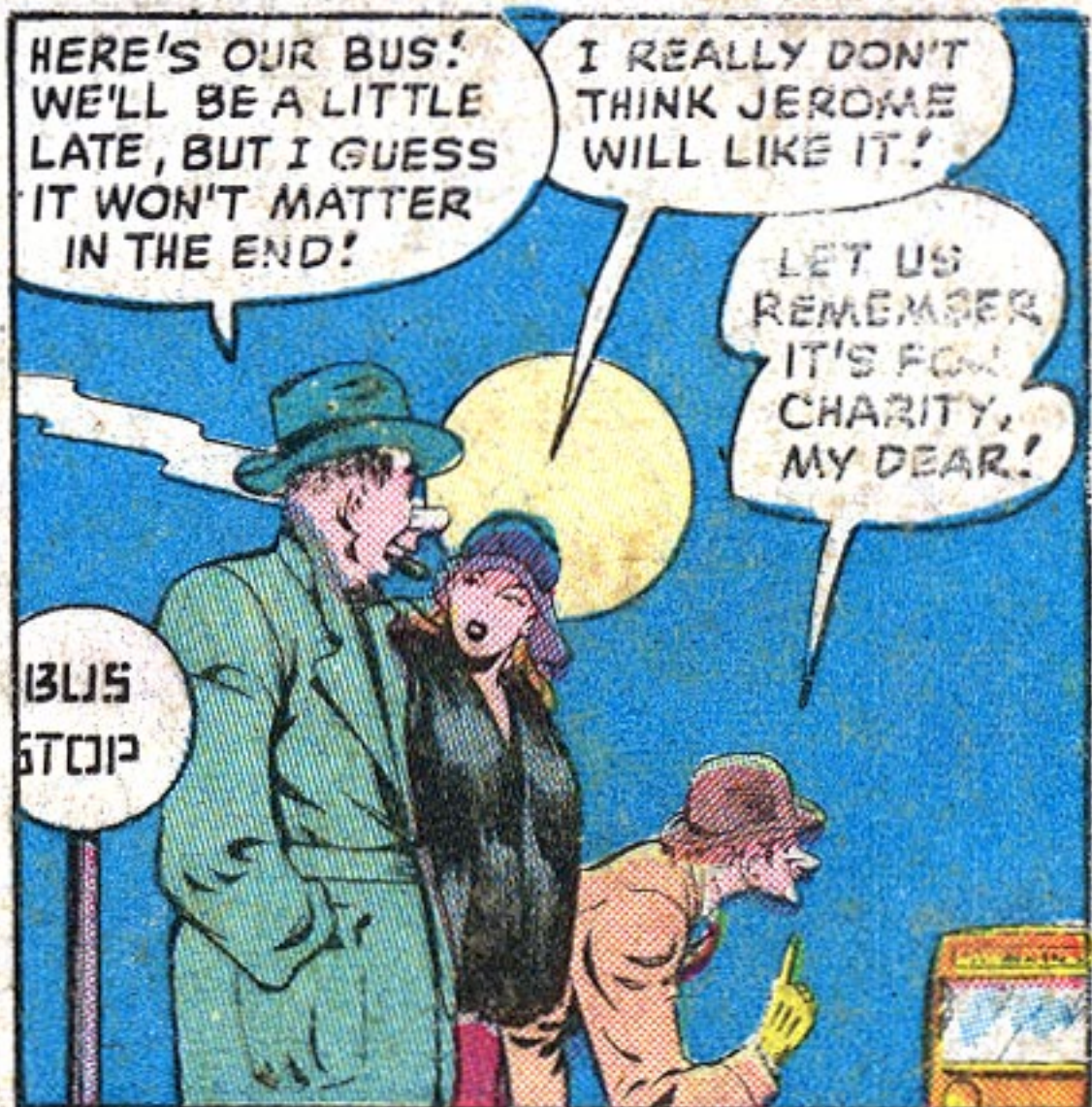
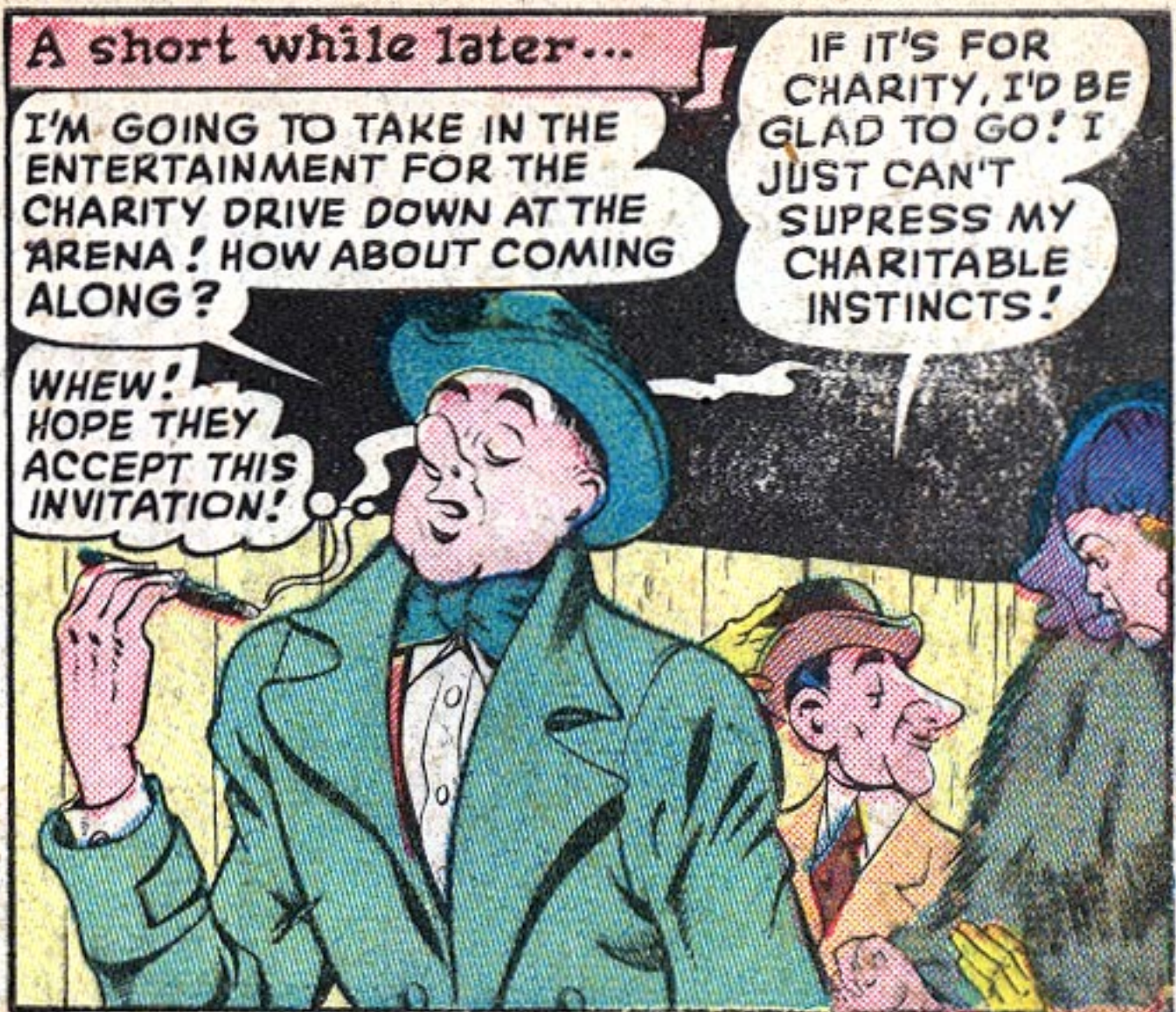
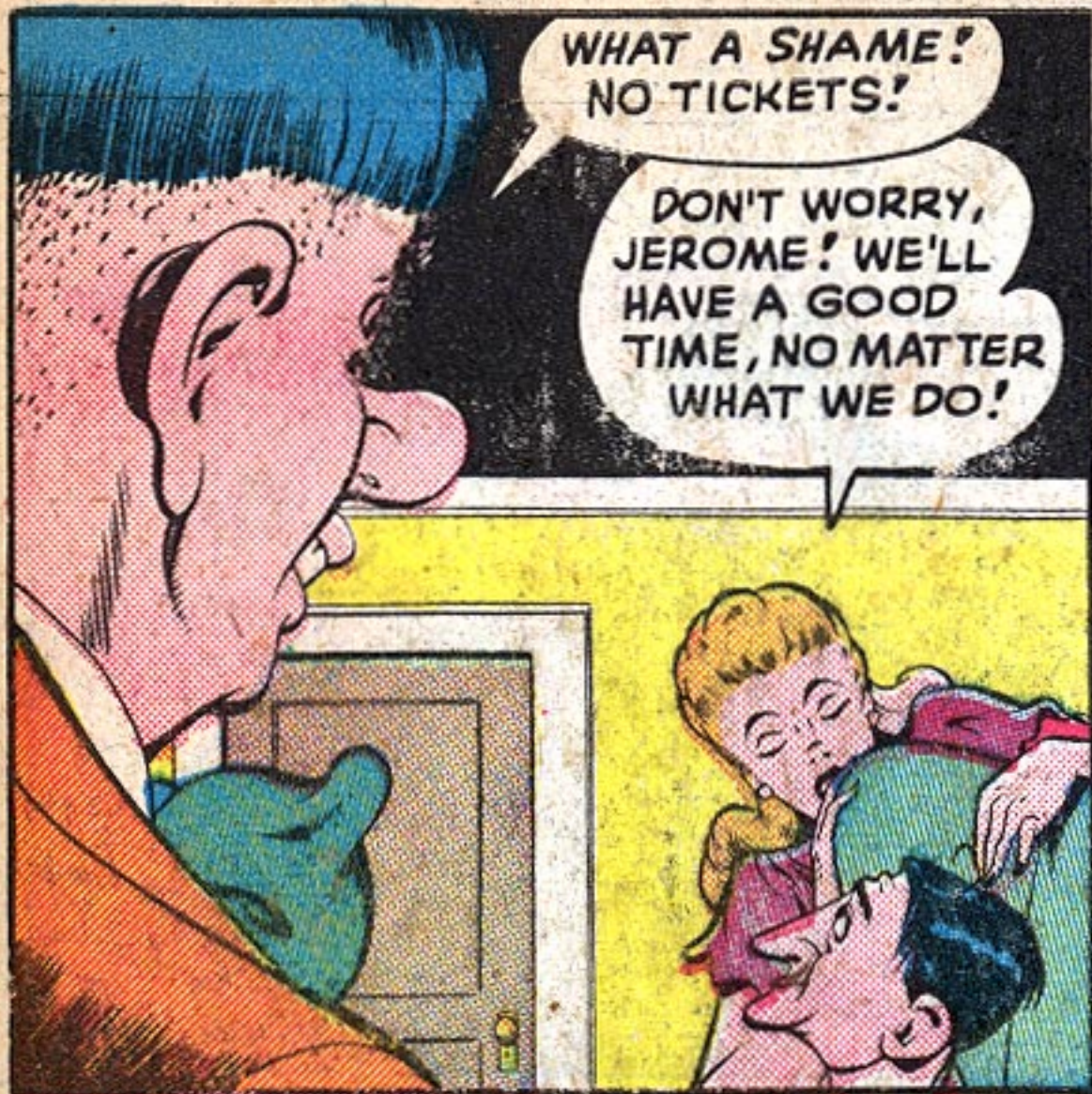
RIN-NG!

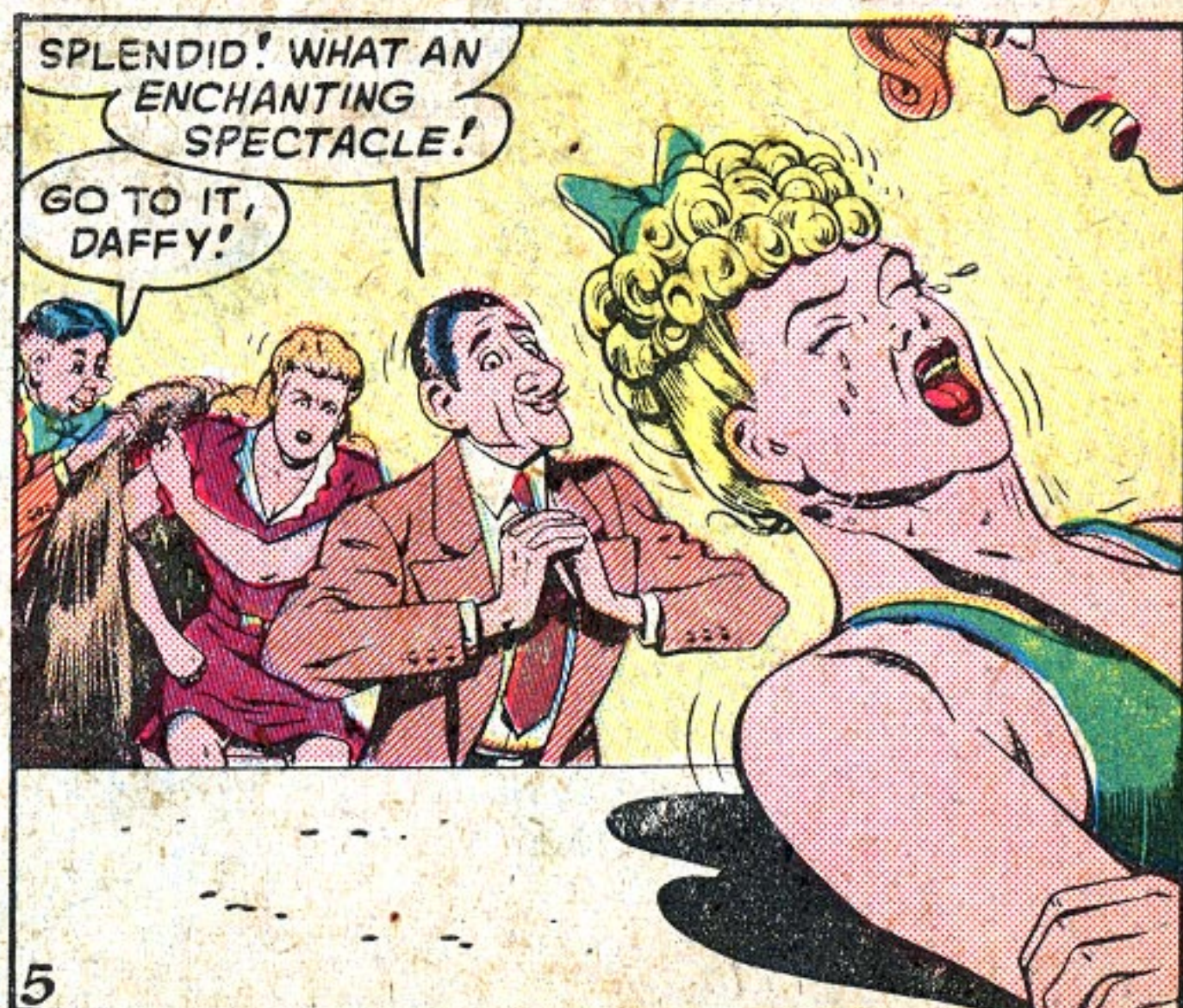
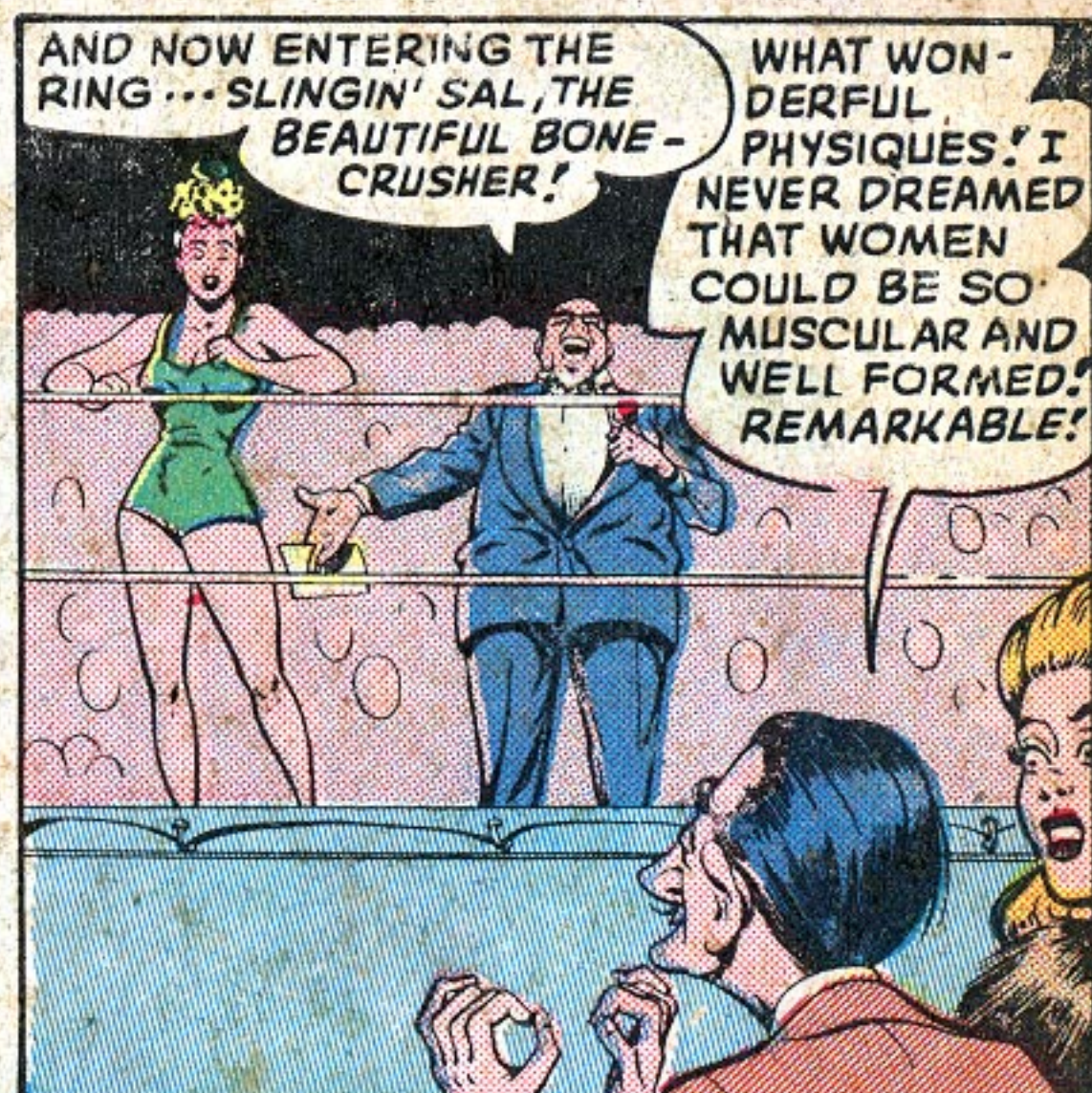
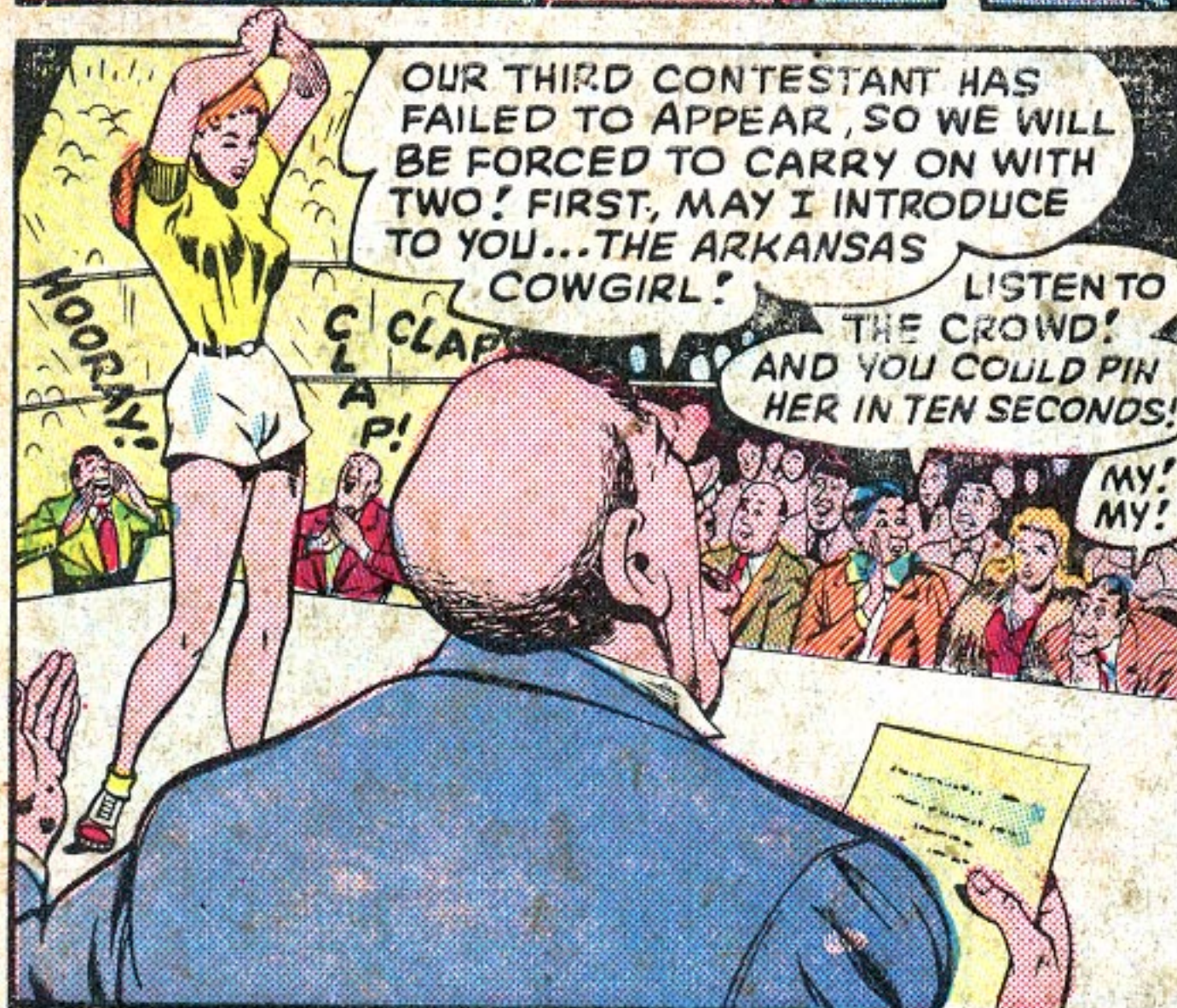
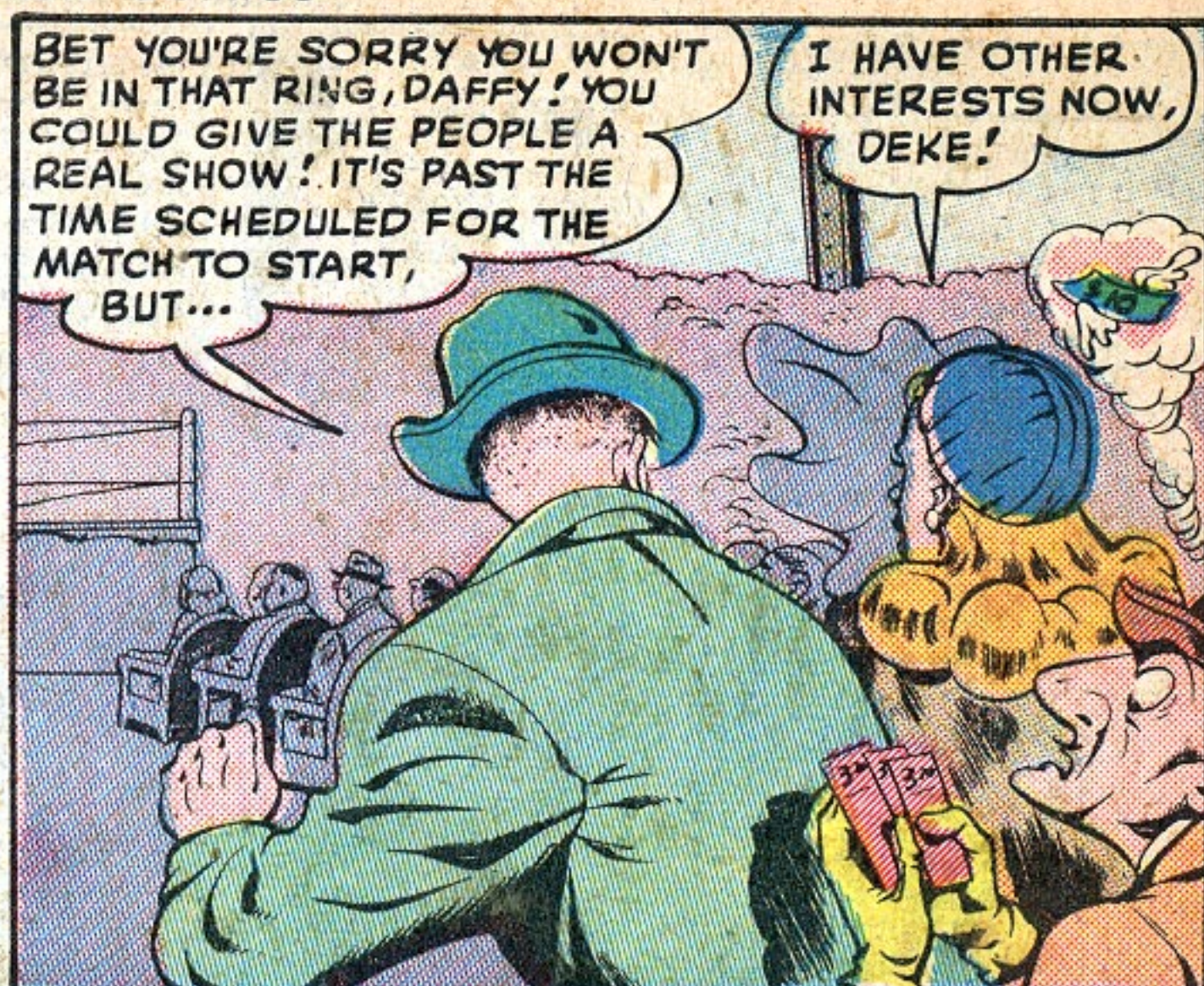


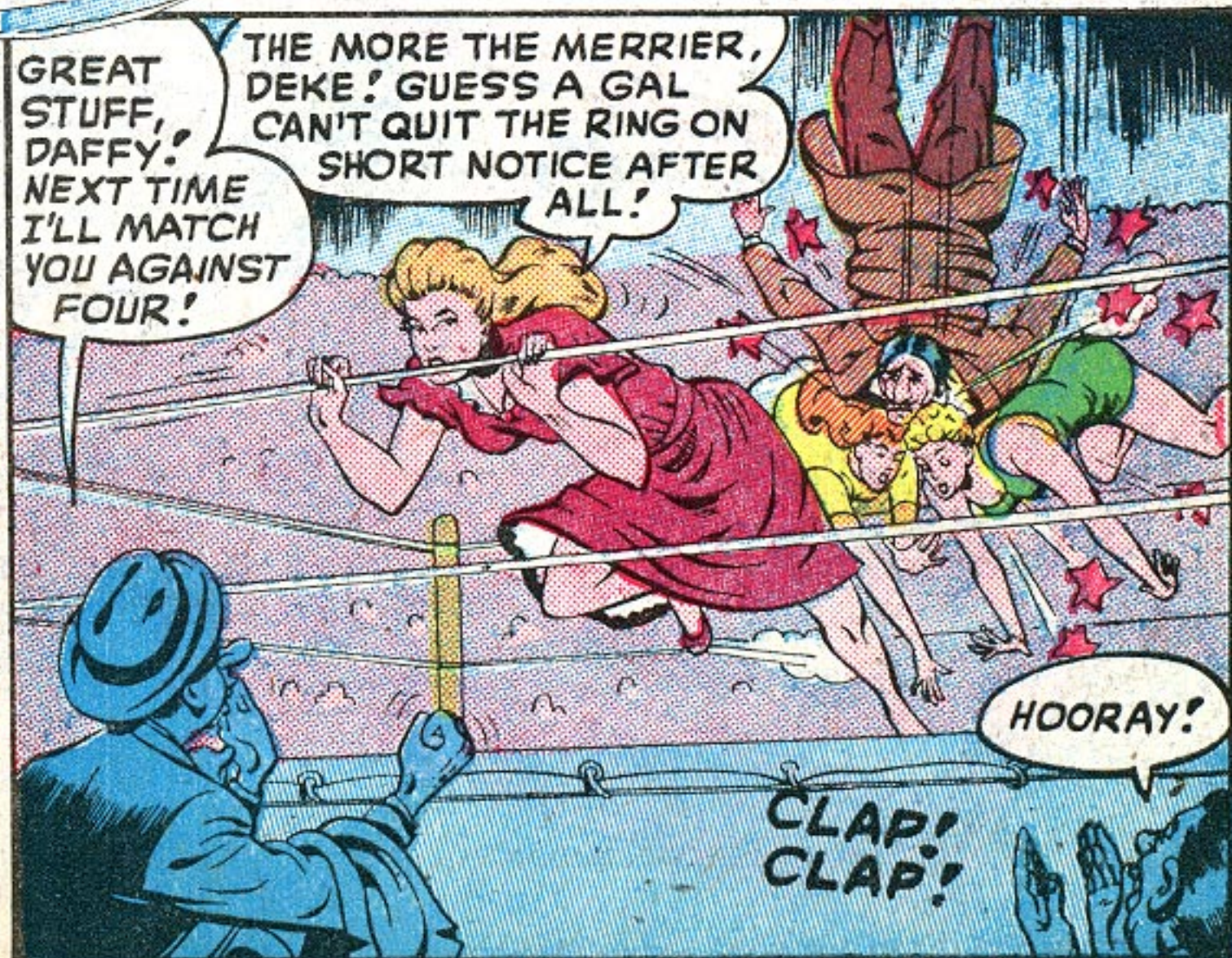
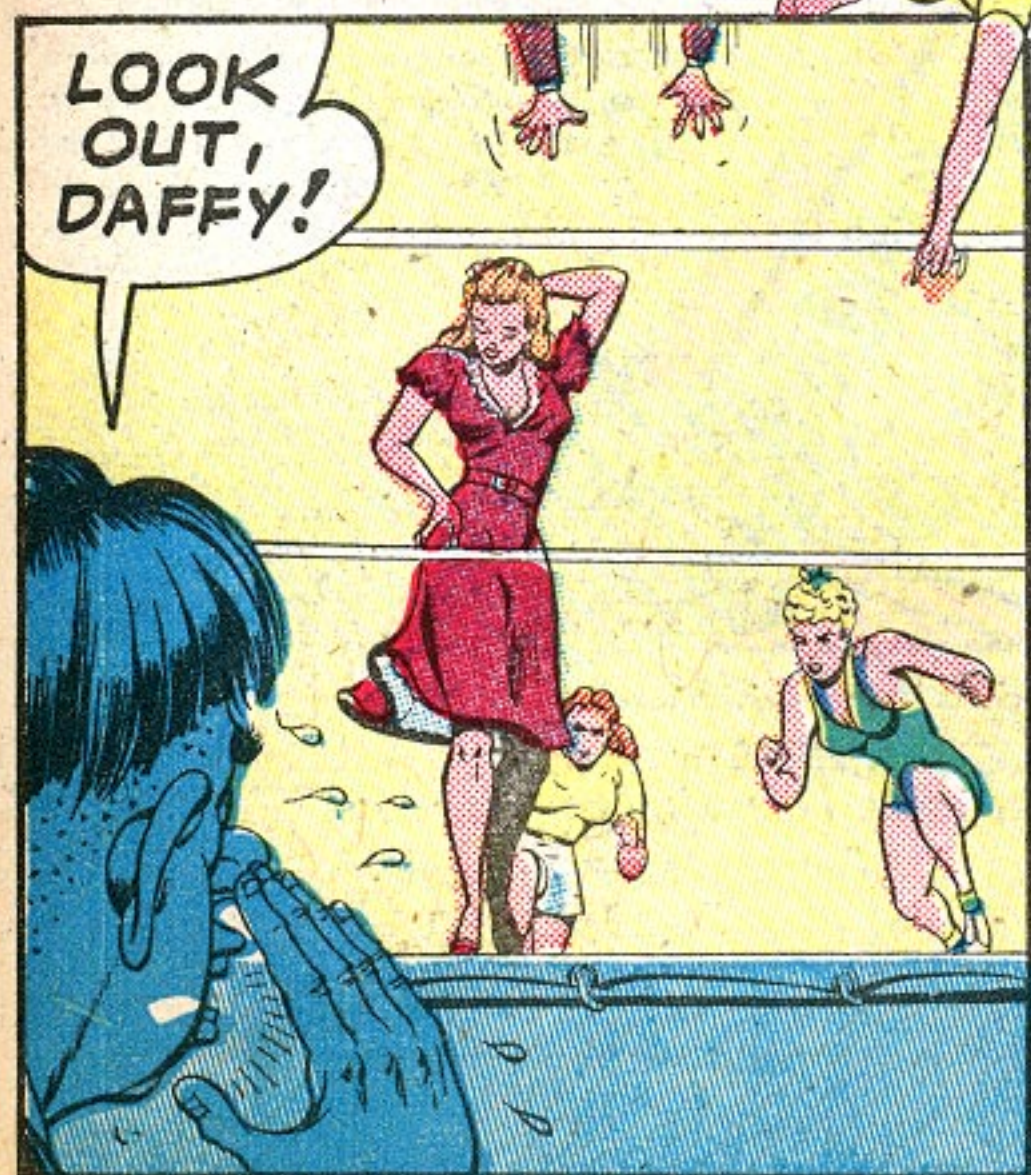
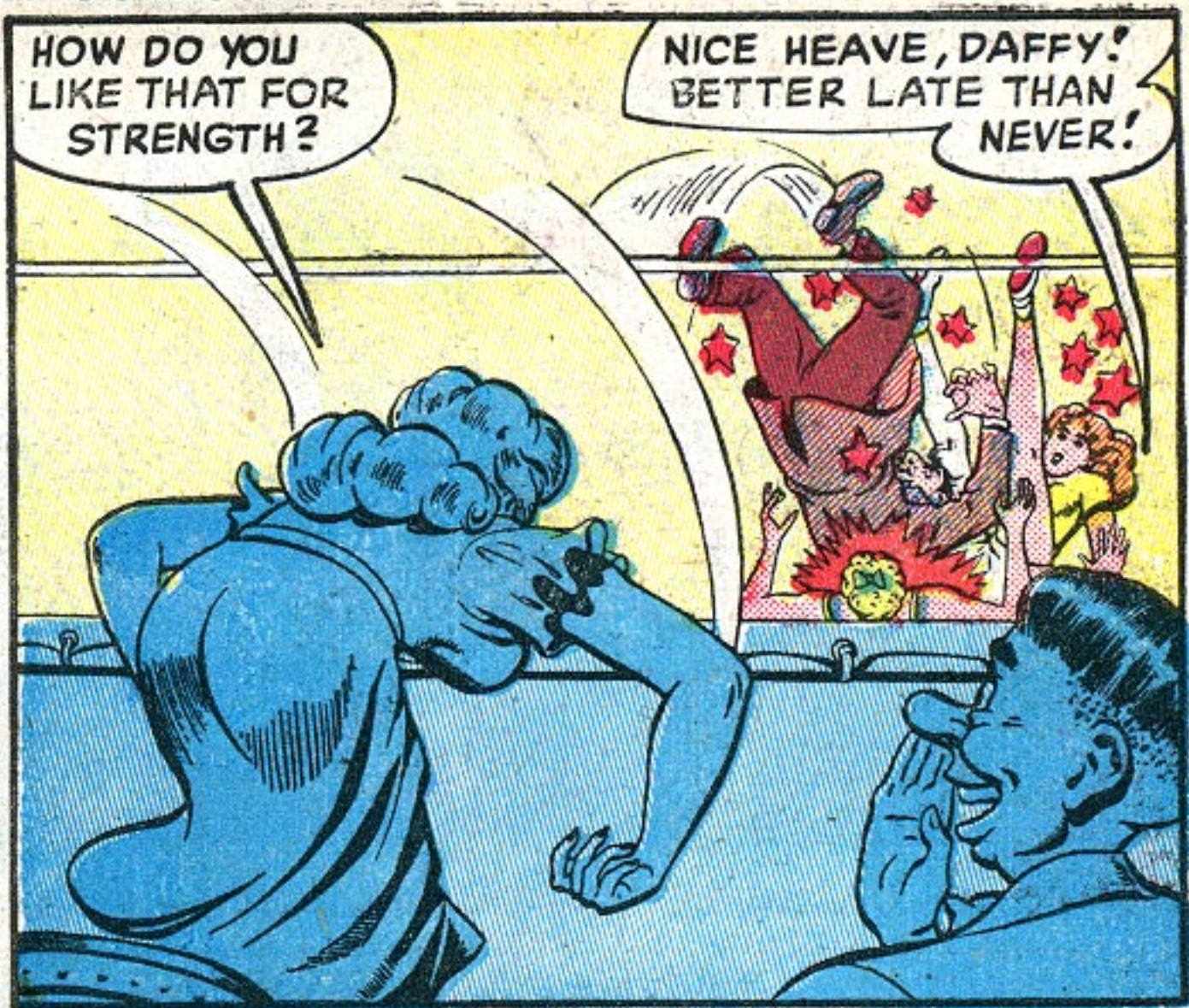
I'M JEROME! YOU MUST BE DEKE, THE FRIEND OF THE FAMILY DAFFY TOLD ME ABOUT!

YOU... JEROME! HA, HA, HA, HA!





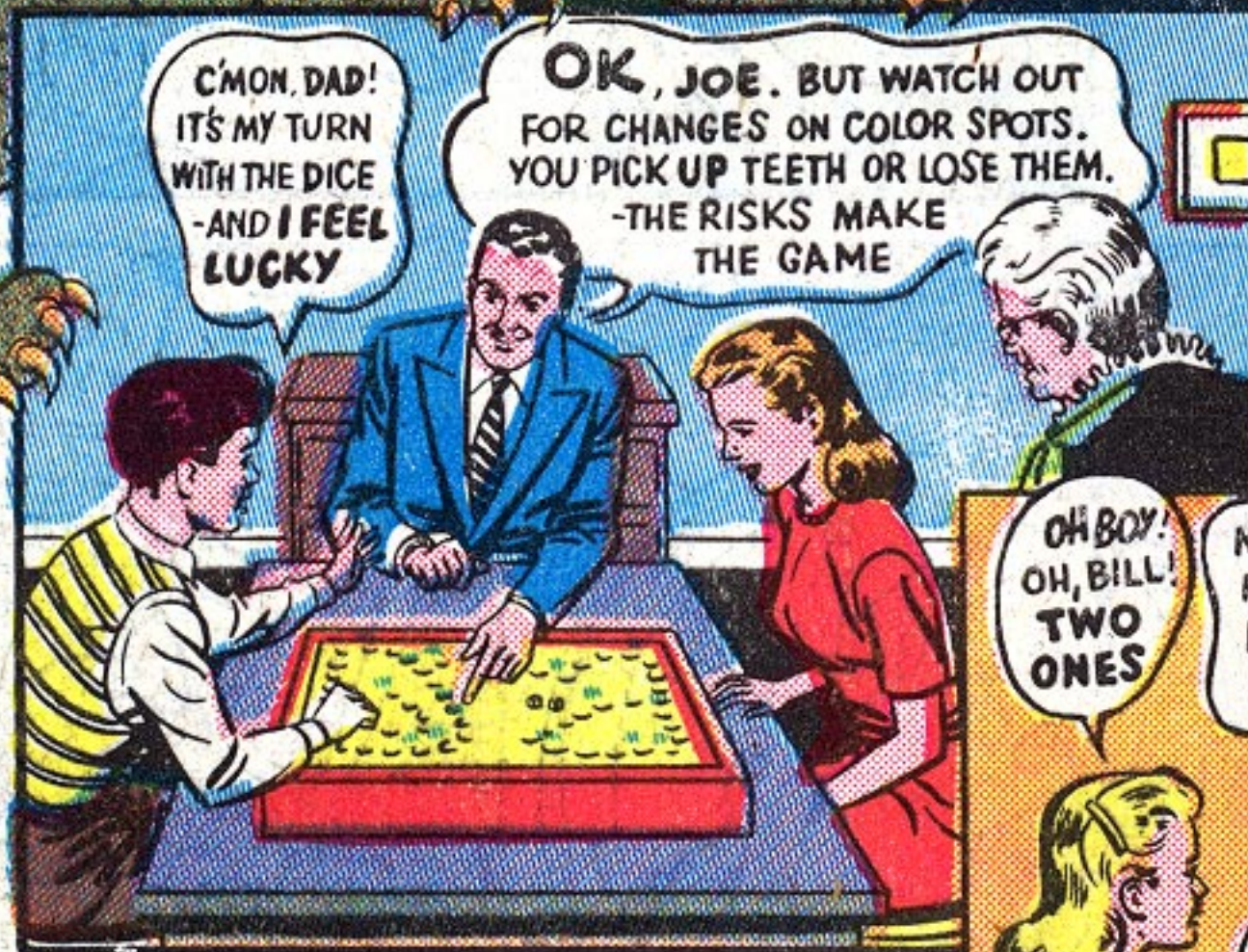




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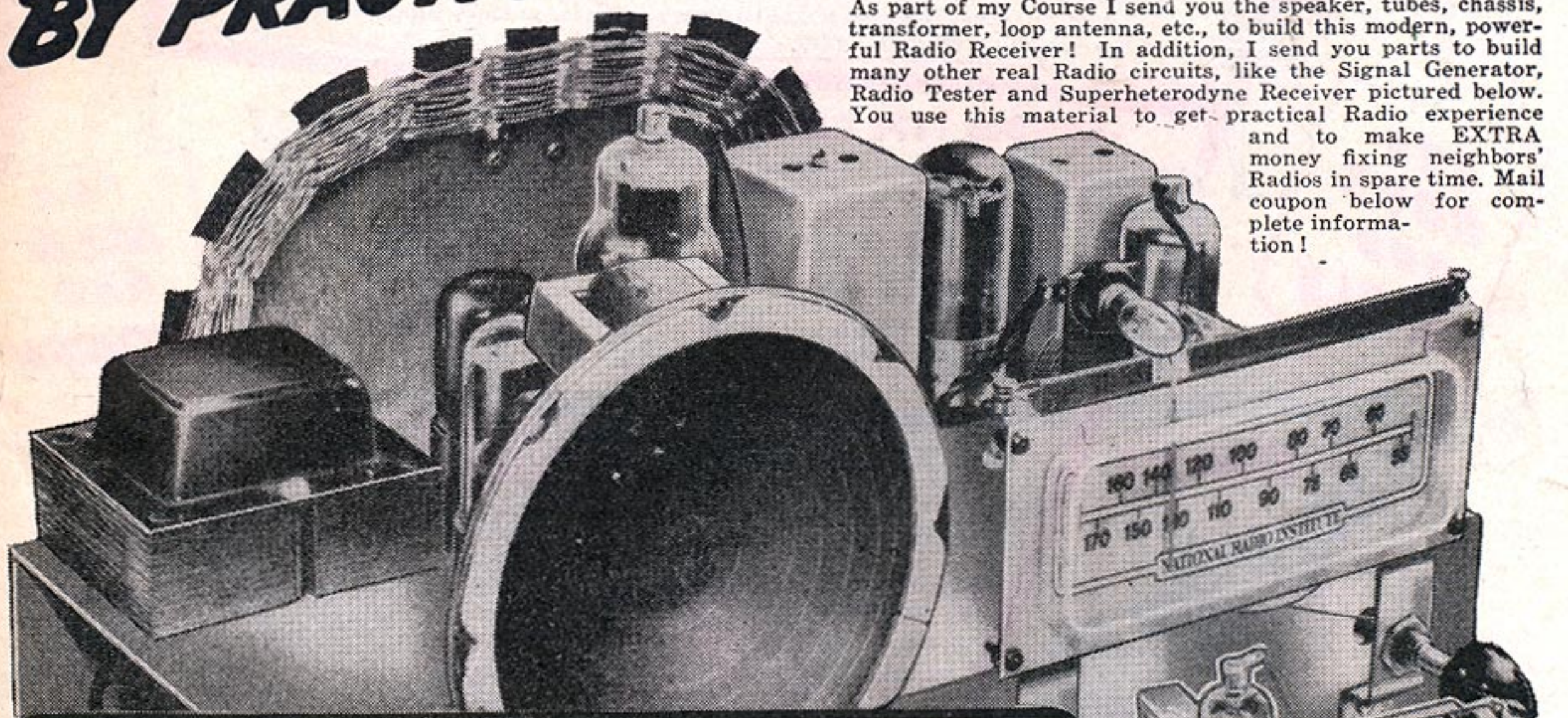
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CANDID TYPE CAMERA



Fixed Focus, eye level view finder. 16 exposures. Beautiful Black case.

Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.

Blue Bird COOKING SET

5 piece set. Durable. A welcome addition to any kitchen.

Sell only 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds.



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Easy to play. . . Instruction Book included. Sell only 40 pkts. of Garden Spot Seeds.

BASKET BALL

Rubber Valve type bladder. Lacing needle and lace included.

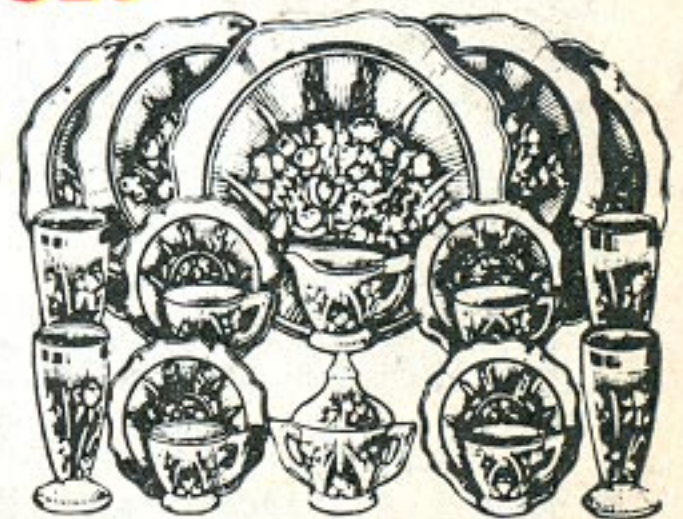
Yours for selling two 40-packet orders of Garden Spot Seeds.



Exquisite DINNER SET

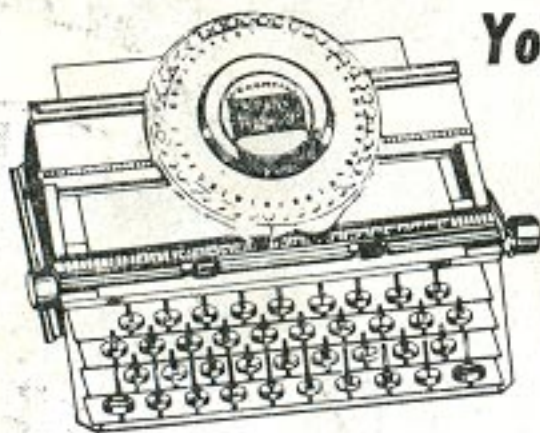
. . . Nineteen pieces of latest fashion dictated pieces.

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Yours for selling only 40 Pkts. of Seed

WE WILL PAY TOTAL OF \$10 FOR BEST, NEATEST, NICEST COMPOSED LETTERS WRITTEN ON THIS MACHINE AND SENT TO US BY JULY 1, 1949.

SCHOOL OUTFIT

Self filling Fountain Pen, Mechanical Pencil, School Bag, and Webster Dictionary all for selling only 40 pkts. of Seed plus 50c.



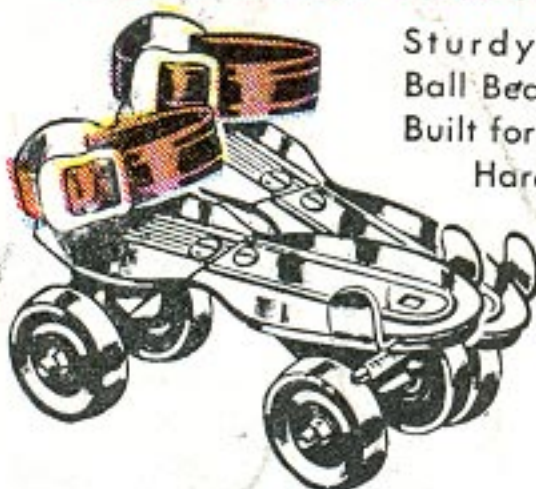
POCKET WATCH for Men

Dependable & faithful companion. Pull-out pend-ent set. * (Supply Limited)

Sell 40 packets of Garden Spot Seeds, plus 50c



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Sturdy Type. Ball Bearing . . . Built for Fun and Hard Usage.

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